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Motorists building their own road through swampy land near Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

DISCOVERING AMERICA BY MOTOR

BY RALPH D. PAINE

MY tour of the White Mountains was no more than begun when the seven devils of perversity entered into an automobile whose reputation for good conduct had hitherto been blameless. The trouble was mysterious, baffling. Futile was a mechanical experience painfully acquired and a supposedly intimate knowledge of the temperament of this particular big brute of a car. It was not a breakdown, but the stubborn refusal of one cylinder to do any share of the work whatever. Instead of flinging the miles behind her with smoothly flowing power and tireless efficiency, the machine limped at a weary, lifeless gait. The keen zest of the excursion was dulled. To the man who drives his own car the world goes very wrong when the humming song of his engine is faltering or discordant.

An expert of a wayside garage attacked the malady. He was of a type familiar to this age of gasolene, the grimy young man in blue overalls, alert of manner, buoyantly confident, flying from ignition to carburetor and back again, so prodigiously active with wrenches and pliers that one feels sure he must know what he is doing. He was at first inclined to be boastful. He would "take the skip out of her in a jiffy," and he affirmed it with the easy profanity which, alas, permeates rural New England with a strong smell of brimstone.

Through hours and hours of a golden autumn day, when to forsake the road was like losing treasure, the car stood in the garage while the hopeful demeanor of the young man ebbed and vanished. The issue had become an acutely personal one betwixt him and the balky motor. He up-

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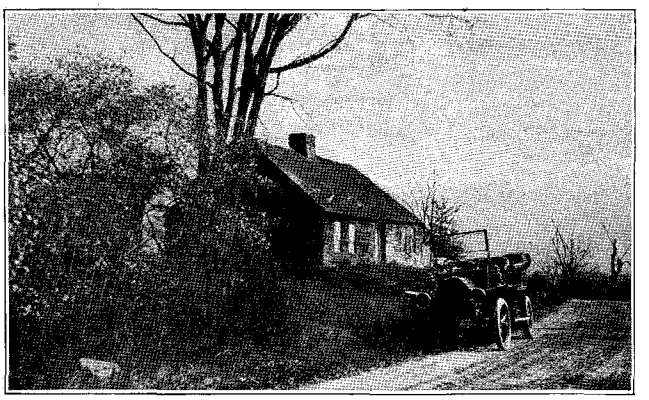
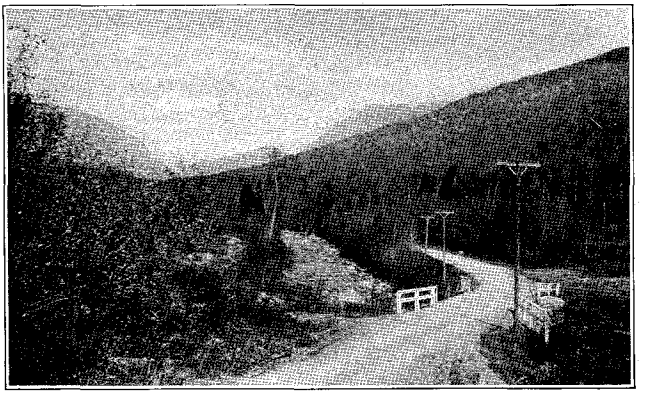


An abandoned homestead on the White Mountain route.

braided it bitterly, with stinging insults. At length he suggested, in substance:

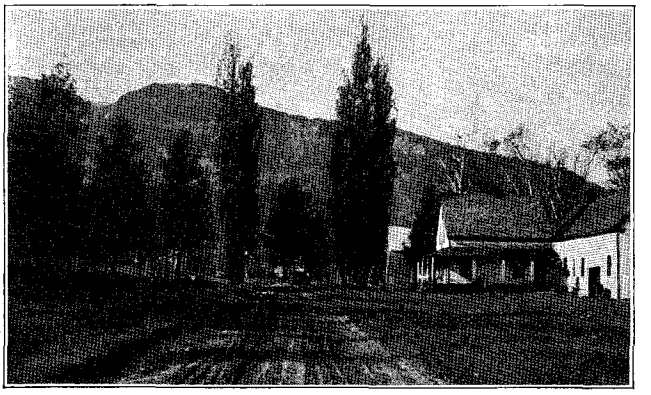
"If you'll leave this condemned old 'bus here till to-morrow, I'll have her firin' on all four cylinders or you can consign me to an exceedingly hot hereafter. This is the first car that has stuck me all summer. I always get 'em going."



The road to Bretton Woods.

Now it was that my friend Sawyer, companion of the tour that seemed blighted, showed how the philosophic mind can find the gleam in the darkest situation. His behavior had been flawless. He had offered no advice to the perspiring young man, and his faith in the speedy convalescence of the car was tactfully serene. My inclination, as a sincere motorist, was to cast anchor until repairs could be made. As well might a skipper put to sea in a leaky bark. But Sawyer's point of view was happily detached from intake valves, magnetos, and timing-gears.

"Why waste a whole day and maybe more?" said he. "I have a suspicion that the young man has tried everything he knows and is now drawing on his imagination. He will take the car entirely to pieces and forget how to put it together again if you don't head him off. She will run on three cylinders, won't she?"



On the road into Crawford Notch, White Mountains.

"It flatters her to call it running, but she can keep from standing still," was my disconsolate answer. "To drive a car in this condition is misery. Man, it's enough to break your heart to hear her work."

"What's the difference, so long as we are moving? I want to see the country. And I have a notion that it can be done more sensibly on three cylinders

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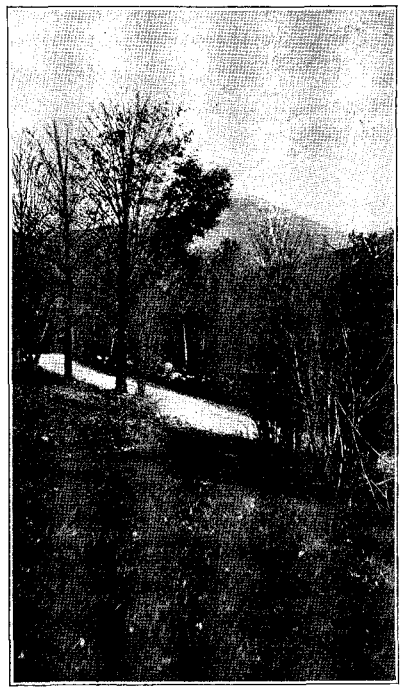
than on four. Why not push along until dark?"

This was heresy akin to madness. What motorist would torment his soul by deliberately driving a crippled car? But the highway beckoned and Sawyer had a persuasive way with him. The smudgy young man was pried loose from his investigations in the coil box, and at a turn of the crank the disabled engine bravely picked up the task.

A little beyond this halting-place a long hill ascended in a series of steep grades

An old-fashioned bridge near Plymouth, New Hampshire.

and abrupt corners. It was the first bit of bold and rugged New Hampshire landscape to indicate that the mountains were not far distant. There was no rushing this formidable hill. It must be climbed by sheer grit and main strength. It was a doubtful undertaking on three cylinders. The stanch old car fought her way up an inch at a time. She inspired sympathy and admiration. An occasional water-break gave the overdriven engine a breathing spell and the laboring gears a respite. Then again she buckled to it and gained the next rise. When the summit was reached, one felt that to conquer this monster of a hill had been an achievement, a tussle with nature. On four cylinders it



The state highway into the Franconia Notch, White Mountains.

would have been forgotten at the next turn of the road.

It was necessary to stop and let the heated engine cool. Close by the roadside was an abandoned New Hampshire homestead, the low house severely plain of outline, with one great square chimney, the hewn weather-boards stained wonderfully brown by a hundred years of rain and sun. In the dooryard, behind the stone wall, was the lilac bush as you will almost always find it in such places, a living reminder, strangely surviving, of tenants long since dust. To pass this ancient roof-tree at twenty-five miles an hour would have made no more than a fleeting impression, like the wink of a camera shutter, the significance slighted in the crowding succession of other scenes. To linger and explore it, to wonder what manner of folk had dwelt therein and how their lives were spent, was to discern something of the early New England and its pioneering spirit.

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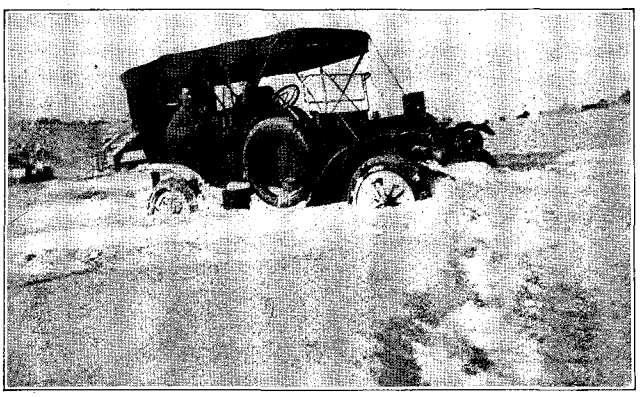
"By Jove! I am glad we had to stop," observed the contemplative Sawyer. "You can't do your hundred and fifty miles a day on a timed schedule and let the landscape soak into you. That lilac bush, now. It was worth noticing. A woman planted it, of course. It doesn't hurt a chap to pause and sentimentalize now and then."

In front of the dead, forsaken farmhouse moved a passing show that was very much alive. This was the main thoroughfare to the White Mountains, which region has become the most popular and accessible of all the American touring-routes. It was to be observed that many of the cars which made this country highway so bright and stirring bore the license plates of States far beyond New England. And by no means all of them were large and costly, with chauffeurs to pilot them.



Winter in Oregon. Going thirty miles for the doctor and getting there.

Over the brow of the long hill came one of those small, low-priced cars which are turned out of the factory at the rate of seven hundred a day, like peas from a hopper. The party comprised an average American family, neither rich nor poor, such as own several hundred thousand of the automobiles which are using the roads of this country. Father was sedately driving. Beside him sat a stripling son, and behind them were a plump, comfortable-looking mother and a cheery, white-haired little woman obviously addressed as "grandma." At sight of the deserted homestead the pilgrimage was halted. The head of the family explained that this was precisely like the house in which he had been born. The grandmother's face was wistfully reminiscent.

"We are from Ohio," said he, "and it's a great thing to be able to come back and see the old places in this way. It's the finest vacation I ever had. And it isn't really expensive if you dodge the big hotels and put up in the small towns. Accommodations are pretty good everywhere since so many people took to automobiling. Out our way almost everybody owns a car. And they all go touring and visiting around. It's not such a big journey from Ohio to the White Mountains. We came through in less than a week, and took it easy."

Grandmother begged him to dig her a bit of the lilac bush to plant in a Western dooryard. The incident mightily pleased Sawyer. He swore it was worth no end of engine trouble. It is such touring parties as this, and you may find them in every corner of the land, that proclaim the democracy of the automobile, although it seems only yesterday that motoring was a sport of the frenzied few, when the car was feared by its owner and detested by the populace. Reeking of wealth and gasolene, it flaunted class distinction in a manner peculiarly offensive. But those bold pioneers who risked the hazards of bad roads, erratic motive power, and embattled farmers, who were so frequently to be seen with their legs protruding from beneath their disabled chariots while they tinkered with inaccessible engines, deserved more praise than curses. Martyrs who suffered and were bled in the region of their pocket-books, they blazed the way for the most convenient and enjoyable means of travel ever devised.

The man behind the steering-wheel has become the lord of distances. His horizon has immeasurably widened, the highway is made panoramic and belongs to him, and the satisfaction of living has sensibly increased. For generations, or since the coming of the railway, the open road had

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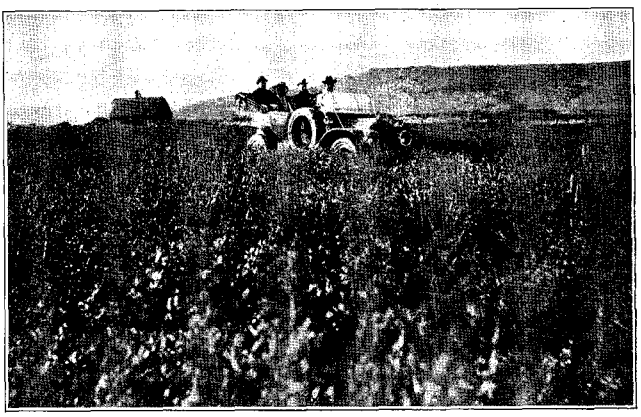


The road is lost in a field of alfalfa, Oregon.

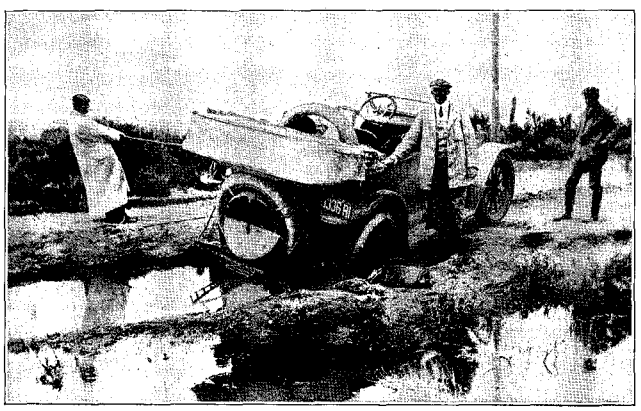
been as a sealed book except to those compelled to use it. Then, miraculously, one was able to delight in exploring regions strange to him, and often they were no farther distant than an afternoon's excursion from his own door. He discovered how many different kinds of Americans it takes to make this great nation of his. Cities which had seemed remote were linked in neighborly fashion, and the drowsy little towns that lay between became pleasant acquaintances.

These and sundry other reflections occurred to a pair of motoring wayfarers condemned to the leisurely progress of three cylinders. They also noted that the pace of this populous highway was much saner and slower than in that earlier era of the automobile when speed was an obsession and the ability to split the landscape at sixty miles an hour held a wild, irrational novelty. For the most part these White Mountain pilgrims appeared to be enjoying themselves, strange as it sounds when one recalls the aspect of strained, unhappy anxiety to get somewhere else which used to stamp the faces of a touring party as with a hall-mark. And as our lagging car moved along the beautifully wooded stretches that border Lake Winnipiseogee, we saw them slow their gait or halt to view in adequate fashion the lovely perspective of blue water and brilliant foliage, and the broken, hazy sky-line of the foot-hills.

On this highway it was particularly interesting to perceive how extraordinarily the automobile has transformed the life of the American countryside. Regions primitive and somnolent have everywhere become fairly cosmopolitan. The village blacksmith shop is a garage and repair station. At one of these places, a cross-roads hamlet, where aforetime a few farmers had driven in for groceries and the only excitement was the arrival of the mail, the purveyor of motor fuel informed us:

"We do some business, I tell ye. I made a contract for forty-five thousand gallons of gasolene this season, and I run plumb out of it by the middle of August and had to lay in fifteen thousand gallons more. And them tourists took most of it. Why, I've had as high as a dozen of 'em lined up in a row waitin' their turn."

The State of New Hampshire is not as backward as supposed. It realized several years ago that it was the part of wisdom to build good roads into its magnificent mountain playground. So much of the task has been completed



Cooling tires in Idaho. Never again!

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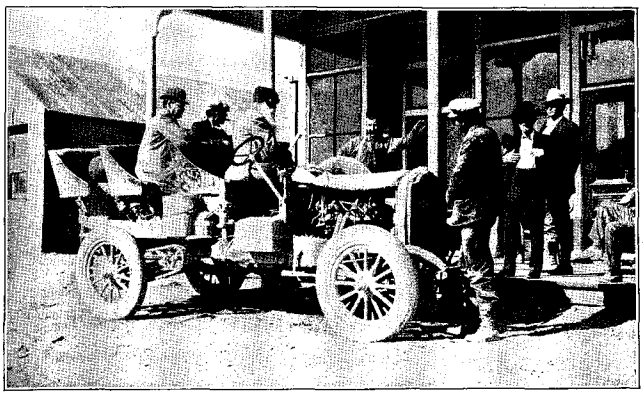
that it is rather tiresome to hear the motorist who has toured abroad become voluble in praise of scenic highways of the Continent and contemptuous of his own. Smooth and wide and easy to climb runs the road through the heart of the White Mountains, where the four-horse stage used to toil over rocky, rutted trails, and it was an adventure to travel more than a dozen miles from one's hotel.



The late Senator Stewart of Nevada on a trip across the desert by automobile.

When darkness overtook our crippled but indomitable machine, the gateway of the Franconia Notch was no more than a few miles distant. There was a friendly, inviting village, and an inn with a landlord whom prosperity had not spoiled. After supper his guests foregathered in the lounging-room. There was only one commercial traveller among them, and he journeyed in a roadster with his sample cases on the trunk-rack. No longer does he dominate the country hotel by sheer force of numbers. The others were motorists on tour. The talk was all of roads and routes and distances and interesting places thousands of miles apart, with a spice of harmless exaggeration about the performances of this car or that, its wonderful tire mileage and surpassing power and reliability. This was as natural as the elastic statements of a trout fisherman.

The man from California had come all the way in his car and mentioned the trip quite casually as no longer unusual. Yes, there were some stretches of road pretty hard to navigate, a few of them positively awful, such as the route from Salt Lake City to Medicine Bow, but on the whole he considered it good travelling, with finer highways through much of the Middle West than the supercilious Easterner has any idea of. Moreover, to pull out of a bottomless pit of "gumbo" mud in Nebraska, or to charge over a Wyoming "chuck-hole" like a rearing broncho, or to plough through a sea of desert sand gave a man faith in his car and flavored the transcontinental tour with sporting variety.

"I have bowled along those superb roads of England and France," gustily exclaimed this wholesome, sun-burned person, "and I consider them infernally monotonous. You might as well be looking at the country from the window of a railway carriage. Our American cars are built with a tremendous lot of surplus power to tackle any kind of going. Confound it, a man likes to see what they can do. That's half the fun of driving from Los Angeles to New York. Your car pulls you through places that would make one of those low-powered foreign machines lie down and die. And you love her for it as you would a good horse."

I recalled making a trip across the Nevada desert in the earlier days of motoring, when he who could venture a day's run from home and return without mishap considered himself a tourist of sorts and was inclined to boast about it. The few who had dared the transcontinental tour were classed among the modern explorers and the newspapers printed their photographs. In the mining-camp which might have been called the port of departure for the voyage over the uncharted ocean of desert, there was much profane though kindly dissuasion. Shaggy prospectors wagged their dusty beards and referred to other locoed individuals who had tried to hike across in one of these infernal contraptions and were stranded forty miles from water.

The chauffeur prepared for the worst. He had stripped his car of all superfluous equipment, even to replacing the body

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A freighter pulling out from camp in the Nevada desert.

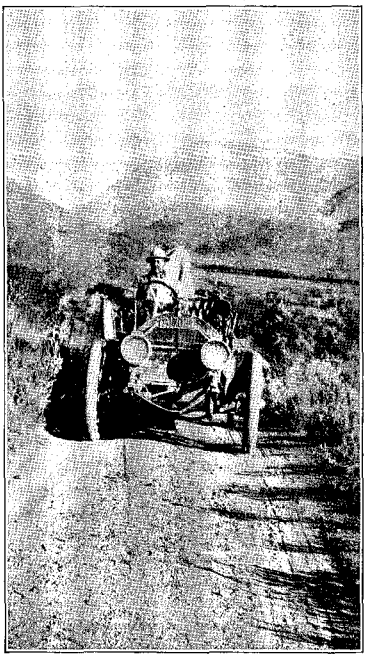
with a light box knocked together from odd bits of lumber. He carried enough spare parts to rebuild a machine, and provisions for a forced march. His own attitude was dubious in the extreme. He knew of two abandoned automobiles within sight of Death Valley and the Funeral Range, aptly named landmarks which he drawled with a certain melancholy relish. One thought of lost prospectors whose bones bleached in the arid desolation of these alkali plains and painted mountains.

The gloomy prophets were disappointed. The car and its passengers survived, but it was an achievement arduous and noteworthy. No other automobiles were sighted. The only traffic, infrequent and picturesque, was the passage of the freighting outfit with its trail-wagons and long string of mules or horses, bound to some camp a hundred miles from a railroad, or the lonely prospector and his burros following the trail of his dreams.

The oases where living springs ran and trees grew were genuine harbors against fatal disaster. Here the freighter filled his water barrels for the next stage of two or three days of crawling progress. Around the camp-fires ran the talk of hardships stolidly endured and the grim tragedies of thirst. Perhaps a wanderer, caught and held by the spell of the desert, had made a little ranch at one of these blessed green spots. To-day he maintains a hotel and garage and the sign "Gasolene" is nailed to a cotton-wood tree. And across this same desert the touring parties go bowling from coast to coast as a holiday excursion.

The fraternal spirit of the company met by chance in a New Hampshire inn was very pleasant. The tragedy of the three cylinders was viewed as a matter of common concern. They unanimously adjourned to the garage for diagnosis and consultation. Portly gentlemen who looked like captains of industry stripped off their coats and insisted on wrestling with the crank or poking about under the hood.

"This is gratifying," said Sawyer. "It should make us feel distinguished. The human equation of motoring has a certain significance that is often overlooked. The general stock of altruism has been increased. The road-hog is an almost vanished nui-



Good sailing, Lost River, Idaho.

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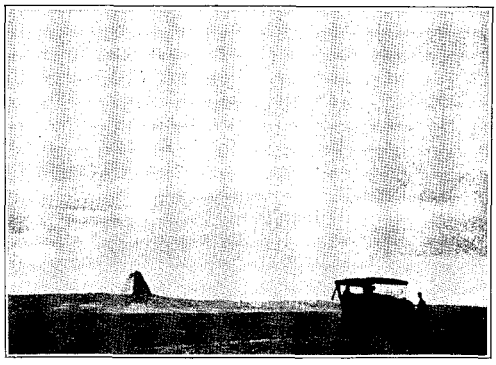
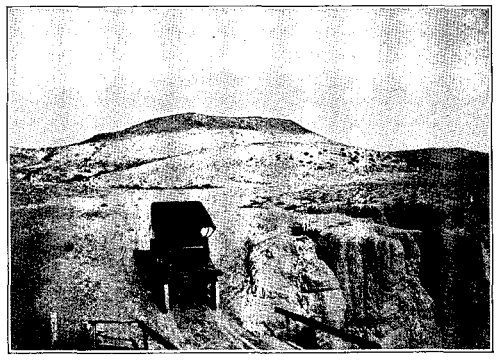
sance. Motorists are a kindly folk, anxious to help each other. And behold how the mental outlook is broadened by contact with men of many environments. Unselfishly struggling with that oil-besmeared engine of yours are a doctor from California, a steel man from Pittsburgh, a retired merchant from Kalamazoo or thereabouts, and a young man from Boston who, until he took to motoring, never dreamed of speaking to any one not properly presented."



The Sherman Monument at the highest elevation of the Union Pacific Railroad, 7750 feet, on the Trans-Continental Route.

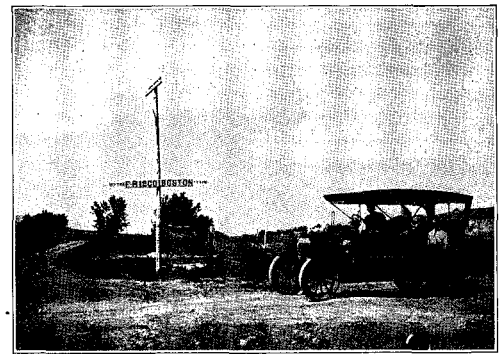


Dipping into a "wash" or dry river-bed in Wyoming.

"Their intentions are praiseworthy, and your comments have merit," I returned, "but when they finish with the car I sadly fear its condition will be worse than before."

It was late in the evening when this committee of self-sacrificing enthusiasts announced that the car was in absolutely perfect condition to skim through the mountains like a shooting-star. Early next morning they assembled to see her depart and to cheer their own handiwork. It was very much of an anticlimax. The engine missed, sputtered, snorted, behaved disgracefully, but consented to attempt the steadily rising grade of the fifteen miles of splendid highway that led through the Franconia Notch. It was a sparkling, cool morning to banish even the sorrows of a motorist and the landscape was a delight, mountains not so majestic as restful and neighborly, the fragrance of pine woods on steep slopes, the sound of brawling water, the highway unrolling like a white carpet, and, for all the tide of motor traffic, a sense of wilderness and solitude.

During one of the enforced halts, for this long climb through the pass was a heavy, unremitting business, a motor caravan, as one might call it, drew up to offer aid. There were three cars, one of them laden with a camping-outfit remarkably ingenious and complete. In the others were the host, his family, and several friends. They were people of wealth, for only such can travel with a flock of five-thousand-dollar cars and three chauffeurs, and, what was much more interesting, they were admirably sensible. They were homeward bound from a month in the woods and by-roads of Maine, away from the beaten routes of the motoring guide-books.



The half-way sign between Frisco and Boston on the Trans-Continental Route.

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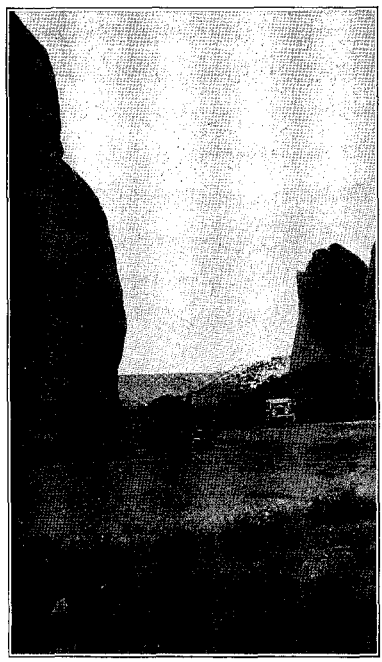
"Delighted to tell you all about it," affably cried the gentleman in command. "We are never in a hurry. That is half the charm of it. None of the miserable scurrying about as if the devil were at your heels. Fifty miles a day is our limit. I use the maps of the Geological Survey. They make camping by motor easy and delightful. Every road, lane, pond, hill, brook, and farm-house is indicated. And there is nothing pleasanter than jogging over the grass-grown dirt roads of the back country that have not been spoiled

A poplar road in California.

by heavy travel. My dear sir, with these maps one can pass a whole summer in undiscovered New England regions. The average motorist is afraid to leave the main highways. He is as blind as a bat.

"I plan the day's journey by means of the map. If the destination is not attractive for camping, we can easily move on a few miles. My winter pastime is devising new wrinkles of camp equipment to carry in an automobile. Our tents are pitched by a lake, and Maine is fairly jewelled with them, or in a bit of woodland, and we have yet to find the slightest hardship or discomfort. Living expenses are absurdly small. The farmers sell us milk and fresh stuff. We live like kings. If you want to know the genuine joy of motoring, try it. I preach the gospel of camping by motor



Touring in the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, Colorado.

at the top of my voice. The country needs it. Get a friend to join you with his car next summer. Use one of them to carry your duffle. Buy some maps and take to the woods."

With a jovial farewell he ordered his happy caravan under way, and these very up-to-date vagabonds resumed their journey back to civilization. Their message had been worth while. It was another argument to prove that a spirit of sanity is rapidly pervading American motoring.

"Had it not been for a fractious engine, we should have missed that breezy monologue," commented Sawyer. "There is hope for the rich. He was a cheering symptom. There goes a man who is the master and not the slave of gasolene."

Wearily our car toiled into the green vale of the Profile House and then the utterly impossible occurred. Without human intervention, spontaneously, of its own free and independent will, the motor was itself again, power and harmony returned, all four cylinders joyously vibrant together, ready to speed to the world's end, laugh-

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An automobile camp.

ing at the steepest hills, booming along the levels. It was as though this mechanism had resolved to teach a lesson of patience, to show that he who would see the road in a vivid, intimate way must go without haste. Now the car would show us how to swoop and dip over these mountain roads in order that we might discern the magic of motoring.

In other days many of the finest views of this beautiful region were denied the visitor unless he tramped it with a pack on his back. Now the hill-sides have been blasted and the gullies filled to make it no more than a flight of a few hours from the Franconia gateway, across the mountains and out through the Crawford Notch to the highway that leads southward through North Conway and Intervale. Gone is the old simplicity and quiet summer life of Fabyan's and Bethlehem and Crawford's, when the same guests returned year after year for the same placid existence, the young people at tennis and walking tours, their elders gossiping in rocking-chairs along the hospitable piazzas. Nor is it to regret the passing of the old order of things. Where one pilgrim discovered the White Mountains then, a hundred enjoy them now. The region has ceased to be a New England monopoly and is a national possession. At Bretton Woods and its vast hotel seventy per cent of last summer's guests were motorists.

Through shadowy defiles fled the rejuvenated car, along bright valleys where the trees were a roof and the highway was carpeted with falling leaves. The rounded peaks of the Presidential Range went marching past, Mount Washington noblest of them all. Dusk came illumined by an afterglow that lingered on the uplands, and a pale moon rode high. The witchery of the open road was compelling. It seemed a wasteful thing to halt for sleep and squander such a night as this. The mountain air went to one's head. I gave it as an excuse that the car must be vindicated.

"As you please," calmly replied Sawyer. "The fumes of gasolene make you chaps all more or less daft."

And so all that night the motor hummed like a giant bee on roads deserted, through quiet, dark villages, past farm-houses that were visible as black blotches against a gray, misty curtain of field and woodland. There was surprisingly little sense of fatigue. The moon went down and dawn flushed a star-lit sky. At sunrise the White Mountains were a hundred and fifty miles behind. So easy is it to accept marvellous things as commonplace, so blunted is the sense of wonderment in this twentieth century, that to drive a docile, fiery-eyed

Another one.

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dragon all night long across half the map of New England is a fact scarcely worth mention. At breakfast the haggard but smiling Sawyer remarked with emphasis:

"We have really shown how the thing should be done. Loaf along on three cylinders and get acquainted with people and places. Then wind up with a bully good run under the moon and stars when the roads are clear and you get the pure joy of motion. I call it a successful tour."

With all due respect for its sense of its own importance, New England is no more than a small corner of the United States. It has a peculiar charm for the motorist because of the neighborly area in which is displayed so great a variety of landscapes from the Berkshires to the surf-washed boulevards of the Atlantic coast. English roads are better, but English scenes are no fairer. The larger significance of the popularity of motoring in America is in the fact, and it is a very impressive one, that one can journey straight ahead for thousands of miles beyond New England, with a common language, with no troublesome frontier boundaries, and find everywhere this same wonderful change in the living conditions and activities of city and town and countryside, all wrought by means of the discovery that the explosions of a by-product of petroleum could be tamed to do the work of twenty, or forty, or sixty horses.

Out on a quail hunt, Medford, Oregon.

At no distant day a million automobiles will be in the service of American owners. So long as motoring was a diversion of the rich, it possessed no more than a spectacular interest. It was incidental, like yachting. The automobile was an interloper on the highway and its plea for good roads was unheeded, even resented. Now, as you tour in any direction, the open barn-doors of the prosperous farm disclose a car standing ready for errands or the pleasure of the family, and beside the suburban home is the tidy box of a garage. Already the horse-drawn vehicle is in the minority on the roads of certain of the most populous States.

It bewilders the European observer to find the automobile accepted as an every-day necessity by what he would call middle-class people. His roads are the finest in the world, but comparatively few can afford to use them except in the old-fashioned way. The farmer and the small merchant no more dream of owning an automobile than of lording it over a castle. Nor in countries of an ancient and well-ordered civilization, where towns and cities are close together and the habit of disregarding distances is not implanted, are the advantages of motoring so obvious.

To comprehend the reign of gasolene in America one must steer a course westward to the land of ranch and prairie, to that favored empire whose crops and cattle are the barometer of national prosperity. There is no more isolation. To be without a motor car is a mark of oddity or of pitiable poverty. One concludes that the maligned plutocrats have not thus far seriously interfered with a wide-spread distribution of the nation's wealth, and also that American inventive and manufacturing genius has scored one of its greatest triumphs in steadily reducing the cost of the strong, reliable automobile fit to endure the battering ordeal of every manner of road.

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It is this genuine democracy, already arrived, that stands behind the greatest popular movement for building and improving highways that history has known. What work the Romans did was small beside remaking the roads of this vast country. It has become a habit of mind to regard American roads as hopelessly bad and public opinion shamefully indifferent. The motor tourist knows otherwise. He realizes, more than any one else, what a stupendous enterprise it is to put good roads through a single State of a country whose territorial extent is a series of empires, most of them thinly peopled outside the cities, whose highways were not long ago the trails of the path-finder and the pioneering emigrant.

Where the old cars go. A North Dakota farmer and his family.

It is an undertaking worthy of a great kingdom for the State of New York to have appropriated one hundred million dollars to improve its own roads. And this huge outlay was approved by the votes of the very farmers who, a few years ago, could find no more congenial joy than hurling a brick at an automobile. The project of a motoring highway across the continent found instant favor and the support of the motor industry in terms of hard cash. So many of the important links of this route have been already constructed by various States and cities that no more than ten millions will complete it. The Panama Canal seems the greatest of all public works, but road-building in the United States of this generation will employ more labor and capital, with far larger service to society.

It is thoroughly characteristic of the American spirit that the automobile has not waited for good roads. It has multiplied amazingly in the face of obstacles that would discourage a people of a temper less enterprising and audacious. In the South you will meet the tourist cheerfully jamming along through sand that would harass an ox-team. On the open range of Montana he scuds across trackless prairie where one expects to find only the cow-puncher and the fence-rider. The passes of the Rockies and the Cascades echo to the honk of his horn and the frightened pack-mules hug the cliffs. Let a road be known as surpassingly difficult and he accepts it as a challenge. In short, he views motoring as more than a means of travel. It is a sport, and the hazards of the game are part of its pleasure.

There is the concrete example of that sturdy old veteran who attended a Grand Army encampment at Los Angeles. He had reached the conservative age of seventy-seven years and his wife had turned seventy. From their ranch east of Seattle the journey was nearly two thousand miles, over the wildest and roughest roads of the Northwest, and down the Pacific coast. This spirited couple might have travelled comfortably by railroad, instead of which they packed in their touring-car a folding-bed, camp-chairs, a table, a kerosene stove, and rations. A tent was considered superfluous. The water-proofed top and curtains sufficed. For twenty-five days these venerable excursionists pushed along in all weathers and reached their goal without serious mishap.

Why did they do it? Because they liked it. They were young in heart and they knew the joy of the open road. And this is the gift that motoring has brought to a multitude of men and women. And more and more they are realizing that haste is folly and that it is a more wonderful thing to be able to see this America of theirs, both near and far, as country hitherto undiscovered.

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A farmer of Farragut, Iowa, making the rounds of his big farm.

THE AUTOMOBILE AND ITS MISSION

BY HERBERT LADD TOWLE

FIFTEEN years ago the automobile was only a traveller's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed $600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars—one factory, 200,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was $900; to-day a better one costs but $600. Cars equal to those costing $1,500 and $2,000 five years ago, cost $1,200 and $1,500 to-day; and $900 buys a car better than the $1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning. Last year it exceeded $25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor-trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful; the only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor-trucks giving satisfaction to 18,000 owners, and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure-car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation. Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern, wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

Five years ago the automobile was a transcendent plaything—thrilling, seductive, desperately expensive. Its oldest devotees could view with patience neither abstention from its charms nor the bills which followed surrender. To-day the harrowing alternative is mitigated at both ends. The bills are less and some of the excitement has worn off. Neighbor Brown, who sensibly refused to mortgage his house to buy a car in 1908, is now piling his family into a smart little black-and-red car, and is starting out on a four-day run to the Water Gap and return. And you know that he can do it now without the mortgage.

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Fifth Avenue, New York, looking north, seven years ago.
Photograph taken from opposite the Windsor Arcade.

You yourself have seen the Water Gap, have explored every sunny road and leafy by-way within a hundred miles of your home, have seen the speedometer needle hang at 50 or 60, and have come unscathed through adventures which, when you think of them in cold blood, bring a creepy stirring to your spine. Your present car is good, but not showy; you keep it in a little garage behind your house and use it soberly—you and your family—nearly every day; and your motoring costs about half what it did five years ago. You seldom drive now for the mere pleasure of driving; yet your car is as much a part of your daily life as your walk to the office.

What does it all signify? This tremendous industry that has grown up almost overnight, and has made itself so necessary that a million owners of cars are giving food and roofs and clothing to another million—wage-earners and their families—for supplying them with the new means of locomotion—what does this new industry portend? How many more people are going to buy cars? Are automobiles a permanent development or a temporary fad? If permanent, how do they justify themselves—in mere pleasure, which a few can afford but more cannot, or in genuine service? Are they at bottom a liability or an asset?

Neighbor Brown, the effervescent novice, cannot teach us much. The bicycle, twenty years ago, had just as fervid votaries, but to-day the bicycle is used chiefly for getting about. How is it with you, the seasoned motorist? If you had no car, in what respect would your life and your family's be changed?

You and I—all of us—used to choose our homes for their nearness to train or trolley. A mile from the station, half a mile from the trolley, was our immutable limit. The gates of Paradise would not have tempted us further. Rents soared; the lucky first owners of land near a new transportation line retired from business

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and lived in luxury on the fruits of their good fortune; still we cheerfully paid tribute, and dotted the map with little disks and bands of high-priced real estate. Horses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man.

But to-day your home is in a suburb, handy for the motorist but otherwise dependent on trolley service. Were it not for the automobile, your wife's need of companionship would compel removal either to the city or to a more central part of your village. Part, at least, of what you saved on the car would go out in higher rent. Then you would need some other forms of exercise and recreation—golf, week-ends at the shore, or the theatre. More money! When you visit friends in the next town, you take your maid to visit *her* friends. Without the car she would have to shift for herself. And the children—you can already hear the lamentations when they learn that they have seen the last of Green Pond, and that these Saturday picnics by the babbling Wanaque River will be no more! You moved to your country home after you began motoring. Dare you say that that change was for the worse?

Fifth Avenue to-day, from about the same point, showing the change in the character of the traffic.

The new home of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, under construction, is the white building in the middle distance.

Perchance you have no car—as yet. But you have friends living five miles away by road. To visit them by rail, you must go half a mile to the station, ride ten miles to a junction, wait an hour, and travel a dozen miles more to a station half a mile from their home. How often do you see your friends?

Or you are a nature-lover and a busy man. The city stifles you and the daily ordeal of strap-hanging is a horror. Yet your wife declares that she will be "buried alive" if she goes where houses are more than a hundred feet apart. She has a right to her view, too. How shall yours and hers be reconciled?

Or you have children. Shall they be reduced to "tag" on the streets and in a bric-à-brac-filled apartment, or shall they have green grass, a sand-pile, trees, and a

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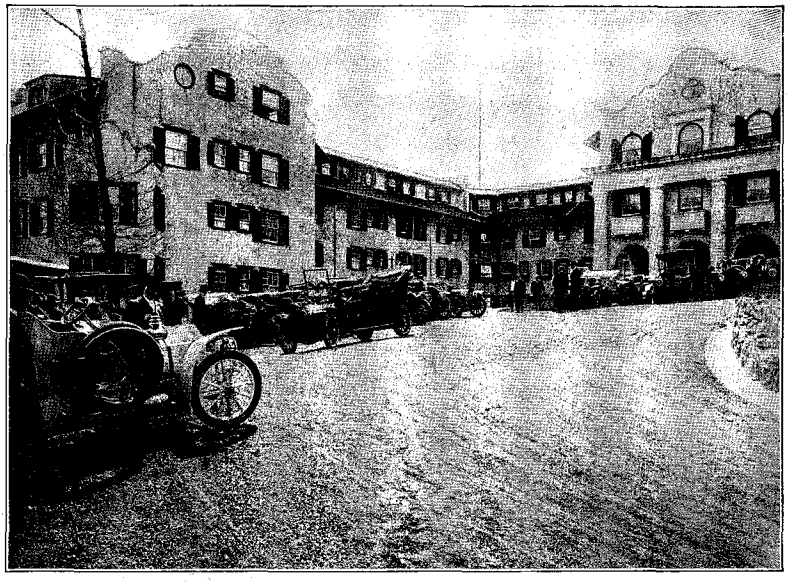


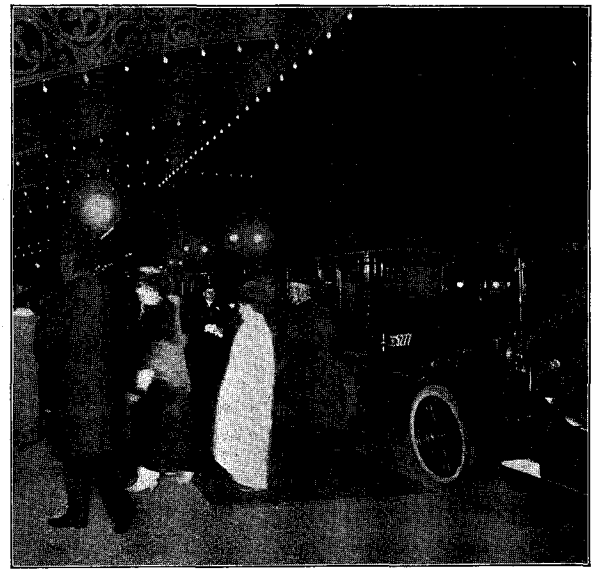
Automobiles gathered at a hotel in the suburbs.

swing? Or perhaps you are a farmer, seeking means to relieve the monotony of farm life and hold your sons from the dangerous lure of the city.

For hundreds of thousands of families the automobile is at last supplying the happiest of answers. Bridging as it does the gap between rail travel and the horse, at a possible cost less than that of the latter, it has added threefold or more to the habitable areas outside of our cities. Double a certain radius and you quadruple the enclosed area. Make three miles your limit and the area becomes nine. Think what this will lead to in the course of a generation or two, and you will realize the transformation which the low-cost automobile is working.

What has wrought this change? Not merely improvements in mechanism, though those have been essential. Rather, it is the ingenious reduction in both first cost and expense of maintenance to figures which a few years ago seemed utterly impossible.

For a dollar a day and a little spare time any one who will may now keep a small but serviceable car and use it daily and for week-ends. For five or six hundred a year one may have a "real car" with sliding-gear transmission and all the similitude of luxury, and if it is used only for week-ends, not for daily business trips, a few dollars a week will cover the ex-



Arriving at the opera in automobiles, Philadelphia.

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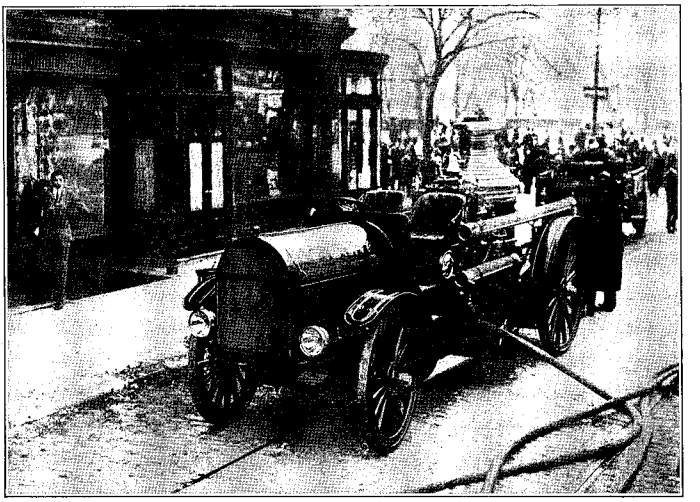
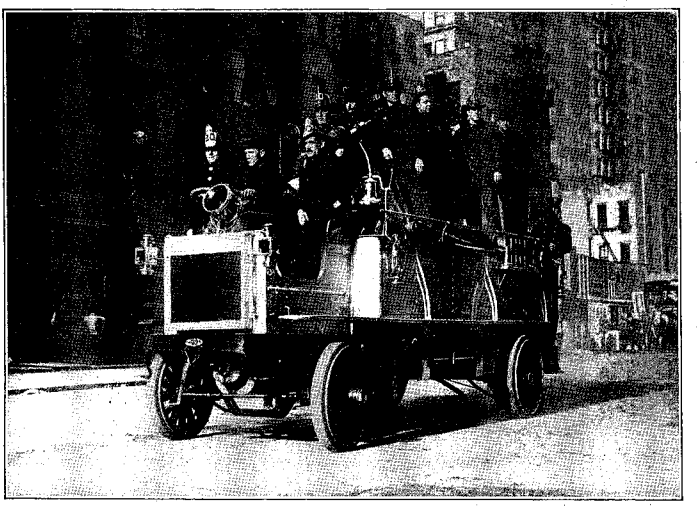
pense even of such a car.

At the other end of the scale, one may purchase a high-grade car of thirty or forty horse-power at a price materially lower than five years ago, equipped with electric horn, electric lights, engine-starter, and other conveniences then unthought of; and this car will be so well built, so durable, and so simple to manage that the high-priest of the steering-wheel—the chauffeur—is now only worshipped if one has a stable of several cars. Even chauffeurs demand the ritual of the check-book less often, and sacrifices and burnt-offerings of wrecked cars are seldom required.



The motor fire-engine which is crowding out the much-beloved fire-horse in New York.



The new high-pressure motor hose-wagon.

The efficiency of the fire service has been greatly increased by the adoption of the motor-propelled hose-wagons because of the great speed obtained and greater carrying capacity.

Let us suppose a case. Your city house is worth, say, $9,000. Included in your recreation budget are $100 for theatre, $150 for vacations, and $50 for club dues. You can get a neat suburban home, with an acre of ground and a garage, for $7,000. The difference in rental will be, at 8 per cent, $160. Adding the theatre, club, and vacation expenses, you have $460 to apply on a new programme.

The country house is a mile and a half from the village, and your wife or son will go to the station with you and drive the car home. Six miles a day, plus week-end trips, will make about 4,000 miles a year. A fair average for gasolene, oil, tires, and repairs is five cents a mile for a $1,200 car—$200 for the year. Depreciation, if averaged over four years, will be about the same. Insurance and extras will amount to perhaps $50.

Thus far, the saving and expense about balance. Whether they do so in practice will depend largely on the outlays for commutation, extra fuel, and servants' wages. But one thing is certain: you will spend only a fifth or a tenth as much on doctors! I could name men who date their first real grip on business from the

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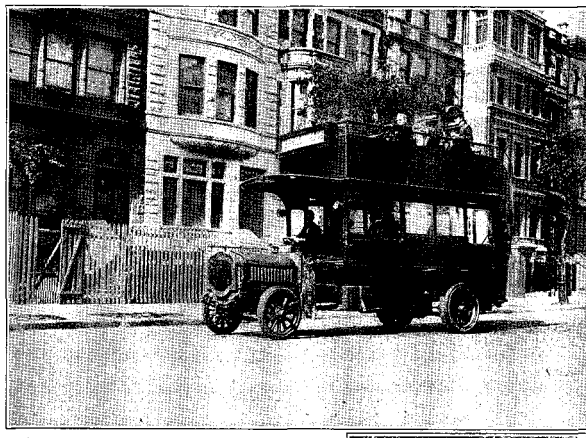
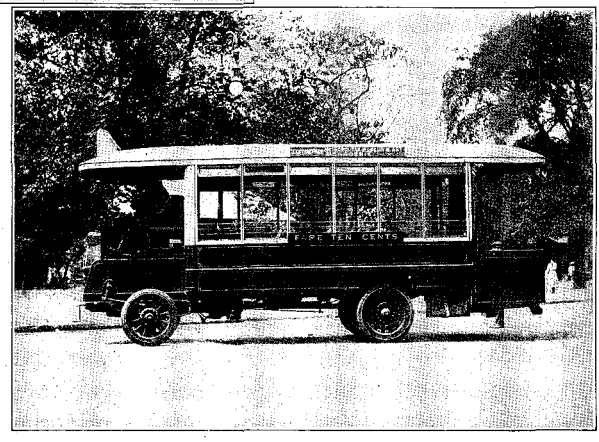


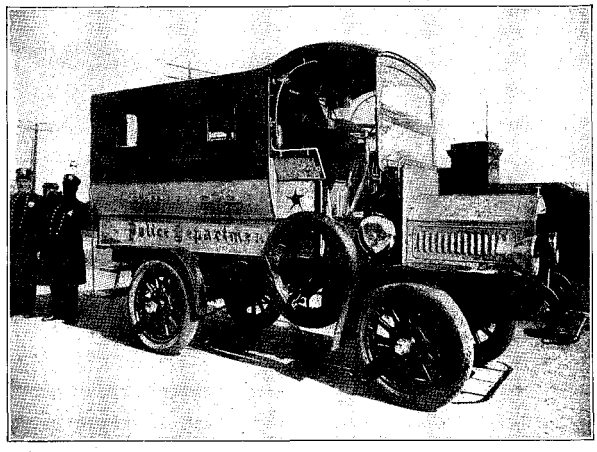


Two types of Fifth Avenue motor-bus, New York.

time when they began building up their physical energies by motoring—conservative motoring, mind you, not extravagance in either speed or spending.

The logic of the situation points to the growth of motor colonies. It is the exceptional city family that removes outright to the farming hinterland, and in most cases distance from transportation has hitherto produced an inferior neighborhood. That latter condition is visibly giving way to the new order; already the cities have many automobile "commuters," and in every large suburb the morning and evening trains are met by scores of motor-cars. In a few years there will be hundreds.

Did space permit, I could say much about the private suburban garage. It must be more than four walls and a roof, especially if the car is to be used in winter. The first essential is room to work; the second, fireproofness; the third, abundant light; the fourth, double walls that will mitigate the heat of summer and the rigors of winter; and the fifth, if the car is to be used the year round, is a heating system, preferably by hot water. With these things provided, plus a bench and a fair tool equipment, the details can be arranged to suit the taste and purse of the owner. If the chauffeur's quarters are above, they should be wholly separated from the place where the cars are kept, and should be reached by an outside door.



A motor police patrol wagon, Chicago.

Turn now to the great rural districts, and what do we see? For two generations agriculture has lost ground in the competition for men and brains. Manufacturing has been over-stimulated; city life has been made attractive by countless modern appliances, few of which

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have reached the farm. As a class, farmers have been more intent on improvements for haymaking than for homemaking. Furnace heat, running water, sanitary plumbing, fireless cookers, kitchen cabinets, aluminum ware, hardwood floors, and rugs—how many farms to-day have these devices to ease the burden of the farmer's wife?

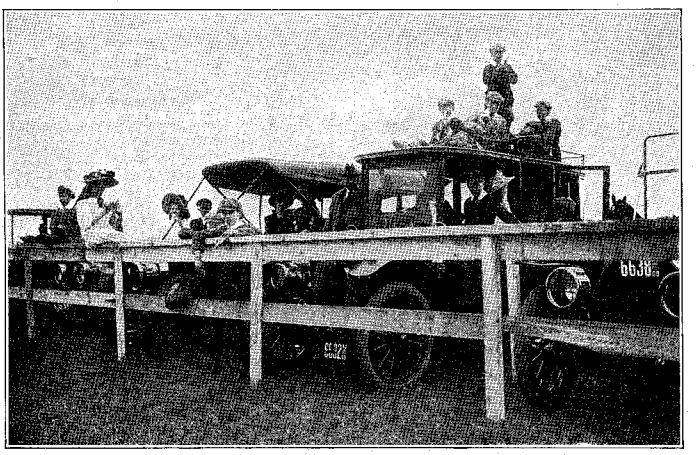
Yet the pendulum is ready to swing the other way. Too many of us are making luxuries and paying the farmer to feed us. The next decade will see a tremendous growth in the rural demand for home comforts. And one of the things that will keep the boys and the help on the farm will be the modern distance-shortener and reducer of rural isolation.

Is not the next step plain? Heretofore the farmer has improved his roads reluctantly, and has complained with bitterness (and justice) when they were damaged by automobiles. When he owns a car he will improve his roads without urging, and will do it right. And he will make due provision for their maintenance.

That matter of road maintenance, it must be said, has become acute of late and is growing worse. Millions have been laid out in highway improvement, and have been wasted for lack of adequate system in repair. Motor traffic demands both a smoother surface and a stronger bond than horse traffic; it tends inherently, at touring speeds, to ravel a loosely bonded surface like macadam.

The truth is that macadam depends on the constant abrasion of hoofs and steel tires to supply fresh bonding material, and when the dust bond is sucked up and flung over the fence by pneumatic tires, the rest of the road soon follows—squaring accounts, meanwhile, by cutting the tires to rags.

In the end the motorists will have to pay for the damage they cause—or, better, for the upkeep of roads suitably bonded for motor traffic. Crude oil, if rich in asphalt, makes a fair temporary bond; tar is far more durable, but needs watching to correct hollows and waves; calcium chloride, as a treatment for the foundation, appears to be useful for its property of retaining moisture. Recently a new chemical bond derived from blast-furnace slag has been suggested. Whatever the method, it is cheaper to pay well for good roads than to pay for the damage done by bad ones to mechanism and tires.



A now common sight at all out-door sporting meets—the family motor party.

At this point I hear the reader (who has for some minutes been vainly trying to check my flow of prophecy) interrupt to say: "That is all very well, if your figures are correct and if these low-priced cars are really good. But five years ago a thousand dollars—spent on a new sliding-gear car—would buy nothing but a travesty on good construction. The man who could afford that sum or less had to buy at second-hand in order to get a run for his money. Are these present cars really so much better? And, if so, how is it done?"

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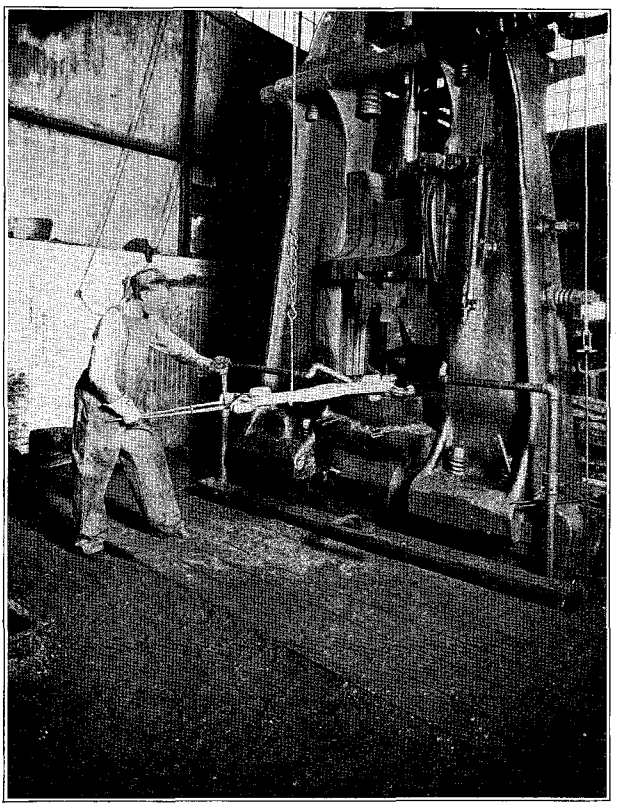
Let me begin by saying that, for the experienced buyer, there is no value so good as a high-grade car from one to three years old. In the light of its total life, its wear is trifling. Paint and tires, and a few such parts as brake linings, transmission or front-wheel bearings, and possibly the first or second speed gears, may need to be renewed. But depreciation otherwise should be small, and the vital elements—design, materials, workmanship—are certain to be superior to those of the cheap new car of the same price. But the buyer must be a judge of cars!



Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit.

Forging the front axle of a truck under the steam-hammer.

The higher-priced cars—the old, well-known makes—are smoother-running, better-proportioned, longer-lived, simpler to manage than ever before. Their prices represent, not mere ability to get over the map, but convenience, freedom from care, high mileage without repairs—the luxury of motoring. Though their prices have fallen less than those of the cheaper cars, they are well worth their cost to those who can afford them.

But, even so, how is it possible to build plain utility cars, that shall not yearn each week for the ministrations of the repair man, for less than a thousand dollars? How is it possible to build a really good forty-horsepower car for even twice that sum?

A visit to almost any of the larger factories would answer the question. Cleveland, Indianapolis, Toledo, Lansing, and many other cities boast plants which for size, efficiency, and scientific method would have astonished the expert of ten years ago. But to get the story in one volume, we cannot do better than to visit the automobile capital of the country and see for ourselves what the new industry has done.

Ten years ago the first automobile factory was moved to Detroit from an Ohio town. Other factories followed rapidly. In ten years Detroit's population has grown from 300,000 to nearly half a million. It has twenty-seven automobile factories, the value of whose output last year exceeded $200,000,000. Still others manufacture parts—axles, radiators, engines, bodies—some used in Detroit, some elsewhere. North of the business section are miles of cottages, the last word of modernity, each surrounded by lawn and shrubbery and having—perhaps one in five—a neat garage in the rear. Shade trees line the streets; at frequent corners stand white sanitary drinking fountains, and everywhere are automobiles! Hardly one vehicle in twenty is horse-drawn. Naturally the streets of Detroit are clean.

And the motor factories! To north, east, and west they radiate, nearly all new, imposing structures, all steel and glass,

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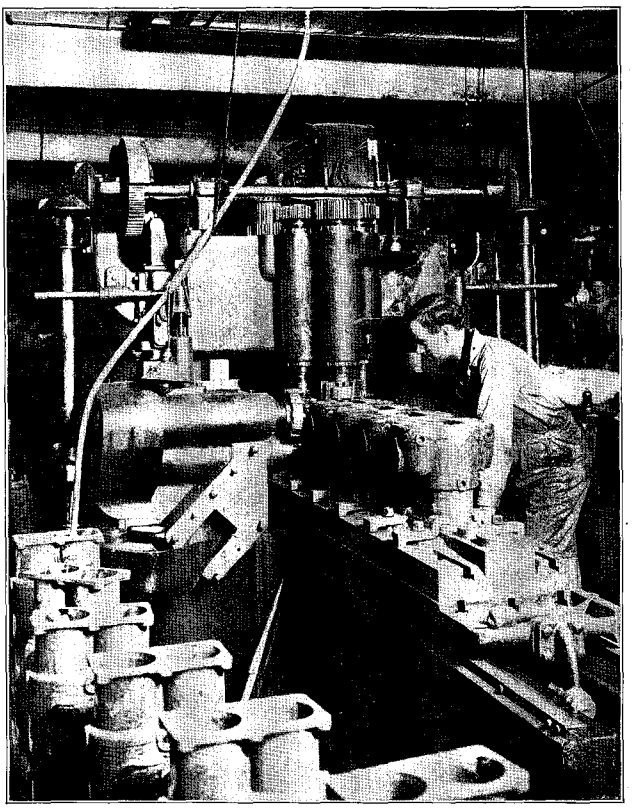
with just enough brick or concrete to give a semblance of walls, themselves the last word of modern factory engineering. No dingy loop-holes for windows, no haphazard ventilation here! The mark of the efficiency expert is seen even in the buildings, and we shall find it everywhere in the work itself.

Some of the factories make everything possible—even wheels—under their own roofs. Others design cars and contract with specialists for the various parts, which they inspect and assemble. Since we cannot visit all, we will select a few of the most typical plants. One factory for high-priced cars in which everything but tires, rims, and ignition specialties is made; another, building a medium-priced car and likewise manufacturing nearly all its parts; a third factory, which designs and assembles—these are excellent examples, each of its class. Lastly, we must see the one wholly unique factory in the world for building low-priced automobiles.

In the first plant the most notable feature is the attention to matters which, with a lower selling-price, would have to be passed over or managed by short cuts. For instance, the cam shaft gears of the engine, instead of being bronze, have silent teeth of muslin. The oiling system is so controlled that opening the throttle acts also to increase the supply of oil to the pistons. Another feature is a valve, which supplements the electric engine-starter, for letting acetylene gas into the intake manifold. Our present gasolene does not vaporize well in freezing weather, and the first explosion is sometimes hard to get unless ether, acetylene, or a similar agent is used.

A trip through these shops is full of fascinating glimpses. Here is a big machine at work on eight pairs of cylinders at once, finishing the flat top and side surfaces. Here is another, smoothing the top or bottom surfaces of an aluminum crank case. On a curious swivelling table are clamped eight pairs of cylinders, all with their bottoms outward; two pairs of tools, working from opposite sides, bore two pairs of cylinders at once, while the operator removes others already bored and clamps fresh ones to the table. Elsewhere is a vertical boring mill, bristling with tools, which attack a heavy truck hub at three points at once, and shape it with automatic precision. Everywhere—on iron, aluminum, and alloy steel—are used the modern high-speed cutting tools, which eat through the toughest steel as if it were soft brass.



Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit.

Milling the tops and sides of cylinders; seven milling cutters working at once.

Many trucks are built here, and a separate building is provided for their assembling. Altogether, the factory comprises thirty buildings, having thirty-seven acres of floor space and extending three-quar-

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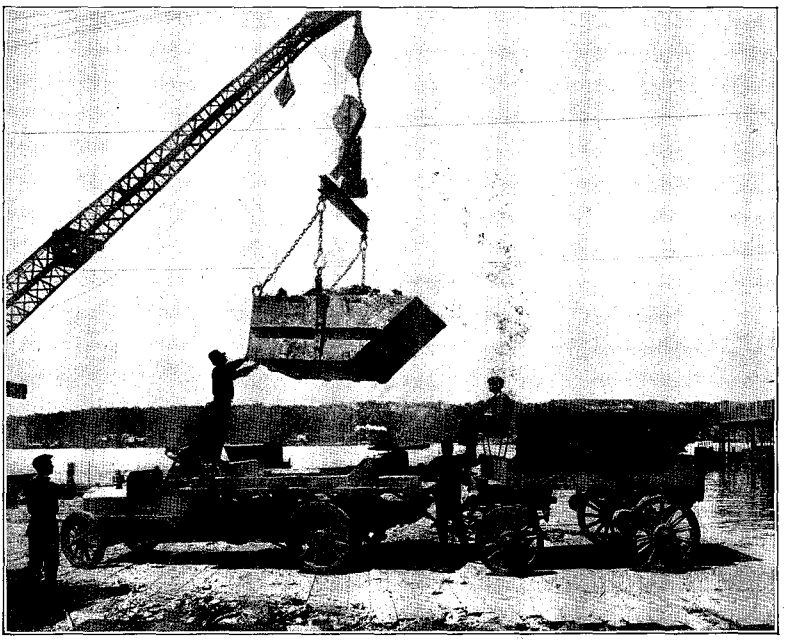
ters of a mile across the Boulevard. Seven thousand men are employed, most of them the year round.

The factory for medium-priced cars, though less pretentious, is an even better example of intensive production. Machines and men are closely packed, boys are pushing hand-trucks filled with castings, forgings, finished parts or assembled

The assembling is as carefully planned as the manufacture. Crank shafts are fitted to their bearings, run by pulley and belt to "limber" them, then cleaned and again put together. Different men assemble the various elements of the motor. Others assemble the steering gear; still others, the front and rear axles, the transmission, and the frame members.



In the contracting-engineering field, motor-trucks are doing the work of from eight to sixteen horses as a general average.

The picture shows a motor-truck of the Pittsburg Contracting Co., one of the builders of the big Catskill Aqueduct, that has displaced twelve teams.

"groups"; a system of exhaust-piping overhead supplements indow ventilation.

The familiar engine, lathes, planers, and other plodding jacks-of-all-trades are conspicuously absent. Instead, we see special tools everywhere. Where several surfaces are to be finished, tools are set working simultaneously on as many as possible. Where a certain operation, like cutting gear teeth, can be done on several pieces at once, it is done. Piece rates largely prevail, and seem to work well.

With all the seeming hurry, time is found for accuracy. The bevel driving gears, for example, whose quietness depends on their true form and alignment, are elaborately tested before and after hardening, and again for noise when finally assembled.

Then these several units are brought to the chassis-room, where picked squads, each with its own task, put them together; first the frame, then the springs, then axles, motor, transmission, steering gear, radiator, piping, and wiring in about the order given. Twenty or thirty chassis are in process at once, and as each nears completion it is wheeled, with the last squad still working, into line for the testing-room.

There are really two tests, one for the motors, and one for the complete chassis. In the former some thirty or forty motors are made to drive as many dynamos, first at light load, then at full load, for several hours. The power developed is measured, and the current goes into the main circuit of the factory. In the chassis test-

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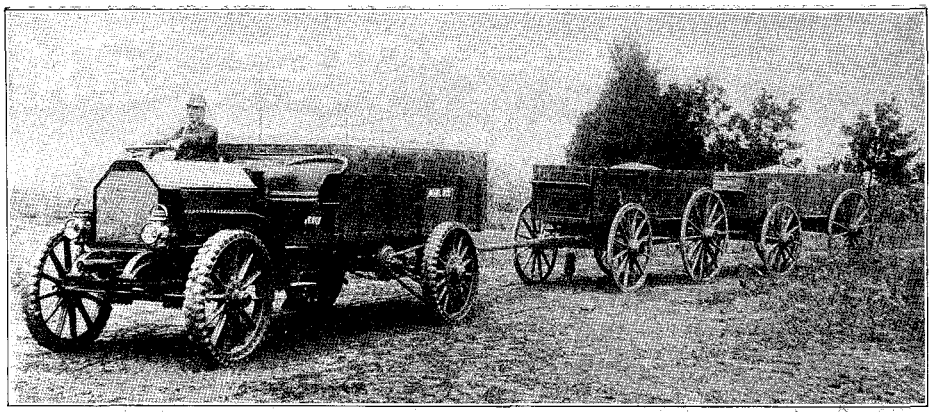

The contractor's motor-truck and trailers.

ing-room—said to be the only one of its kind—the rear wheels are raised off the floor, and dynamos again receive the power (this time through the transmission gears and axle) and convert it into current for the factory. The energy thus conserved amounts to some 800 horse-power—a good example of the care with which waste has been eliminated, to the ultimate benefit of the consumer.

As the third factory does not manufacture directly, a brief visit will suffice. It turns out as many cars as the preceding—some fifty or sixty a day—but in much smaller compass. The special features of interest are of design rather than process—a pressed-steel floor, riveted to the frame, which takes the place of a wood body floor; the ingeniously compact transmission, built in one case with the engine, saving weight and expense; the low-priced yet serviceable pressed-steel bodies, and so on. All these things, by simplifying manufacture, reduce the cost and enable people to own larger and more able cars than they could otherwise afford.

But the greatest sight of Detroit is the huge plant for low-priced cars. Here, as nowhere else, may you see automobiles turned out veritably like sewing-machines, brass beds, or shoes. Here, literally, the raw material comes in at one end and issues from the other a finished product. One unloading platform, to which are pushed daily train-loads of pig-iron, brass, aluminum, rough forgings, pressed-steel parts, and bodies; two long shipping platforms, each with two tracks, into whose box-cars are stowed every working-day half a thousand automobiles or more! The iron pigs unloaded to-day will become cylinder castings to-morrow. The next morning they will enter the machine shop; by night they will be fully machined, the valves ground in, the crank shafts fitted, the motors assembled. Next morning the motors will receive a bench run under their own power. After lunch they will pass to the assembling-room, and in a few hours the finished cars will go to the shipping platform. A hundred cars being assembled at once; an hour or so for the job; a hundred cars an hour, if need be!

The main building is 840 feet wide—nearly a sixth of a mile—and 500 feet in depth. Around three sides it has three stories; the central machine shop is one story high, with "saw-tooth" roof. In front are the administration building—itself 300 feet long—and the power house, with one 1,500-horse-power gas engine running and another of 3,500 horse-power under erection. Behind are the foundry and the heat-treating department, and a wide expanse whereon new buildings are already going up. The present plant covers sixty acres of floor space and employs 9,000 men.

The real marvel of this marvellous plant is not its bigness, but the fact that it is able to produce from 500 to 750 cars a day. Even to the expert, unless he has seen the methods used, the reality seems incredible.

When these methods are studied, they are found to consist largely of three elements: (1) elimination of useless handling; (2) the use of special machinery to perform many operations simultaneously; (3)

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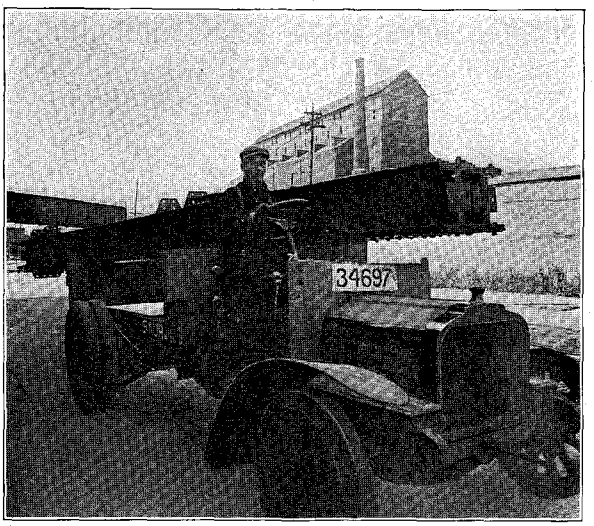


A thirty-foot girder carried on a five-ton truck, the body of which has been removed and the girder supported on a timber cradle.

The motor-truck for this service is valuable in that it prevents the traffic congestion incidental to the carrying of heavy steel girders by the horse method, using a trailer and carrying the girder in a sling.

the use of fixtures which, so far as possible, automatically insure accuracy. Thus the machines may be operated by men of small skill, paid well but still much less than skilled machinists; and a highly skilled force of tool-makers insures the quality of the product.

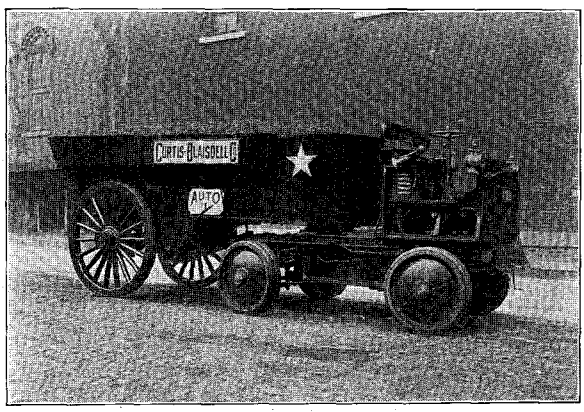
These principles are not novel, but they are seldom carried into effect so thoroughly. For successive steps on a given piece, the machines are so placed that parts dropped into a box by one operator are handy to the man at the next machine. Milling-machine, boring-machine, reamer, drill press, and tapping-machine consort amicably in rows, and the piece which starts as a rough forging or casting at one end reaches the other fully finished.

The most complicated single piece is that comprising the four cylinders and upper half of the crank case. Twelve of these are clamped, bottom up, on the table of a milling-machine, and the bottom flats and half-round bearing seats are milled in one operation by different sets of cutters. As fast as they emerge, fresh ones are put in their places, so that when the table has finished its travel it is ready at once to start again. A similar machine finishes the top and side flat surfaces.

Other machines first bore, then ream, the four cylinders at once. Three castings at once have their front ends smoothed for the cover plates—a matter of ten minutes, requiring only two machines to handle the entire output. Later, a machine with forty-five drills, all working at once, makes the bolt and stud holes in the top, both ends, and bottom flange. One and one-half minutes per casting, including blowing away the chips (by a compressed-air jet) and setting up the work! There is a second machine, but for emergencies only.

A year ago two shifts were run, of ten and twelve hours. Then the length of the shifts was reduced. By dint of planning the output was greater in nine hours than it had been in ten, and wages remained the same.

The multitudinous small time-savers must remain unmentioned. One stands out in my mind—a socket wrench attached to a small suspended air motor, by whose aid two men are able to screw up twenty-



Large six-wheel coal-truck with four-wheel drive.

A gasolene engine runs a dynamo and charges a storage battery. Individual motors drive the four front wheels. The body with the two rear wheels is practically a trailer.

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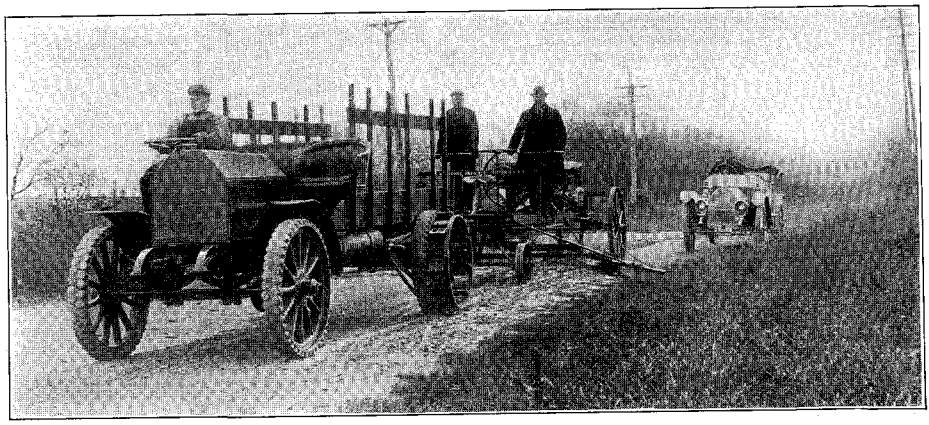
four oil-pan flange bolts in less than three minutes.

While the motor has been taking shape, other departments have been at work on transmission, axles, radiator, and frame. When the assembling-floor is reached, the parts already form groups—motor and transmission, frame, steering column and dash, and so on; and trained squads move from chassis to chassis, each doing one thing only. Hand-trucks in a steady stream bring the parts; wind-shields and bodies come from upstairs, and every few minutes a finished car is cranked up, given a run around the yard, and wheeled to the shipping platform.



The motor at work upon the roads.

Only a portion—possibly two-thirds—of the output is assembled at the factory. The rest is shipped in "knockdown" to the large distributing centres and there put together. The resultant saving in space reduces freight rates on these cars almost to one-third of the assembled-car tariff.

In the radiator department, ingenious machines force 95 quarter-inch tubes through 74 copper fins at one operation; yet, even so, 300 men are required to turn out 250 radiators. For painting and varnishing, the wheels are dipped bodily into vats of pigment and whirled to throw off the surplus paint.

The factory has a "hospital" in which are treated not only accidental injuries but all ailments whatsoever, and it is found cheaper to do this gratis than to lose the workmen's time in seeking (or avoiding) outside medical aid.

In France, which until recently set the automobile pace for the world, the rise of the small car has been equally impressive, though in another way. The engines are even smaller, ten to twenty horse-power being the usual range, with four-cylinder types favored. What these small cars lack in power is largely made up in efficiency; they are very light, very able, and with their four-speed transmissions they get the utmost from their engines. Owing partly to the difference in methods of manufacture, their prices are materially higher than those of our small cars, but it seems certain that before long there will be a market in this country for cars on similar lines, extending the principle of the multi-speed sliding-gear transmission to smaller sizes than hitherto. Both here and abroad the outstanding fact is that the main incentive for buying high-power cars—the excitement of speed—is losing its force, and the rising cost of fuel is wielding its influence to the same end.

The fuel problem, by the way, seems to be solving itself in a measure by devices which burn heavy oils successfully. Our gasolene is getting heavier every year, yet the carburetor makers seem able to keep pace with it. At a pinch, alcohol is possible, though not very probable. Straight kerosene is used in certain recent high-compression automobile engines, and a recent inventor has found a way to gasify and burn small coal directly in the engine, thus eliminating the "producer."

If utility is increasingly the motive for

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owning pleasure cars, it is wholly so with the motor-truck. A problem far more difficult, because the incentive for spending is absent, the truck has logically been the slower to develop. Its design is even yet not wholly standardized, but already we can define certain classes of service wherein motors show better economy than horses. Notable is the entire class of "long hauls," wherein stops are few and the truck runs steadily most of the day. The reason for this lies in the inherently high first cost of the motor vehicle. It earns nothing when idle, hence the cost per ton mile is least when interest, depreciation, and wages are distributed over a continuous haul. Express companies, coal dealers, department stores, furniture movers, wholesalers in many lines, and manufacturers of all kinds are finding it cheaper to move goods by motor-trucks than by horses. Even when hauls are short, as in most city deliveries, the quickness and handiness of the motor vehicle often give it the advantage.

Since loading and unloading time is counted as waste, many ingenious devices are used to shorten it. False bodies packed at leisure and pushed bodily on the truck platform are common. Quick-dumping bodies, much like those of railway cars, are used for sand and coal. Garbage may be loaded into a loose body, which is picked up by a derrick, swung over a scow, and dumped like a tin cup. Some department stores have suburban distributing centres, to which packages are carried overnight by large trucks, and transferred to "mosquito fleets" of light wagons for house-to-house delivery.

Operation—a vital matter with drivers paid $15 to $20 a week—has been greatly simplified. For each day's run, at least, such matters as lubrication, carburetion, and ignition adjustments have been made either fixed or automatic. The driver has only to learn the rules of the road and the knack of the levers. Time was when every motor-truck was merely a training-school for private chauffeurs; happily that stage is past. Nowadays the proper plan is to have all skilled work done, not by the drivers, but by a separate force after each day's run, and one man can thus keep about five trucks in order.

If the motor-truck were only a mechanical substitute for the horse, its significance would be small. But, like the pleasure car, it is opening a new field of possibilities. No longer twenty miles a day, but fifty to eighty, is the economical limit. By changing drivers, a motor-truck can be kept going twenty hours out of the twenty-four. The practical radius is no longer half a day's horse travel, but is solely a question of expense and profit. If the profit warrants going fifty miles and back, the right sort of truck will do it. A wholesale grocer, adding both to radius and promptness of delivery, doubles his business in a year. A furniture house saves money on freight and express charges, and delivers regularly in hot weather that cripples its horse-using competitor. A coal dealer gains a name for quick delivery in bad weather; a brewer, using five trucks to replace fifty horses, reduces delivery cost one-half.

For suburban use the gasolene truck is the logical choice. In cities the simplicity of the electric truck causes it to be frequently preferred. The electric light and power stations, which long held aloof from the new movement, are beginning to offer complete facilities for charging, storage, and repair of all electric vehicles, including pleasure cars. Their object is to increase the sale of current in light-load hours, but the public gains the benefit, and with this support the urban use of electric vehicles of all sorts is certain to increase largely. My lady's town car, which for years has eked out a precarious existence on the border-land of real motordom, appears at last to be coming into its own, swept into a new lease of life by the expansion of electric trucking and by recent improvements in storage batteries.

Has not the automobile proved its mission? Greater liberty, greater fruitfulness of time and effort, brighter glimpses of the wide and beautiful world, more health and happiness—these are the lasting benefits of the modern motor-car. Its extravagance is passing with the novelty of speed; the rational balance of service and expense will ere long be struck, and cars built in conformity thereto. And then we shall thank God that we live in the Motor-Car Era!

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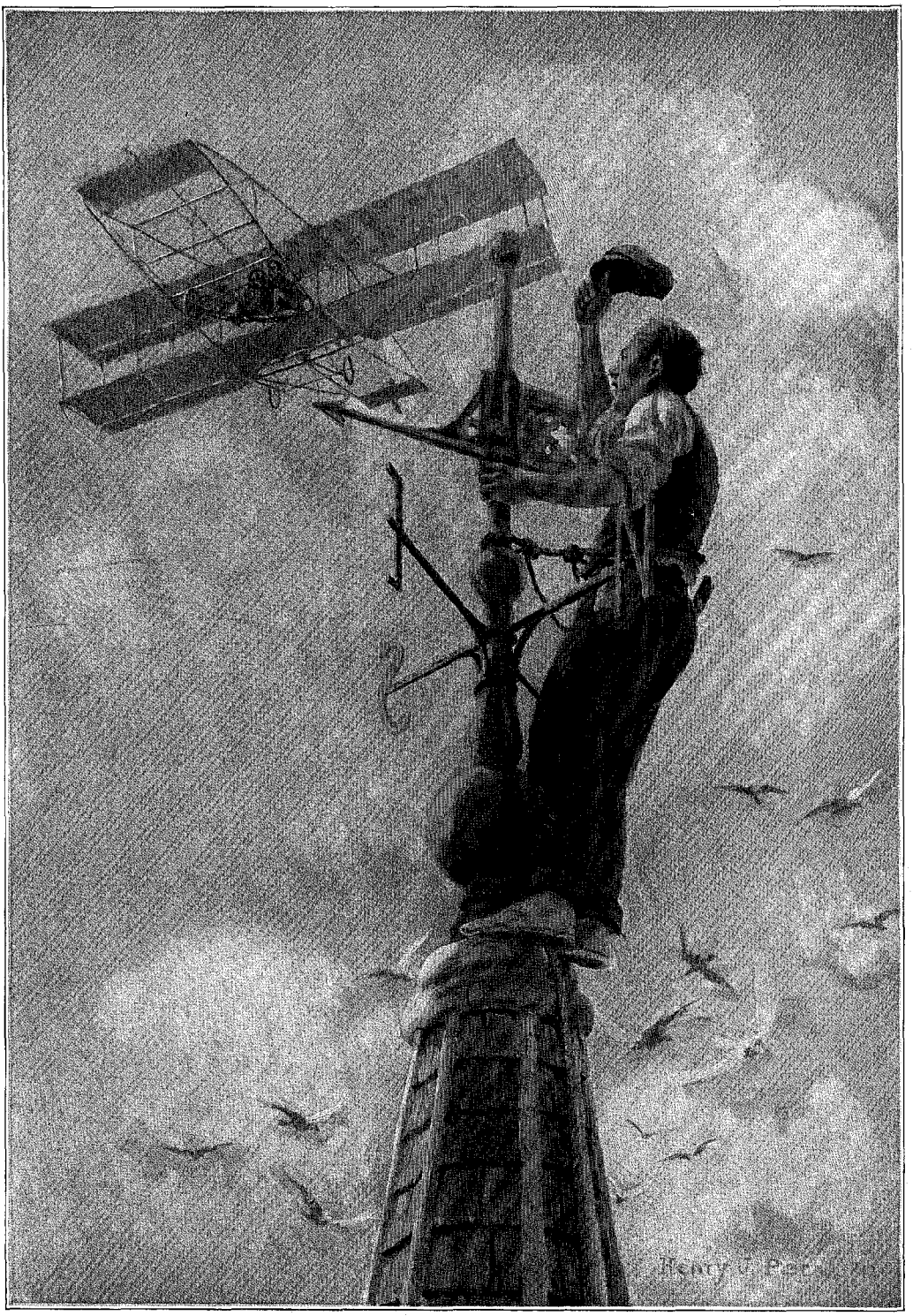

Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

Birds of a feather.

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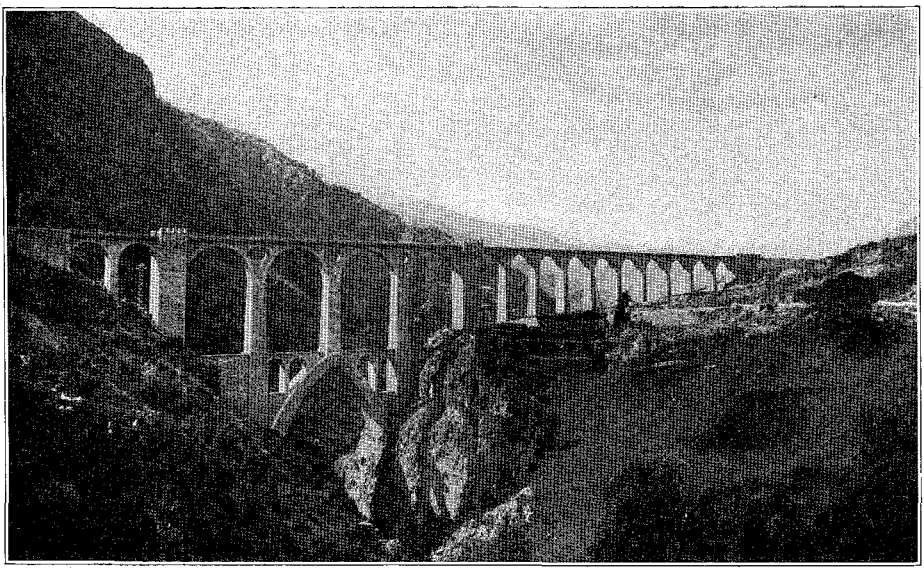


The Pont Séjournet.

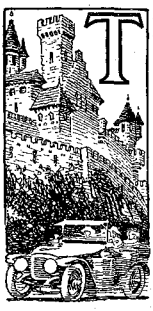
THE PYRENEES ROUTE

(ROUTE DES PYRÉNÉES)

WHAT IT WILL MEAN FOR MOTORISTS

BY CHARLES L. FREESTON, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The High-Roads of the Alps," "The Passes of the Pyrenees," etc., etc.



THERE is more romance in any dozen square miles of the Pyrenees than in the whole range of Alpine territory; that, in a word, should be the key-note of their attraction to latter-day travellers. It was not always so, of course; time was when a comparison could have been drawn between the rival groups on this score and on that of general picturesqueness alike. The Swiss Alps at all events, however, are now given over, lock, stock, and barrel, to commercialism. State railways bring vast hordes of tourists to the very foot of the slopes; rack-and-pinion lines or funiculars carry them up to the summits; palatial hotels swarm in almost every valley, and beggars line every frequented road. Save for the funiculars and the big hotels, the beauty of the landscape is still unspoiled and unspoilable; but all is readily approachable and familiar, and the halo of romance has been dispelled. Only on the great passes is it any longer possible to attain more or less sequestered spots; by the ordinary tourist, who confines himself for the most part to the railway, these are generally avoided, while those roads which no railway adjoins are mostly barred to motorists.

As for the French, Austrian, and Italian Alps, though they are less tourist-haunted than the Swiss, they at least possess no longer their romantic side, save in the districts to which the railway has not penetrated. Nothing, of course, could exceed the beauty of Tyrol, with its many fine, new mountain roads which the Austrians have built in preference to laying lines of rails; and here especially, as I have shown in "The High-Roads of the Alps," there

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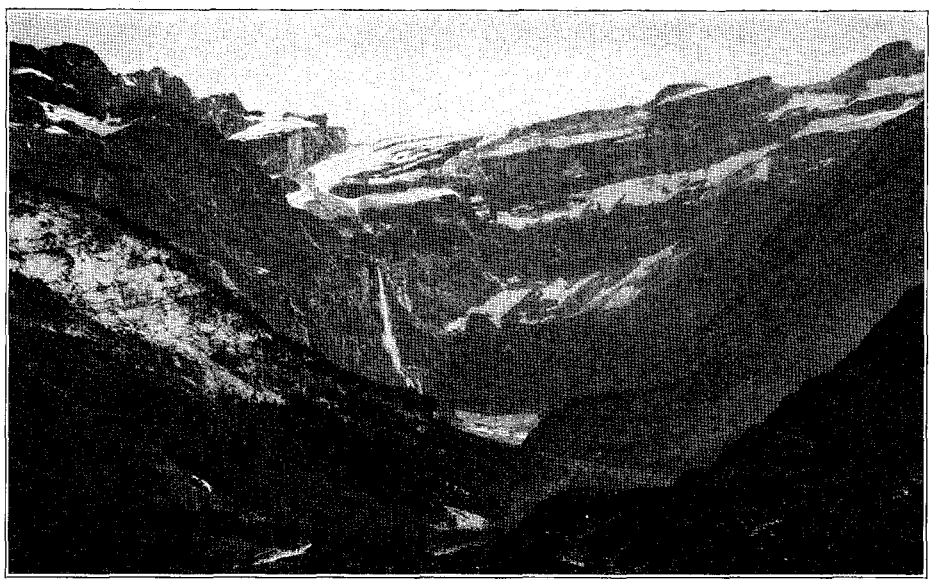


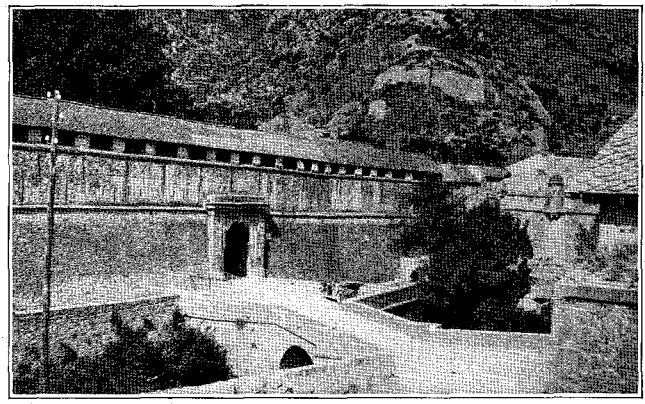
Cirque de Gavarnie.

is an ample field of glorious exploration for the motorist and the motorist alone. Viewed as a class, however, the Alps may certainly be described as destitute of the element of romance.

How different are the Pyrenees! Though there are plenty of railroads on the plains, the mountains themselves are almost untouched. Three trans-Pyrenean lines are now being built; but up to the present no railway locomotive has crossed the Franco-Spanish ranges. The rack-and-pinion is unknown, and to the best of my belief there is only one funicular, which was opened a few weeks ago from Bagnères-de-Luchon to a hotel above the town. Not one single mountain pass has a hotel or even an inn upon its summit; and of regular tourist travel among the heights, from the public-service point of view, there is absolutely none save for the plying of a few motor diligences along certain thermal routes.

Was there ever such a chance for the car-owner as this! Although the mountains are there in all their splendor and their pride, entirely unspoiled by the advent of the railway, and, so far as crowds are concerned, as remote as though they had never been trodden by the foot of man, they are intersected none the less by numerous high-roads, mostly of good quality. These have not become tourist-haunted, for the simple reason that the motor-car is the only vehicle which can tackle them with ease and comfort, for it would take months to drive over all the Pyrenean routes in a horsed carriage.

It is the automobilist, therefore, above all others who should visit the Pyrenees,



The fortified town of Villefranche-de-Conflent near Vernet-les-Bains.

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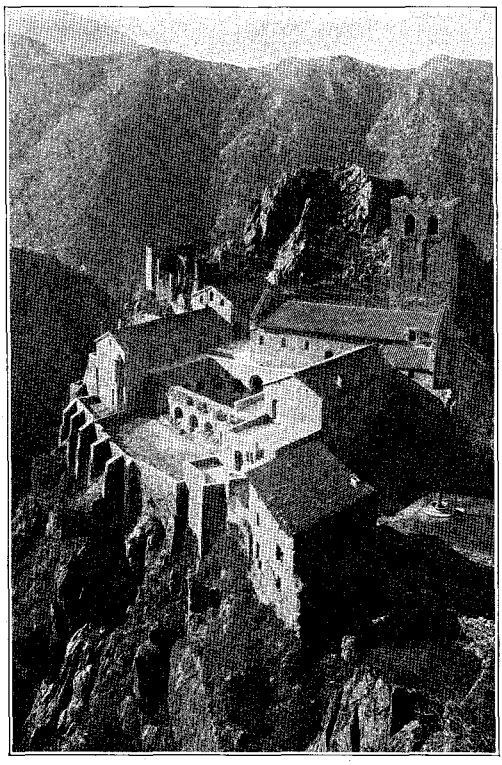
for the presence of the roads provides him with the opportunity of reaching great heights and viewing panoramas of superb grandeur, at the same time as the limited use to which the roads are otherwise put virtually invests him with as complete a monopoly of lofty scenery as that which was formerly enjoyed by the early climbers in the Alps.

"But surely," some one may ask, "the Pyrenees have been known to tourists of all nations for two generations or more?" This is true enough in a sense, but a very limited one. To the English, the existence of the western end of the Pyrenees was first made patent by the Peninsular War, and they were visited accordingly by a certain number of travellers quite early in the last century. By a curious coincidence, indeed, there fell into my hands only a few days ago a sketch-book belonging to an English peer, now deceased, and containing several pictures of Luchon and the neighborhood, with the appended date of 1825. The reputation of the Franco-Spanish ranges, nevertheless, has been built up on a basis entirely different from the causes which have made the Alps so popular; but for one fact, indeed, not only the mountains themselves but all the outlying territory would still be virtually unknown. The average tourist goes to the district of the Pyrenees neither for the sake of mountain exploration nor the enjoyment of majestic scenery. Such reputation as the Pyrenees have possessed until quite recently is to be found in one word, and that is "springs." The ranges boast an extraordinary wealth of mineral springs, amounting to over two hundred and fifty, and of such diversity that a list of the ailments they are alleged to cure would almost run through the whole gamut of the ills to which flesh is heir. In this respect, in fact, the Pyrenees were known even in Roman times. The great majority, however, of British and American visitors to the south-westerly borderline of France have gone there from valetudinarian considerations, and it would be found on inquiry that the places with which they are familiar are those which have grown to appreciable size owing to the fame of their mineral springs.



The ruined abbey of St. Martin du Canigou near Vernet-les-Bains.

Two exceptions only may be noted in passing. The first is Pau, which has been known to the English ever since the days of Wellington, and is popular as a winter resort by reason of its exceptionally mild climate; it was here, it may be remembered, that the late Wilbur Wright pitched his camp after searching all over France for the most "windless" place for experimentations in flight. The other place is Lourdes, the fame of which is almost entirely associated with its shrine and "miraculous" cures. The other chief resorts—Bagnères-de-Luchon, Cauterets, Eaux-Bonnes, Eaux-Chaudes, and, more recently, Vernet-les-Bains, owing to the completion of a lateral railway from Mont Louis to Perpignan—are primarily known as health resorts pure and simple.

But what is more significant is that none

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of these places are actually on the mountains themselves. Lourdes has an altitude of 1,268 feet only; Luchon is 2,088 feet; and Eaux-Bonnes, 2,461 feet, while, though Cauterets is as high as 3,058 feet, it lies in a *cul-de-sac*, and is not part of a through mountain route. The valetudinarians, therefore, who proceed to these resorts by rail may be more or less in touch with Pyrenean heights, but they in no sense rank as explorers of mountain routes unless they betake themselves to the motor vehicle. The highest place, indeed, which the ordinary tourist ever reaches is Gavarnie (4,429 feet), with its wonderful Cirque, which is now much visited from Lourdes; but the journey is tedious by the employment of any other means than that of a motor-car; and, as a matter of fact, a motor diligence now plies on this route, as on many others in the Pyrenees.

Practical acquaintance, in short, with the higher mountain roads is of purely recent development, and even yet is comparatively inappreciable in extent. Until last summer all the motorists I had met who had any knowledge of the Pyrenees had no inkling of the full resources of that richly endowed territory even by car, and most of them had merely done the hackneyed excursions to Gavarnie, Cauterets, and the like. Indeed, in nearly every case they had timed their visit for the late autumn or spring, when the higher passes were impassable because of snow. I am happy to be able to say, however, that friends of my own who toured by motor-car in August and September last, along practically the whole of the available routes as laid down in "The Passes of the Pyrenees," have expressed the most complete and unequivocal satisfaction with their wanderings, and, though tourists of wide experience in other regions, they reported themselves as overjoyed with the uniqueness and freshness of their motoring amid Pyrenean heights.

The road from Ax-les-Thermes to Mérens. Pont de l'Harenc and the village of Mérens on the right.

It is a moot point as to whether I ought first to summarize here the extent of the available mountain routes by contrast with the limited amount of road touring that the autumn or spring visitor, even if a motorist, is able to compass, or whether I should enter straightway upon a con-

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The windings of the picturesque road to Cauterets.

sideration of even further opportunities that may be expected to materialize in the by no means remote future. For a great scheme of development is afoot; and perhaps I had better discuss this forthwith and pave the way for a résumé of what will ultimately be spread before the motorist as an unrivalled field of romantic touring. In a word, a scheme for the creation of a "Route des Pyrénées" has been put forward, with the express object of enabling the automobile wayfarer to start at either the eastern or western limit of these noble mountains, and drive right across the map [page 179] without losing touch, to any material extent, with their majestic heights.

The fact that this scheme has been evolved is eminently characteristic of the French nation. It pleases the Anglo-Saxon to regard the French and other Latins as an excitable, voluble, and impracticable race. However true of application the first and penultimate adjectives may be at times, the third is about as far removed from verity as well could be. Imagination the Frenchman possesses to no ordinary degree, but he has also at the same time the most logical of minds; in the initiation of great projects he is not only much more alert than the Briton, but never allows weighty obstacles to interfere with the realization of a scheme which his logical faculty has shown him to be worthy of attainment. In Eng-

Looking for eagles.

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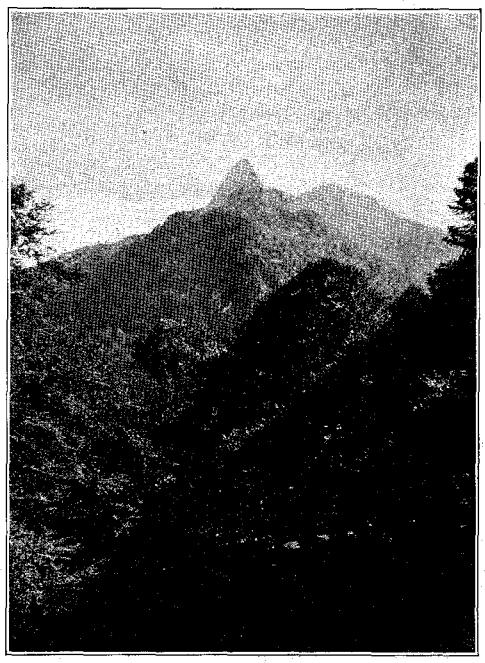

The Pic de la Pique above Luchon

"Route des Pyrénées" which the logical French mind, as represented in the Touring Club de France, has promulgated with every prospect of ultimate realization? It is simply a plan for linking up sundry mountain roads which at present end in *cul-de-sacs*, and the only question we have to examine is that of how great or how little is the extent of the new work which will have to be put in hand. The Pyrenees stretch right across the southern base of France, from Mediterranean to Atlantic, in what is, comparatively speaking, a straight line, without any great array of outlying spurs or divergent groups such as may be found in the French Alps. Already the number of lateral roads is considerable, and it is even now practicable in effect to drive a car from end to end of the Pyrenees without much descending to the plains.

When the route arrives at completion, however, it will represent a through land and not a few other countries it takes long enough to convince the average man of even the theoretical desirability of this or that paper scheme; but, even when convinced, he will find abundant reasons for withholding his hand from the plough, and only too often relies upon a weak acquiescence in the existing state of things. And there is nothing to which this comparison may more cogently be urged than the question of good roads. Every one knows by hearsay, and many from actual experience, of the glorious *routes nationales* which radiate in such wonderful and masterly array from Paris as a centre to the remotest confines of France. No such scheme is possible in England; the ordinary Briton is neither capable of imagining a desideratum of this kind nor logical enough to put it into practice if convinced of its efficacy and need.

View near Axat on the way to the Gorge de Pierre-Lys.

What, then, in detail is the

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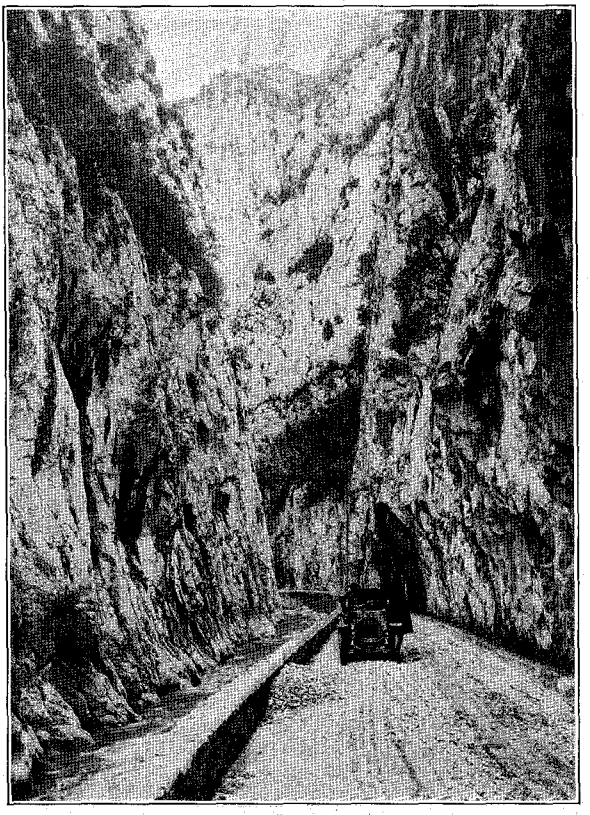
journey of 734 kilometres, or 455 miles, and of this total there are already existing roads to the extent of no less than 615 kilometres, or 381 miles. The *lacunæ* that have yet to be bridged do not amount, therefore, to more than 119 kilometres, or 74 miles in all. Reviewing the proposed line from its Mediterranean end, we find the initial stage to lead from Corbère, on the coast, to a series of thermal stations—viz., Le Boulou, Ceret, Prats-de-Mollo, and La Preste-les-Bains. When the great variety of such resorts in the Pyrenees is borne in mind, it might be urged with truth that there is no particular need for the tourist to strike this section, especially if he has come across from the Riviera and prefers to drive over the *route nationale* from Perpignan to Villefranche-de-Conflent and there run up to look at Vernet-les-Bains.

From La Preste-les-Bains, however, to Vernet a road is to be built which will constitute the most important of the new links. It will rise, in fact, to a height of 7,552 feet on the plateau of Le Pla Guillam, and will, therefore, surpass the height of the Col du Tourmalet (6,961 feet), which is at present the loftiest road in the Pyrenees which offers a through route. Then, again, this new link is in close touch with the famous mountain of Le Canigou (9,137 feet), the monarch of the eastern Pyrenees—always a prominent object from many view-points by reason of its height and its symmetrically conical shape. It is the lion of Vernet-les-Bains, just as the Jungfrau is the pride of Interlaken or the Matterhorn of Zermatt. The Pyrenees, I may mention in passing, possess a flora of amazing prodigality, and when they first attracted the attention of scientists about the middle of the nineteenth century two botanists collected no fewer than 5,500 different specimens in three days in the neighborhood of the Canigou alone!

This new link, accordingly, will enable one to descend to Vernet-les-Bains by a highly picturesque route without any doubling of one's wheel-tracks, instead of merely running up and down from the fortified town of Villefranche-de-Conflent.



In the Gorge de l'Aude.

From the latter place the "Route des Pyrénées" rises nearly 4,000 feet to Mont-Louis (5,134 feet), an erstwhile mountain stronghold of the great fort-builder Vauban, but no longer used as other than a health resort, its popularity in that respect being due to the fact that it is the coolest inhabited spot for many miles around. Thence the route crosses the Col de la Perche and the Col de Rigat, and descends to Bourg-Madame, where one may cross the frontier and run through the typically Spanish town of Puigcerda to view the summit scene from the Col de Tosas (5,856 feet). The route proper, however, now crosses the Col de Puymorens (6,292 feet), one of the finest and highest runs in the Pyrenees. As illustrating the entire

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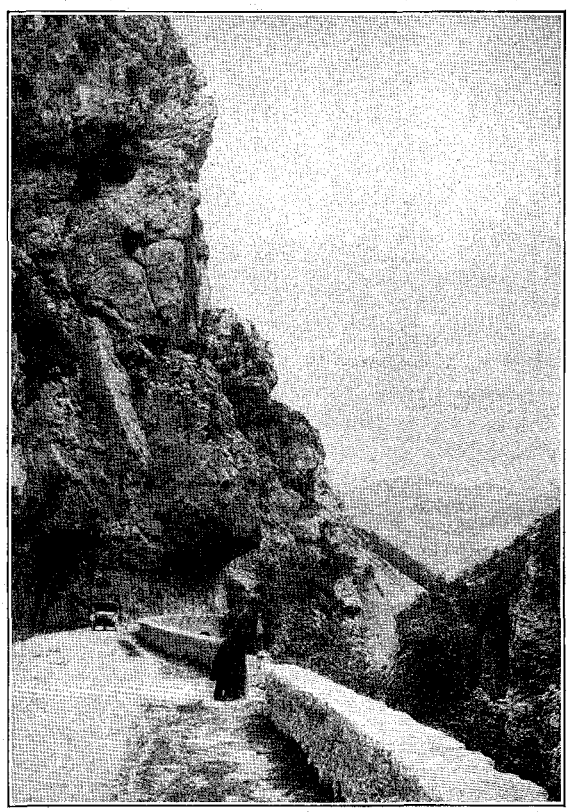
ignorance of the resources of the mountain roads, from the motorist's point of view, which prevailed until quite recently, I may mention that a standard French guide described this road no further back



In the Rébenty Valley.

than in the 1911 edition as "scarcely practicable for motor-cars"; but I myself ascended the pass at an average speed of twenty-six miles an hour, rising, in fact, close on 4,000 feet in forty minutes, or at a rate of 100 feet a minute! The scenery of the Col de Puymorens route is singularly wild, and, though less beautiful than the majority of the important passes, it offers a particularly enjoyable run so far as concerns the sheer delight of driving over a good mountain road with gradients that are in no way difficult, but are nevertheless worthy the breasting at a good pace on a good car.

A fine descent leads through Mérens to Ax-les-Thermes, one of the best, though not the most fashionable, of the thermal resorts, and a fine centre for excursions. A particularly good guide to the district is published by the local Syndicat d'Initiative, and no visitor should fail to secure this manual. Continuing along the existing road, one comes at length to Tarascon and Saleix, where another *lacuna* is to be bridged by way of the Porte de Saleix (5,925 feet), the Col de Latrape (3,609 feet), and the Col de la Core (4,623 feet) to Ayet. The chief point of interest on this new section is Aulus, a thermal station which is the terminus of a railway route. Then a little-known but very pretty road is available over the Cols de Portet, de Buret and des Ares to Saint Béat, on the discovery of which I rather prided myself, for these passes are not described in any guide-book, but are so attractive that I was well pleased at a later date to find them included in the "Route des Pyrénées."

A level run of twenty kilometres over a broad road from Saint Béat leads up to Bagnères-de-Luchon, the most famous of the Pyrenean resorts, and a first-class centre for excursions—notably those to the Hospice de France, the Vallée-du-Lys, and to Viella, in Spain, the last named providing something especially surprising in the way of an excellent and picturesque road. Luchon, by the way, although itself no higher than 2,066 feet, is very close to some of the finest mountains in the Pyrenees, and I indulge the hope that, when the Touring Club de France has realized its ambitions to the extent of witnessing the completion of the "Route des Pyrénées," it will set on foot a movement for the creation of a trans-frontier road into Spain over the magnificent Port de Venasque. This would, indeed, be an achievement worthy of the name, but at present the only way across the frontier is by a bridle-path.

We now find ourselves amid the finest scenery of the Hautes Pyrénées, and the "Route" follows existing roads for a distance of no less than 235 kilometres from

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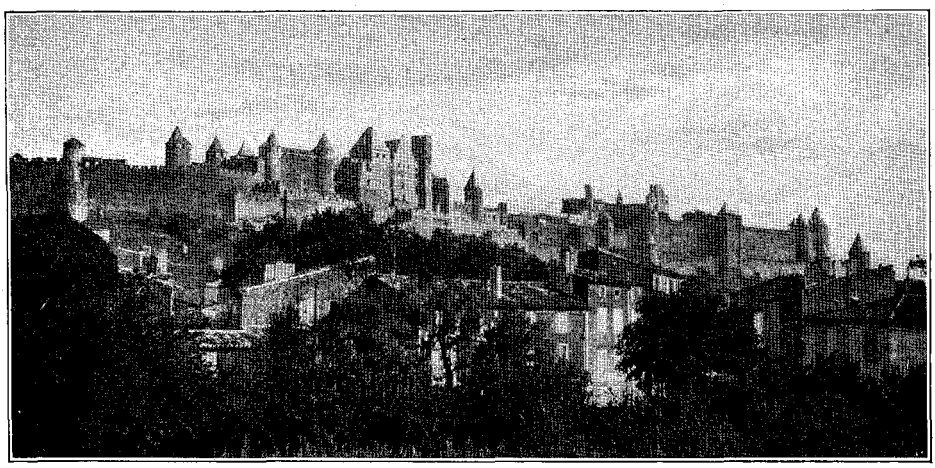
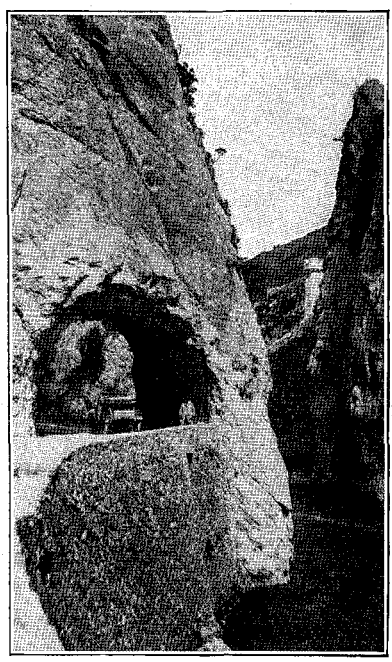


The Cité of Carcassonne.

Luchon to Luz, Argelès-Gazost, Eaux-Bonnes, Tardets, and Larrau. Included in this stage are the Col de Peyresourde, the Col d'Aspin, the Col du Tourmalet, and the Col d'Aubisque. Of the Col d'Aspin and the Col du Tourmalet it is almost impossible to speak too highly. Both are sublimely beautiful—the Col d'Aspin as regards its expansive views on both sides of the summit, and the Col du Tourmalet for its own sake, by reason of the rugged grandeur of the immediate environment almost at every point of the pass. Once a somewhat dangerous journey by car or carriage because of the crumbling nature of the shaly roadway at the sides, it has lately been much improved and is quite safe in that respect, though it requires a robust engine for the ascent and trustworthy brakes for the descent on either side alike. All the same, it presents no difficulties which cannot be surmounted by a regular service of public cars. The three other *cols* of this quartet are similarly served. The Col d'Aubisque, however, is at present decidedly narrow in parts, and doubtless will be materially improved under the new scheme.



The Trou du Curé, Gorge de Pierre-Lys.

Parenthetically, I may add that lack of width on a few of the lateral roads of the Pyrenees is the chief physical point as to which they differ from the best type of Alpine carriage-road. Even then, however, they are much to be preferred to the majority of the Swiss passes—if these were to be thrown open to motor vehicles—and do not suffer, moreover, as to surface from the effect of lumbering horsed diligences ploughing up the road crust with fixed skids and iron-shod wheels. Generally speaking, too, the corners on the Pyrenean routes are not ultra-acute, and may be rounded without reversing. The only detail in which the mountain roads of the Pyrenees are occasionally more formidable than the chief

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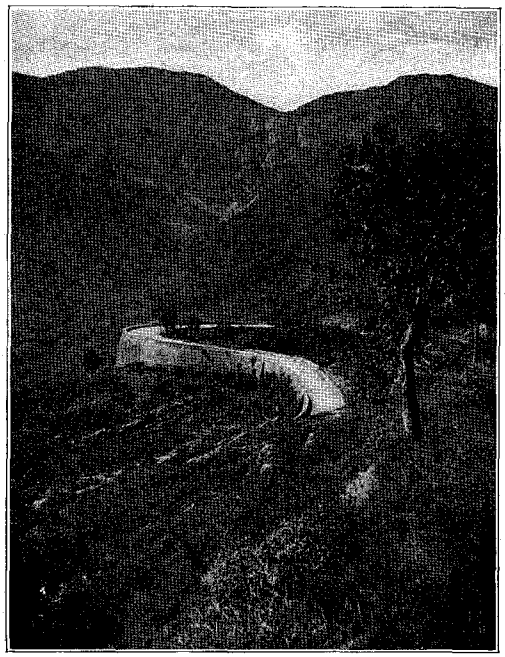
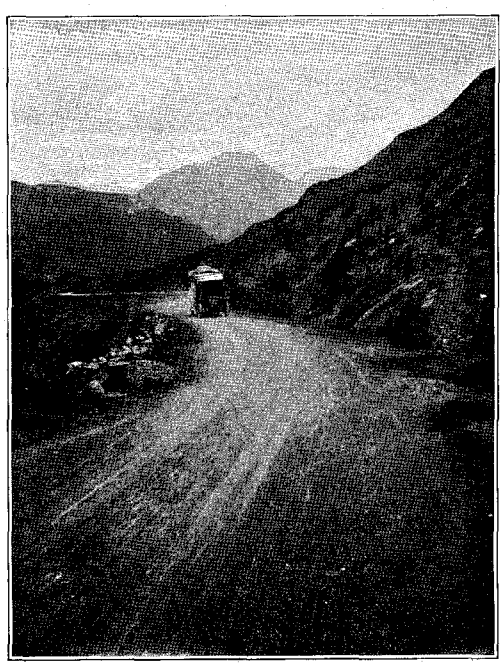


A sweeping bend on the Col du Portel.

however, to proceed to this frontier point, and the eclectic tourist will prefer to turn aside to Saint Jean-de-Luz, a very pleasant spot, where the game of pelota-basque may be witnessed in its most skilful form, and thence on to Biarritz. This well-known town is, for some unaccountable reason, frequented by the English in winter, when they are buffeted by Atlantic tempests for their pains; but its true season is in August and September, when it is packed with a polyglot but fashionable crowd, and is probably the busiest and gayest bathing-place in Europe. The place is alive with motor-cars from morn till eve, and the *plage* is one compact mass of bathing tents.

By those who are in any way familiar with the topography of the Pyrenees, it will have been realized from this brief summary that the projected end-to-end route includes a very large portion of the most attractive scenes and highways of the Franco-Spanish ranges. Various considerations, however, now present themselves to the touring motorist. Alpine trunk routes is in respect of gradients, and steep pitches may be looked for here and there, though not to a greater extent than on Alpine roads which are off the beaten track. Against this question of gradient may be set the fact that the average altitudes are much lower and the ascents less protracted accordingly, while the prospect of encountering snow in the summer months on the roadway itself is absolutely nil. The snow-line of the Pyrenees, I may further point out, is approximately thirteen hundred feet higher than that of the Alps.

The remainder of the "Route" leads through the smiling region of the Basses Pyrénées, peopled by the Basques, a kindly race who preserve in demeanor and dress alike not a few characteristics peculiarly their own. Beyond Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port a new road is to be cut over the Col d'Orgambidesca (4,265 feet) and the Col Burdin-Curucheta (3,609 feet), and will be carried to the outermost limit of the mountains at Behobie. There is no particular inducement,



A motor diligence near the Col du Pourtalet summit.

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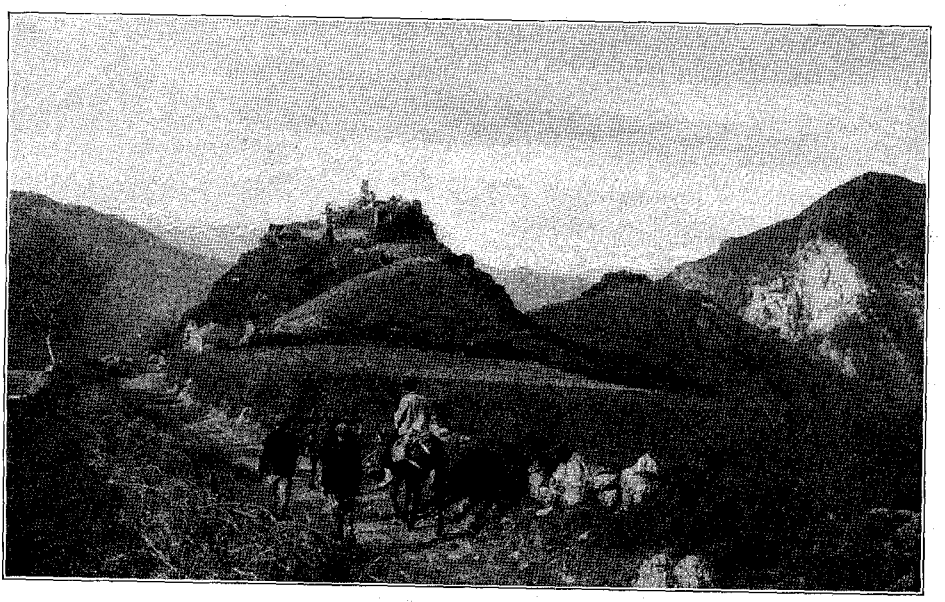
torist. He may inquire, in the first place, how long he will have to wait before he may follow the lead afforded by the promoters of the new route. As to this, there is no answer at the moment, but it may be taken for granted that several years must elapse ere the last link in the chain has been forged. In the second place, he may ask what is available in the interim; and, finally, he will ultimately have to consider whether, even when the "Route des Pyrénées" is complete from end to end, he may do better for himself than follow it with meticulous fidelity.

These latter questions may virtually be answered at one and the same time. Not only may it be said with emphasis that the Pyrenees can be explored with thoroughness at the present moment, but equally that not a few diversions from the end-to-end route must inevitably be made unless certain tracts of country are missed which should on no account be ignored. The "Route des Pyrénées" has been conceived partly in deference to the idea of creating a "talking point," and to relieve the mind of the more or less casual traveller from any responsibility other than that of following a specified itinerary; and it has also been devised with the purely practical object of favoring the prospects of sundry thermal resorts, chiefly on the extreme east and west, which are at present only reached by branch roads.

It may be useful, therefore, to indicate here what, in my opinion, are the places which should not be passed by even if the "Route" were actually in being. The Pyrenees are peculiarly rich in gorges, and most of these lie off the "official" journey. To visit the most noteworthy examples, it is essential that one should go some distance north of the new route on the extreme east, and so take in the Gorge of Galamus, which adjoins the main road from Perpignan to Axat and Quillan. An even more remarkable gorge is that of Pierre-Lys, the road through which is a monument to the indomitable energy of one Félix Armand, a poor priest whose heroic labors are commemorated by an inscription on a rock tunnel to be known for all time as the "Trou du Curé." This very impressive ravine may easily be visited from Axat, while the highly interesting gorges of the Rébenty valley are also within easy distance.

Still farther north, however, are two



The Château de Lordat.

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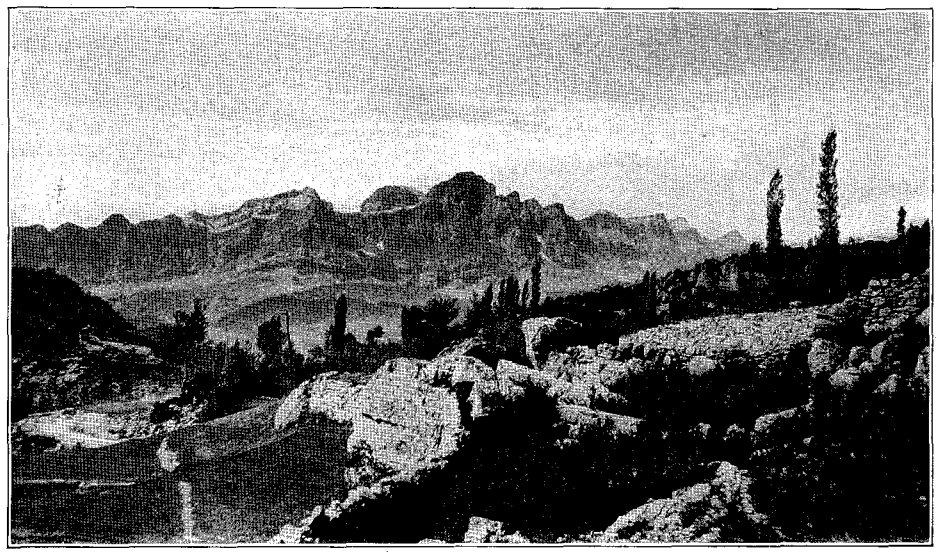
specially remarkable show-places of the south of France—namely, Carcassonne and the Mas d'Azil. The former may justifiably be regarded as the finest example of a walled city in the world, and no tourist who finds himself within a hundred miles of this bright particular gem of architecture should fail to betake himself thither forthwith. In that event it would neither be difficult nor inadvisable to include also de Casteillou, which was built in recent years as the consummation of the piercing of the Gorge of Pierre-Lys by Félix Armand.

West of Quillan, moreover, what is perhaps the most superb panorama of the eastern Pyrenees may be viewed from the Col de Chioula, easily reached by continuing from the Col de Portel to Belcaire, and over the Col des Sept-Frères and the Col



A view from the Col du Pourtalet.

in the itinerary the Grotto of Mas d'Azil, for it is a distinct curiosity in its way. The main road runs right through the massive wall of rock, but the cavernous lateral recesses, of course, must be explored on foot.

Then, again, there is some charming cross-country work to be done still farther west, but north of the "Route des Pyrénées." The neighborhood of Quillan affords some entrancing prospects, and to refrain from running up the Col du Portel is a waste of opportunity that is positively deplorable. A road of perfect surface, with bends of sweeping curves, leads up to a belvedere from which one of the most grandiose panoramas in the Pyrenees may be enjoyed to the fullest possible advantage. While at Quillan, too, the opportunity should be taken of covering the fine road to Axat and Mont-Louis over the Col de Marmare. After a short divergence to the Chioula summit, the Col de Marmare should be rejoined and a descent made to Luzenac, near to which are the ruins of the finely posted Château de Lordat.

But if there is much more to be seen in the eastern Pyrenees than the "Route" itself affords, its limitations are even more striking farther west. Two *cul-de-sac* roads must inevitably be run up and down—namely, those which lead to Cauterets and Gavarnie respectively; for, not only are they picturesque in themselves the whole way, the Cauterets route especially so, with its great circular sweeps at Les Limaçons, but they lead to two show-places *par excellence*. Indeed, the Cirque de Gavarnie, that awe-inspiring product of nature's upheavals, is the most striking of the many *cirques* of sublime grandeur which

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The Col du Somport summit.

are the special characteristic of the Pyrenees as compared with other mountain groups. A good road leads right up to Gavarnie village, whence the cirque may be visited on foot by the energetic or on mule-back if preferred.

Paramount above everything else, however, is the fact that the end-to-end route avoids the trans-Pyrenean passes into Spain, of which the Col du Pourtalet (5,768 feet) and the Col du Somport (5,381 feet) offer particularly romantic journeys over modern and splendidly engineered roads, with the option, in the case of the former, of visiting the only Spanish health resort of importance, the Bains de Panticosa. It is further remarkable as the sole place in the Pyrenees at so great an altitude, or anything approaching it, at which one may find a thermal station and a large hotel. Of the Col du Somport it may be said that it offers the most fantastically picturesque scenery of all the mountain routes. Then, too, there is the Col de Roncevaux, a classic route by reason of its associations with Charlemagne and the Paladin Roland, while more recently it was the scene of an encounter between the armies of Wellington and Soult.

Ruins of chapel said to have been built by Charlemagne, Col de Roncevaux.

Lastly, a very interesting and eminently up-to-date side excursion may be made into the quaint little kingdom of Andorra, as a new road now branches off from the Col de Puymorens to the

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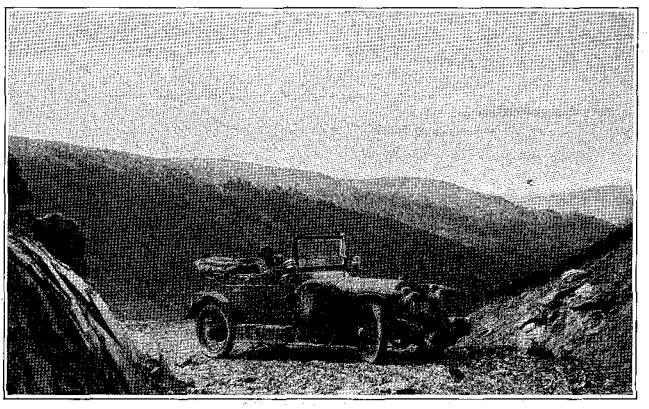
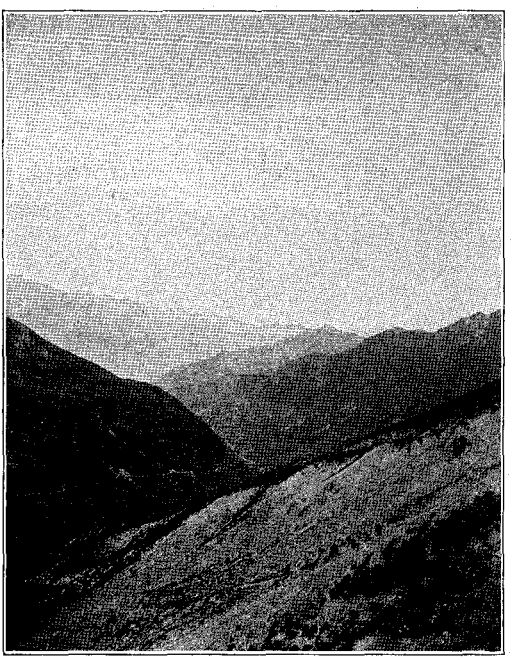


Rough going on the Col de Fray-Miquel.

hamlet of Soldeu. Not only is Andorra the smallest kingdom in the world, and probably the least sophisticated, but the road in question is the highest in the Pyrenees, attaining, as it does on the Col de Fray-Miquel, an altitude of 8,022 feet. The surface is at present rough, but the road is well designed and quite practicable.

The upshot of this running analysis of the main attractions of the Pyrenees—though of incidental attributes of interest the name is legion—is that in so far as the "Route des Pyrénées" provides new or improved roadways, and therefore increased facilities for locomotion, it must be welcomed with all heartiness. But it most assuredly must not be regarded as a fixed line to be followed slavishly throughout, nor as one exhausting the manifold beauties of the ranges, for such a limitation of ideas and opportunities would be little short of catastrophic. It would be just as futile to suppose, when hailing with delight the completion of the "Route des Alpes," which is a praiseworthy project for the creation of a continuous trans-Alpine route without ever leaving French territory, that such were the only Alpine route in France to be traversed with advantage, or that the magnificent "Dolomitenstrasse," or Dolomites road, which was finished in 1910, embodied the full resources of Tyrolean territory. The chief abiding purpose, in fact, which the "Route des Pyrénées" will fulfil is that it will draw renewed attention to the southwest confines of France, and will disabuse the mind of the inexperienced traveller of the long-prevalent belief that the Pyrenees have no through routes, but merely an irregular array of side roads of no particular merit, involving much fortuitous wandering. So widely divorced from actuality is this popular error that I, for one, shall await the crowning of the scheme with the keenest anticipation and unmixed delight.

But to the man who tours among Pyrenean ranges by "auto," over new routes or old, in the east or in the west, this much I can promise beyond all fear of contradiction or disillusionment—that he will find many features that will reward him for the journey, even if he has already explored the Alps. The charm of eternal snow will be less frequent, it is true, but



View from Col du Tourmalet. (The road is seen on the left.)

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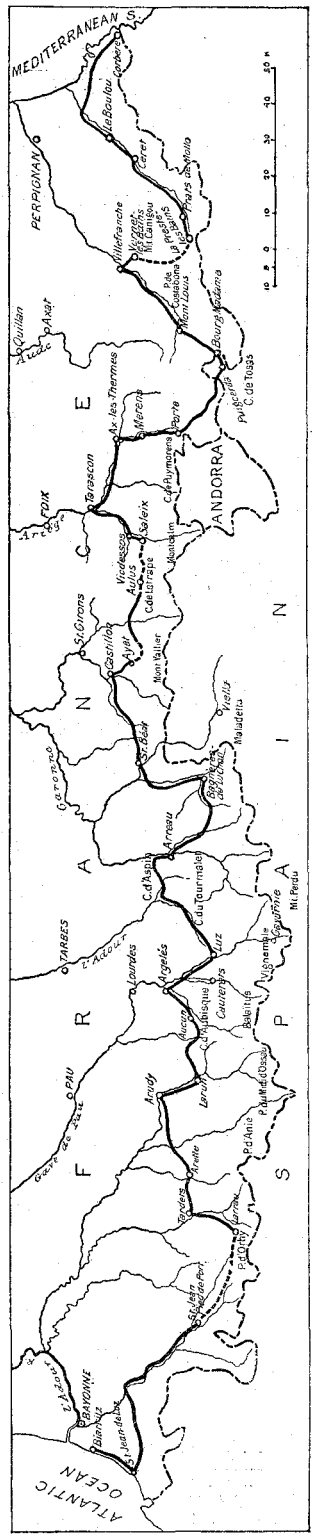
it must be remembered that in summer many even of the Alpine heights have lost their white mantles, and at altitudes which, being above the zone of trees, leave bare and often unpleasing rocks exposed to view. Snow apart, however, the beauty of outline in the Pyrenees is superabundantly varied and liberal, and at many commanding points one pauses entranced with superb vistas of peaks of sugar-loaf formation, rising in tier after tier, and in contour often infinitely more artistic than the bulky *massifs* of the Alps, especially those of Switzerland itself. The Pyrenean slopes, moreover, are clothed to a great height with swelling forests of beeches, elms, and larches, in contrast with the monotony of the pine groves of many of the chief Alpine groups. The treeless rocks again, where they occur, are often clothed resplendently with lichens, while the soil itself in the adjacent valleys presents every variety of vivid coloring, and bleak and barren landscapes are practically unknown. Of fine cataracts and cascades there are many, while the swiftly flowing rivers are invariably limpid and fringed by lovely flowers.

The richness of the flora, indeed, I have already mentioned, but the fauna is also noteworthy, and of far greater variety than that of the Alps. And I must confess to having felt—when seeing for the first time on the Col du Tourmalet an eagle sailing overhead at such close quarters that I could have brought him down with a revolver—a sense of remoteness from the haunts of man such as I had never experienced at much greater altitudes in the now too populous Alps. When the aviator Védrines forged his adventurous way across the Pyrenees into Spain on his monoplane, a story published at the time to the effect that he was attacked by an eagle, and shot it in mid-air, was received in many quarters with a large measure of incredulity. His victorious progress may or may not have been challenged, and he may or may not have been under the necessity of bringing down an aerial rival; but certain it is that Védrines could not have crossed the Pyrenees without seeing, not one eagle, but many; and I myself, from the road level, have seen eagles and falcons galore!



"Route des Pyrénées."

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STEAM-COACH DAYS

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. FARWELL, JR.

ON the dusty, sandy, and rock-strewn roads which up to the middle of the last century formed the only connecting links between the metropolis of the world and its vassal towns, there appeared about eighty years ago a lumbering, awkward vehicle for which a great future was prophesied by those interested in its development. It was hailed as the end of all the troubles and inconveniences considered inseparable from intercity and interurban travel by means of the faithful, obedient, but, withal, wofully inadequate horse, and its adherents stirred up the whole travelling public by their optimistic word-pictures and their extravagant promises of "comfortable conveyances running at thirty miles an hour over ordinary country roads." In short, the steam-coach of old England was born!

It is difficult—in fact, almost impossible—now to fix upon the exact year in which the idea of a coach propelled by steam first took shape in the human brain. The most recent discoveries during archæological investigations and excavations in Egypt and other sections of northern Africa have tended to show that a steam-propelled carriage of ingenious construction was, if not actually used, at least built in model form by one of the old Egyptians. Whether or not the finding of an inscription and crude sketch of such a vehicle indubitably proves its existence at such an early period in the world's history is a question for archæologists to decide, and beyond the scope of this article.

As far as the Anglo-Saxon race is concerned, both in Europe and in the various colonies, the practical application of the expansive power of steam to the propulsion of land vehicles dates back to Symington, of England, who, in the year 1786, built a model of a steam-coach which, while very crude, proved the correctness of what until then had been nothing more than a theory. James Watt, it is true, invented a steam-engine in 1784 which he suggested might possibly be found useful in moving ordinary vehicles along the road, and drawings are existent to this day showing some of Watt's ideas in this connection. Rhythmically moving steel legs, spiked wheels, and other fantastic devices to secure a pushing or gripping effect upon the roads to be traversed seem to have occupied his mind, but nothing practical ever came of his invention. Symington, by the way, was the first man to build a successful steam-boat and to run it on a river or canal—not, as is so often erroneously stated, Robert Fulton. Symington's steam-boat made a number of highly successful trips on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1801.

But from inventing and constructing models to the actual installation of steam vehicles on the highways of England was a long and arduous step. Many inventors spent weary years in perfecting and simplifying earlier ideas in construction, and still the dawn of the day of ultimate success seemed as far distant as ever. Americans, too, took up the question, and as early as 1786 and 1787 the legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland granted exclusive permits to one Oliver Evans, of Newport, Del., to make and operate steam-wagons in those States. Nothing ever came of the permits or of the plans, the inventor himself lacking the capital to put his ideas into operation, and outside capital looking with distrust upon such a "hare-brained" scheme as steam-carriages.

Eighteen years later, in 1805, the first American steam-carriage actually made its appearance under the fearful name *Oructor Amphibolus*. As the name indicates, the vehicle was designed for use on both water and land, but its travels on

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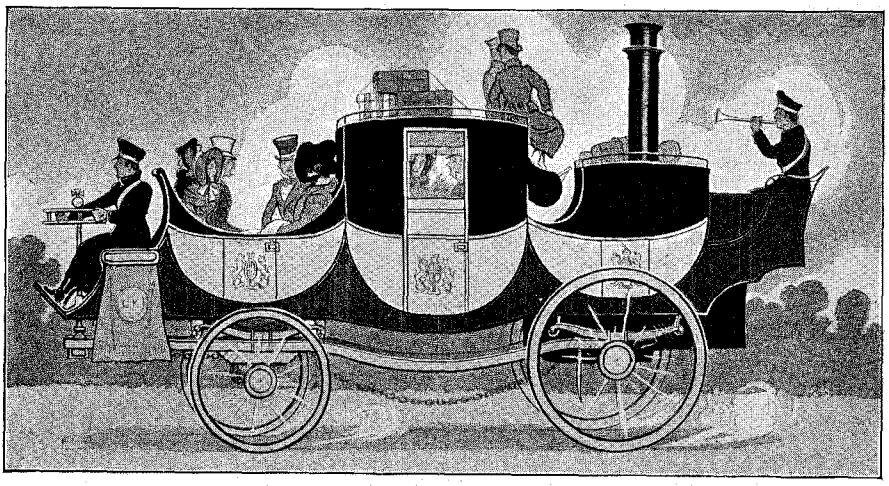
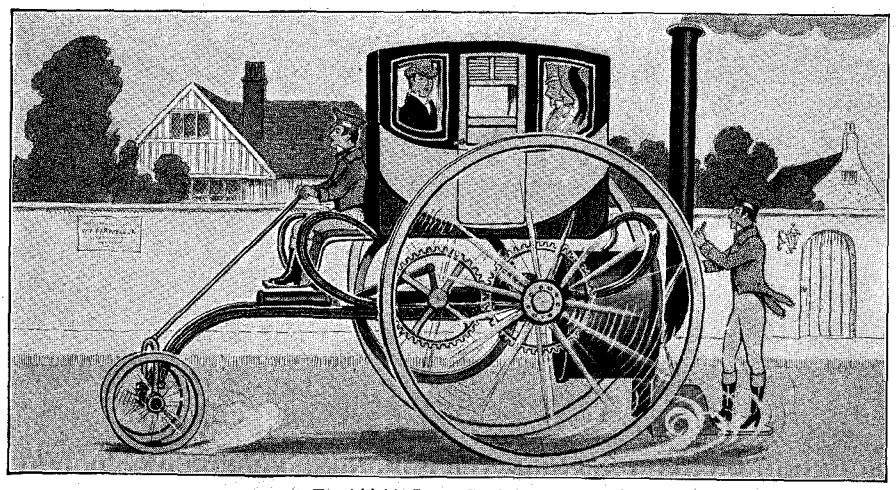
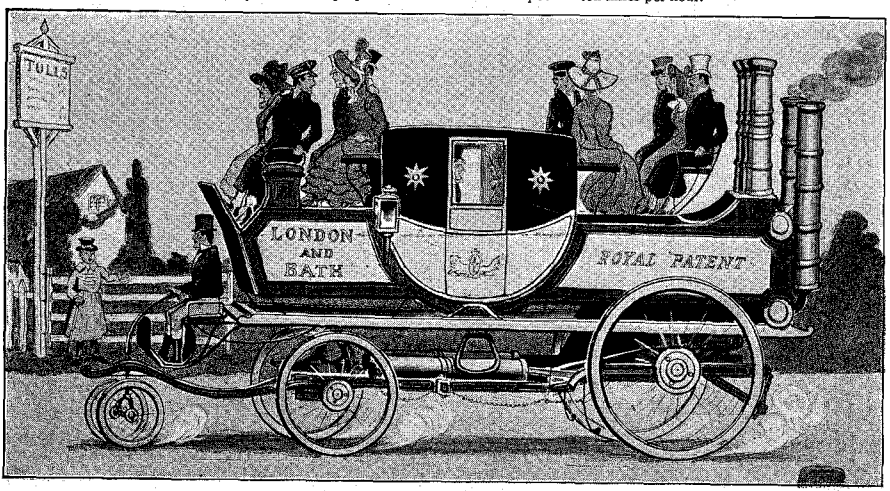


James's Steam Coach, 1829, which ran between London and Brighton.



Trevithick's Steam Carriage, 1810.
The first practical self-propelled vehicle to attain a speed of ten miles per hour.



Gurney's Steam Carriage, 1829, running between London and Bath.

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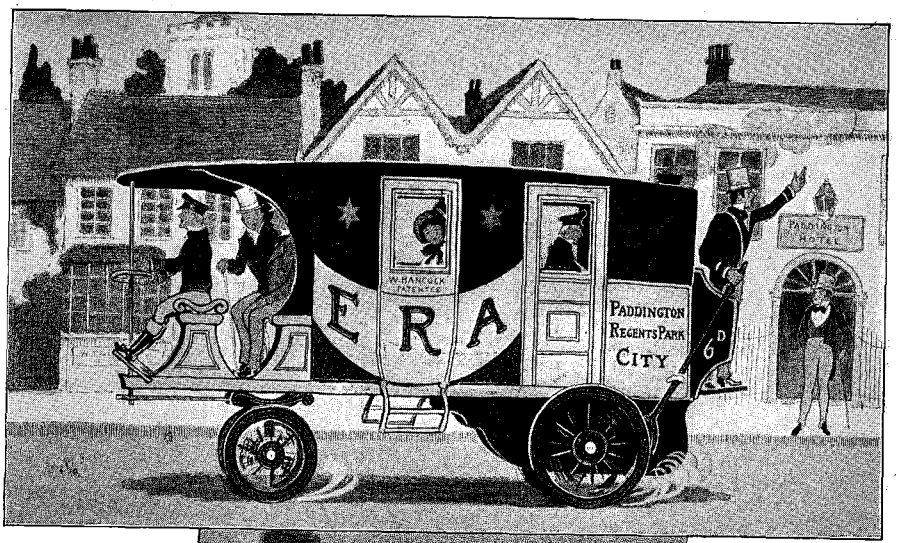
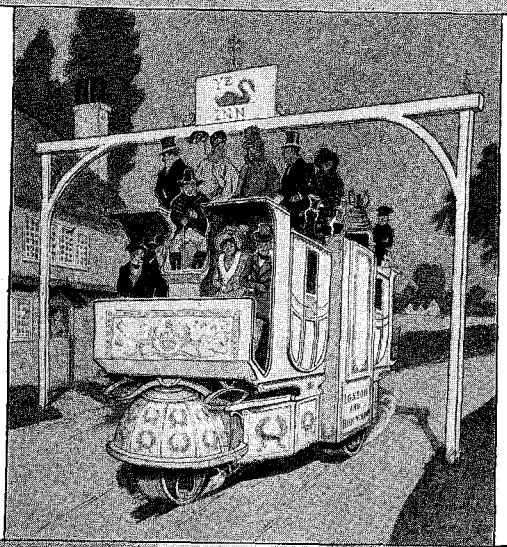
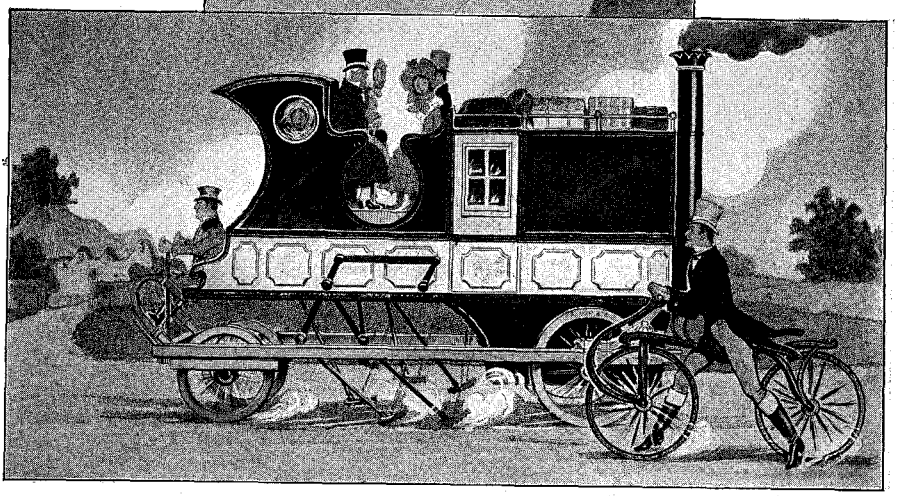


Hancock's Steam 'Bus, 1834, which plied between the City and Paddington.



Dr. Church's Steam Coach, 1832, which ran between London and Birmingham.



Gordon's Steam Carriage, 1824.

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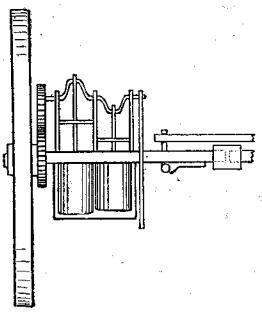
either of these supporting mediums were confined to a few testing and demonstrating trips. The freakish appearance and scientific name of the invention as well as the hostility of the general public did not tend to make its introduction an unqualified success—its life was short and ended in obscurity. The inventor himself died on April 19, 1819.

In the meantime there appeared in England Richard Trevithick, a man of extraordinary ideas and great talent. One of his earliest models of steam-carriages was constructed in 1798 and is at present in the Kensington Museum, in London. His first road machine was ready in 1801, at the end of which year he formed a partnership with another inventor, Andrew Vivian. Together these two progressives turned out several very ingenious models, and in the fall of 1803 put their first machine to a road test.



James's Coach.

End view of double-cylinder drive by cog-wheels. Each driving-wheel driven separately by a pair of cylinders. Axle was divided in centre to allow for turning.

It was a great day for Oxford Street, on which the test took place. All traffic was stopped; horses were ordered off the road into the by-ways and sides-treets, while the big, lumbering vehicle with its belching smoke-stack and rumbling noise puffed its way over the cobble-stones at the rate of from eight to ten miles an hour. For several hundred yards everything went well, when suddenly the steering arrangement gave way under the strain, and the coach crashed into a huge board fence at one side of the road. Repairs did not take long, as the coach itself was damaged only slightly, and the trial run was completed under the cheers and jeers of the assembled multitude.

The partial success of the Vivian and Trevithick coach spurred inventors to renewed activity, and model followed upon model until the records of the patent office fairly overflowed with original and would-be original inventions relating to improvements in the new mode of travel. Major Pratt, John Stevens, William Palmer, Thomas Tindall, W. Brunton (1813), Joseph Reynolds (1816), David Gordon (1819), Julius Griffiths (1821), and T. Burstall, of Edinburgh, and J. Hill, of London (1824)—these are but a few of the names written in the records of inventions and achievements during those stirring times. The carriage built by Burstall and Hill was a veritable monster, weighing nearly eight tons, so that its propulsion required enormous power—more power, indeed, than could be economically created in the crude and inefficient boilers of that period.

It was not until 1829 that the construction of steam-carriages reached practicability, and the main factor in the final attainment of this long-delayed success was the invention of the tubular boiler by W. H. James, of Holborn. He took out a patent on his idea in 1823, but did not incorporate it in a coach until six years later when his famous carriage ran from London to Stratford at the then-unheard-of rate of fifteen miles an hour. Three years later, in collaboration with Sir J. Anderson, he patented the idea of using two high-pressure cylinders in the engine, but the carriage was never built. Financial difficulties, the bane and ruin of so many inventors, overcame the partners, and their activities in this field ceased.

In 1826 another important invention was made—an invention which was the forerunner of the tricycle, bicycle, etc.—the "pilot wheel" for steering. The man who by its development carved his name deep into the annals of invention was F. Andrews, and although he himself never reaped the benefits of his own invention, his wheel was adopted by many of his successors, chief among whom was Sir Goldsworthy Gurney.

Gurney built a steam-carriage in 1828 that really seemed to bear out the most optimistic and fantastic hopes and dreams of the early inventors. For four consecutive months, four times a day, this carriage ran over an ordinary country road nine miles long without a single accident; during this time it carried three thousand passengers for an aggregate of four thousand miles, making each trip in from forty-five to fifty minutes. The installation was

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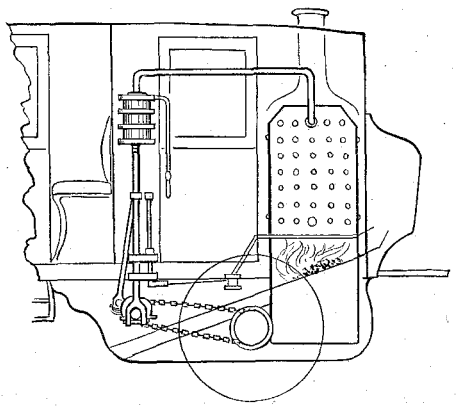
a huge success and great hopes were roused in the travelling public.

Soon, however, as usually is the case in inventions tending to improve vastly or revolutionize general conditions in any country, the antagonism of the ignorant, superstitious, and hyper-conservative peasants and the hatred of the landed proprietors began their nefarious work in the legislatures and in the minds of those who were rather inclined to hold aloof from the threatened controversy. Malicious attempts were made on several occasions to wreck the machines, and once the axle of the "steam-coach" broke while going at a fair rate of speed over a number of bowlders placed in the road to impede its progress. Although no fatalities or even serious injuries resulted from the break-down, the enemies of progress succeeded in presenting this accident as something liable to happen at any time to those "vehicles of satan," and in passing a law restricting their use on the public highways in such a manner as to make their profitable operation almost impossible. The far-reaching "Turnpike Act" went into effect and practically put an end to further improvements in travelling in England.



Sectional view of engine and boiler of Hancock's 'bus. First chain-drive.

Gurney, who was nothing if not a fighter, refused to bend his head to the blows of his enemies, and petitioned the House of Commons for a grant of eighty thousand dollars to reimburse him for his experimental expenses and for his losses through the passage of the "Turnpike Act." A committee of the Lower House reported favorably on the petition, and after an exciting and lengthy debate the House of Commons passed the bill and repealed the Turnpike Act. Gurney was overjoyed and prepared for the manufacture and operation of steam-coaches on a large scale. Before his preparations had progressed very far, however, the House of Lords threw the bill out, and the Turnpike Act remained the law of the land. Gurney, in disgust, closed his factory and turned his genius and activity into other channels.

During the next few years several new knights entered the arena. Sir Charles Dance took one of the old Gurney coaches and made an improved 'bus and "drag" out of it. With this new style of carriage he made regular trips from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles, in five hours, while carrying fifteen passengers. Sir Charles was very particular about the kind of people he permitted to ride in his steam-coaches, and in order to eliminate as much as possible contact with the "common rabble" and to keep a "select" class of travellers, he charged the exorbitant fare of half-a-crown each way. History is silent as to the final outcome of the London-Brighton Steam-Coach Company, under which name the carriage was operated.

Speed mania, pure and simple—the very same disease that is so prevalent among automobile owners and drivers of the present day—then took hold of the promoters of steam-carriages, and its first victim was Dr. Church, of Birmingham. For three years this doctor experimented with a new model of steam-coach which would run at thirty-five miles an hour, and finally succeeded in building one that could attain that velocity. Alas for the doctor's hopes! The cylinders and gearing were well adapted to give the necessary piston and axle speed, but neither axles, nor wheels, nor springs, nor body, nor machinery were safeguarded against the destructive shocks sustained on the ordinary country roads of that period—pneumatic tires, shock absorbers, or resilient wheels had not yet been invented, and such high speed is impossible without

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them. His fine trial coach, which was built and operated by the London and Birmingham Steam-Carriage Company, started from the factory in October, 1835, with a load of forty passengers and performed exceedingly well at low speed. A gradual increase to the highest speed, however, resulted in such a severe strain on the entire vehicle and its machinery that it became useless. Speed mania had scored *one!* The whole project fell to the ground, as the backers lost faith in the doctor and his carriages.

The last few years of the steam-coach in England saw the most successful of all the inventors rise to fame and sink into oblivion—Walter Hancock, of Stratford, and John Scott Russell, of London and Glasgow. Of these two, Hancock was the most prolific builder and most enthusiastic supporter of travelling by steam. He built no less than six coaches, which were plying for hire in various sections of England. His *Infant* ran regularly between London and Stratford, while his coaches *Autopsy*, *Enterprise*, and *Era* plied between the city, Moorehead, and Paddington. For two years no accident of any kind befell these coaches and a great future seemed assured to them. Hostility of the peasants and poor support of the general public, however, compelled the inventor to withdraw them one by one, shipping the last to Dublin, Ireland, where it arrived safely and performed the "stunt" of running three times around Stephens Green at the rate of eighteen miles per hour.

His last carriage, called the *Automaton*, went out of business in a blaze of glory, in July, 1840, carrying the cricket team of the Stratford Club and twenty-one visitors over to the Forest, where the game was to be played. Thirty-two people were transported at a fair rate of speed in a vehicle having seats for only twenty-two—a faint suggestion of the comforts and conveniences of a Coney Island trolley car on the Fourth of July in the year of grace 1912!

The death-blow to the steam-carriage in England was given by the Court of Sessions in the same year, 1840; and, strange to say, the direct cause of the court's order was a coach built by that great inventor and designer John Scott Russell, whose fertile brain gave birth to the *Great Eastern* —the mighty steamship which has been described as "fifty years ahead of the times." Russell in early life devoted most of his time to the designing and building of steam-carriages, and constructed several coaches which rendered good service. As all the good works done by men, however, can be wiped out by one heinous crime, or even one misstep, so all the accomplishments and advantages of the steam-coach were forgotten when one of Russell's coaches, while going from Glasgow to Paisley with nearly forty passengers on board, was wrecked. Striking a rock in the road, one of the wheels collapsed, and the heavy machine toppled over. The boiler struck sharply on the hard road, exploding with terrific force and killing five people. Almost a score of the others were seriously injured by flying metal and scalding steam. The news of the calamity spread with astonishing rapidity all over England, and resulted in still further increasing the hostility of the general public toward the "new-fangled" carriages. The Court of Sessions issued an interdict forbidding the running of the Russell carriages on the public highways.

England's steam-coach days were past, but in the meantime the railroad had reared its head from the ruins of the first road carriages, and the need of the lumbering coach no longer was felt. It fell into a deep slumber of twoscore years, from which it awoke in a new form and dress—as the *automobile!*

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THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK I

VI

UPSTAIRS, in his brown fire-lit room, Ralph Marvell threw himself into an arm-chair, and remembered. . . Harvard first—then Oxford; then a year of wandering and rich initiation. Returning to New York, he had read law, and now had his desk in the office of the respectable firm in whose charge the Dagonet estate had stagnated for two generations. But his profession was the least real thing in his life. The realities lay about him now: the books jamming his old college book-cases and overflowing on chairs and tables; sketches too—he could do charming things, if only he had known how to finish them! —and, on the writing-table at his elbow, scattered sheets of prose and verse; charming things also, but, like the sketches, unfinished.

Nothing in the Dagonet and Marvell traditions was opposed to this desultory dabbling with life. For four or five generations it had been the rule of both houses that a young fellow should go to Columbia or Harvard, read law, and then lapse into more or less cultivated inaction. The only essential was that he should live "like a gentleman"—that is, with a tranquil disdain for mere money getting, a passive openness to the finer sensations, one or two fixed principles as to the quality of wine, and an archaic probity that had not yet learned to distinguish between private and "business" honour.

No equipment could more thoroughly have unfitted the modern youth for getting on: it hardly needed the scribbled pages on the desk to complete the hopelessness of Ralph Marvell's case. He had accepted the fact with a humorous fatalism. Material resources were limited on both sides of the house, but there would always be enough for his frugal wants—enough to buy books (not "editions"), and pay now and then for a cheap holiday dash to the great centres of art and ideas. And meanwhile there was the world of wonders within him. As a boy at the sea-side, Ralph, between tides, had once come on a cave—a secret inaccessible place with glaucous lights, mysterious murmurs, strange sea-growths, and a single shaft of communication with the sky. He had kept his find from the other boys, not churlishly, for he was always an outspoken lad, but because he felt there were things about the cave that the others, good fellows as they were all, couldn't be expected to understand, and that, anyhow, it would never be quite his cave again after he had let his thick-set freckled cousins play smuggler and pirate in it.

And so with his inner world. Though so coloured by outer impressions, it wove a secret curtain about him, and he came and went in it with the same joy of furtive possession that he had known in his cave. One day, of course, some one would discover it and reign there with him—no, reign over it and him. Once or twice already a light foot had reached the threshold. His cousin Clare Dagonet, for instance: there had been a summer when her voice sounded far down the windings . . . but he had run over to Spain for the autumn, and when he came back she was engaged to Peter Van Degen, and for a while it looked black in the cave. That was long ago, as time is reckoned under thirty; and for three years now he had felt for her only a half-contemptuous pity. To have stood at the mouth of his cave, and have turned from it to the Van Degen lair——!

Poor Clare repented, indeed—she wanted it clearly understood—but she repented in the Van Degen diamonds, and the Van Degen motor bore her broken heart from opera to ball. She had been subdued to what she worked in, and she could never again find her way to the enchanted cave. . . Ralph, since then, had reached

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the point of deciding that he would never marry; reached it not suddenly or dramatically, but with such sober advisedness as is urged on those about to take the opposite step. What he most wanted, now that the first flutter of being was over, was to learn and to do—to know what the great people had thought, think about their thinking, and then launch his own boat: write some good verse if possible; if not, then critical prose. A dramatic poem lay among the stuff at his elbow; but the prose critic was at his elbow too, and not to be satisfied about the poem; and poet and critic passed the nights in hot if unproductive debate. On the whole, it seemed likely that the critic would win the day, and the essay on "The Rhythmical Structures of Walt Whitman" take shape before "The Banished God." Yet if the light in the cave was less supernaturally blue, the chant of its tides less laden with unimaginable music, it was still a thronged and echoing place when Undine Spragg appeared on its threshold. . .

His mother and sister of course wanted him to marry. They had the usual theory that he was "made" for conjugal bliss: good women always thought that of a fellow who didn't get drunk and have low tastes. Ralph smiled at the idea as he sat crouched among his secret treasures. Marry—but whom, in the name of light and freedom? The daughters of his own race sold themselves to the Invaders; the daughters of the Invaders bought their husbands as they bought an opera-box. It ought all to have been transacted on the Stock Exchange. His mother, he knew, had no such ambitions for him: she would have liked him to fancy a "nice girl" like Harriet Ray. Harriet Ray was neither vulgar nor ambitious. She regarded Washington Square as the birthplace of Society, knew by heart all the cousinships of early New York, hated motor-cars, could not make herself understood on the telephone, and was determined, if she married, never to receive a divorced woman. As Mrs. Marvell often said, such girls as Harriet were growing rare. Ralph was not sure about this. He was inclined to think that, certain modifications allowed for, there would always be plenty of Harriet Rays for unworldly mothers to commend to their sons; and at any rate he had no desire to diminish their number by removing one from the ranks of the marriageable. He had no desire to marry at all—that had been the whole truth of it till he met Undine Spragg. And now—? He lit a cigar, and began to recall his hour's conversation with Mrs. Spragg.

Ralph had never taken his mother's social faiths very seriously. Surveying the march of civilization from a loftier angle, he had early mingled with the Invaders, and curiously observed their rites and customs. But most of those he had met had already been modified by contact with the indigenous: they spoke the same language as his, though on their lips it had often so different a meaning. Ralph had never seen them actually in the making, before they had acquired the speech of the conquered race. But Mrs. Spragg still used the dialect of her people, and before the end of the visit Ralph had ceased to regret that her daughter was out. He felt obscurely that in the girl's presence—frank and simple as he thought her—he should have learned less of life in early Apex.

Mrs. Spragg, once reconciled—or at least resigned—to the mysterious necessity of having to "entertain" a friend of Undine's, had yielded to the first pressure on the weak springs of her garrulity. She had not seen Mrs. Heeny for two days, and this friendly young man with the gentle manner was almost as easy to talk to as the masseuse. And then she could tell him things that Mrs. Heeny knew already, and Mrs. Spragg liked to repeat her stories. To do so gave her almost her sole sense of permanence among the shifting scenes of life. So that, after she had lengthily deplored the untoward accident of Undine's absence, and her visitor, with a smile, and echoes of *divers et ondoyant* in his brain, had repeated her daughter's name after her saying: "It's a wonderful find—how could you tell it would be such a fit?"—it came to her quite easily to answer: "Why, we called her after a hair-waver father put on the market the week she was born—" and then, to explain, as he remained struck and silent: "It's from *un*doolay, you know, the French for crimping; father always thought the name made it take. He was quite a scholar, and had the greatest knack for finding names. I remember the time he invented his Goliath Glue he sat

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up all night over the Bible to get the name. . . No, father didn't start *in* as a druggist," she went on, expanding with the signs of Marvell's interest; "he was educated for an undertaker, and built up a first-class business; but he was always a beautiful speaker, and after a while he sorter drifted into the ministry. Of course it didn't pay him anything like as well, so finally he opened a drug-store, and he did first-rate at that too, though his heart was always in the pulpit. But after he made such a success with his hair-waver he got speculating in land out at Apex, and somehow everything went—though Mr. Spragg did all he *could*—." Mrs. Spragg, when she found herself embarked on a long sentence, always ballasted it by italicizing the last word.

Her husband, she continued, could not, at the time, do much for his father-in-law. Mr. Spragg had come to Apex as a poor boy, and their early married life had been a protracted struggle, darkened by domestic affliction. Two of their three children had died of typhoid in the epidemic which devastated Apex before the new waterworks were built; and this calamity, by causing Mr. Spragg to resolve that thereafter Apex should drink pure water, had led directly to the founding of his fortunes.

"He had taken over some of poor father's land for a bad debt, and when he got up the Pure Water move the company voted to buy the land and build the new reservoir up there: and after that we began to be better off, and it *did* seem as if it had come out so to comfort us some about the children."

Mr. Spragg, thereafter, had begun to be a power in Apex, and fat years had followed on the lean. Ralph Marvell was too little versed in affairs to read between the lines of Mrs. Spragg's untutored narrative, and he understood no more than she the occult connection between Mr. Spragg's domestic misfortunes and his business triumph.

Mr. Spragg had "helped out" his ruined father-in-law, and had vowed on his children's graves that no Apex child should ever again drink poisoned water—and out of those two disinterested impulses, by some impressive law of compensation, material prosperity had come. What Ralph understood and appreciated was Mrs. Spragg's unaffected frankness in talking of her early life. Here was no retrospective assumption of an opulent past, such as the other Invaders were given to parading before the bland but undeceived subject race. The Spraggs had been "plain people" and had not yet learned to be ashamed of it. The fact drew them much closer to the Dagonet ideals than any sham elegance in the past tense. Ralph felt that his mother, who shuddered away from Mrs. Harmon B. Driscoll, would understand and esteem Mrs. Spragg.

But how long would their virgin innocence last? Popple's vulgar hands were on it already—Popple and the unspeakable Van Degen! Once they and theirs had begun the base process of initiating Undine, there was no knowing—or rather there was too easy knowing—how it would end! It was incredible that she too should be merely destined to swell the ranks of the cheaply fashionable; yet were not her very freshness, her malleability, the mark of her fate? She was still at the age when the flexible soul offers itself to the first bold grasp. That the grasp should precisely chance to be Van Degen's —that was what made Ralph's temples buzz, and swept away all his plans for his own future like a beaver's dam in a spring flood. To save her from Van Degen and Van Degenism: was that really to be his mission—the "call" for which his life had obscurely waited? It was not in the least what he had meant to do with the fugitive flash of consciousness he called self; but all that he had purposed for that transitory being sank into immediate insignificance under the pressure of Undine's claims.

Ralph Marvell's notion of women had been formed on the experiences common to good young men of his kind. Women were drawn to him as much by his winning appealing quality, by the sense in him of a youthful warmth behind his light ironic exterior, as by his charms of face and mind. Except during Clare Dagonet's brief reign the depths in him had not been stirred; but he had taken what each sentimental episode had to give without prejudice to the latent possibility of a richer experience, and had preserved through all his minor adventures his faith in the great adventure to come. It was

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this faith that made him so easy a victim when love had at last appeared clad in the attributes of romance and trailing clouds of glory: the imaginative man's indestructible dream of a rounded passion.

The clearness with which he judged the girl and himself seemed to him the surest proof that his feeling was more than a surface thrill. He was not blind to her crudity and her limitations, but they were somehow a part of her grace and her persuasion. *Diverse et ondoyante*—so he had seen her from the first. But was not that merely the sign of a quicker response to the world's manifold appeal? There was Harriet Ray, sealed up tight in the vacuum of inherited opinion, where not a breath of fresh sensation could get at her: there could be no call to rescue young ladies so secured from the perils of reality! Undine was not enclosed in any such traditional safe-guards—Ralph guessed Mrs. Spragg's opinions to be as fluid as her daughter's—and the girl's very sensitiveness to new impressions, combined with her obvious lack of any sense of relative values, would make her an easy prey to the powers of folly. He seemed to see her—as he sat there, pressing his fists into his temples—he seemed to see her like a lovely rock-bound Andromeda, with the devouring monster Society careering up to make a mouthful of her; and himself whirling down on his winged horse—just Pegasus turned Rosinante for the nonce—to cut her bonds, snatch her up, and whirl her back into the blue. . .

VII

Some two months later than the date of young Marvell's midnight vigil, Mrs. Heeny, seated on a low chair at Undine's knee, gave the girl's left hand an approving pat as she laid aside her lapful of polishers.

"There! I guess you can put your ring on again," she said with a laugh of jovial significance; and Undine, echoing the laugh in a low murmur of complacency, slipped on the fourth finger of her recovered hand a band of sapphires in an intricately worked setting.

Mrs. Heeny took up the hand again. "Them's old stones, Undine—they've got a different look," she said, examining the ring while she mechanically rubbed her cushioned palm over the girl's brilliant finger-tips. "And the setting's quaint—I wouldn't wonder but what it was one of old Gran'ma Dagonet's."

Mrs. Spragg, hovering near in fond beatitude, raised her head at this.

"Why, don't you s'pose he *bought* it for her, Mrs. Heeny?" she asked. "It came in a Tiff'ny box."

The manicure laughed again. "Of course he's had Tiff'ny rub it up. Ain't you ever heard of ancestral jewels, Mrs. Spragg? In the Eu-ropean aristocracy they never go out and *buy* engagement rings; and Undine's marrying into our aristocracy."

Mrs. Spragg looked relieved. "Oh, I thought maybe you meant they were trying to scrimp on the ring——"

Mrs. Heeny, shrugging away this explanation, rose from her seat and rolled back her shiny black sleeves.

"Look at here, Undine, if you really want me to do your hair it's time we got to work."

The girl swung about obediently in her seat so that she faced the mirror on the dressing-table. Her shoulders shone through transparencies of lace and muslin which slipped back as she lifted her arms to draw the tortoise-shell pins from her hair.

"Of course you've got to do it—I want to look perfectly lovely!"

"Well—I dunno's my hand's in nowadays," said Mrs. Heeny in a tone that belied the doubt she cast on her ability.

"Oh, you're an *artist*, Mrs. Heeny—and I just couldn't have had that French maid 'round to-night," sighed Mrs. Spragg, sinking placidly into a chair near the dressing-table.

Undine, with a backward toss of her head, scattered her freed locks about her. As they spread and sparkled at Mrs. Heeny's touch, and rose in live waves under her dexterous fingers, Mrs. Spragg leaned back, drinking in through half-closed lids her daughter's loveliness. Some new quality seemed added to Undine's beauty: it had a milder bloom, a kind of melting grace, which may have been lent to it by the moisture in her mother's eyes.

"So you're to see the old gentleman for the first time at this dinner?" Mrs. Heeny

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pursued, sweeping the light strands up into a loosely woven diadem.

"Yes. I'm frightened to death!" Undine, laughing confidently, took up a hand-glass and scrutinized the small brown mole above the curve of her upper lip.

"I guess she'll know how to talk to him," Mrs. Spragg averred with a kind of quavering triumph.

"She'll know how to *look* at him, anyhow," said Mrs. Heeny; and Undine smiled at her image in the hand-glass.

"I hope he won't think I'm too awful!"

Mrs. Heeny laughed. "Did you read the description of yourself in the *Radiator* this morning? I wish't I'd 'a had time to cut it out. I guess I'll have to start a separate bag for *your* clippings soon."

Undine stretched her arms luxuriously above her head and gazed through lowered lids at the foreshortened reflection of her face.

"Mercy! Don't jerk about like that. Am I to put in this rose?—There—you *are* lovely!" Mrs. Heeny sighed, as the pink petals sank into the lightly waved hair above the girl's forehead.

Undine pushed her chair back, and sat leaning her elbows on the edge of the table, her chin supported on her clasped hands, while she studied the result of Mrs. Heeny's manipulations.

"Yes—that's the way Mrs. Peter Van Degen's flower was put in the other night; only hers was a camellia.—Do you think I'd look better with a camellia?"

"I guess if Mrs. Van Degen looked like a rose she'd 'a worn a rose," Mrs. Heeny rejoined poetically. "Sit still a minute longer," she added. "Your hair's so heavy I'd feel easier if I was to put in another pin."

Undine remained motionless, and the manicure, suddenly laying both hands on the girl's shoulders, and bending over to peer at her reflection, said playfully: "Ever been engaged before, Undine?"

A blush rose to the face in the mirror, spreading from chin to brow, and running in a rosy tide over the white shoulders from which their covering had slipped down again.

"My! If he could see you now!" Mrs. Heeny jested.

Mrs. Spragg, rising noiselessly, glided across the room and became lost in a minute examination of the dress laid out on the bed.

With a supple twist Undine had slipped from Mrs. Heeny's hold.

"Engaged? Mercy, yes! Didn't you know? To the Prince of Wales. I broke it off because I wouldn't live in the Tower."

Mrs. Spragg, lifting the dress cautiously over her arm, advanced with a reassured smile.

"I s'pose Undie'll go to Europe now," she said to Mrs. Heeny.

"I guess Undie *will!*" the young lady herself declared. "We're going to sail right afterward.—Here, mother, do be careful of my hair!" She ducked gracefully to slip into the dress which her mother held above her head.

As she rose Venus-like above its folds there was a tap on the door, immediately followed by its tentative opening.

"Mabel!" Undine muttered between her teeth, her brows lowering like her father's; and Mrs. Spragg, wheeling about to act as a screen for her daughter, addressed herself protestingly to the half-open door.

"Who's there? Oh, that *you*, Mrs. Lipscomb? Well I don't know as you *can* —Undie isn't half dressed yet——"

"Just like her—always pushing in!" Undine breathed indignantly, slipping her arms into their gauzy sleeves.

"Oh, that don't matter—I'll help dress her!" Mrs. Lipscomb's large blond person surged across the threshold. "Seems to me I ought to lend a hand to-night, considering I was the one that introduced them!"

Undine forced a smile, but Mrs. Spragg, her soft wrinkles hardening with resentment, muttered to Mrs. Heeny, as she bent down to shake out the girl's train: "I guess my daughter's only got to show herself——"

The first meeting with old Mr. Dagonet was less formidable than Undine had expected. She had been once before at the house in Washington Square, when, with her mother, she had returned Mrs. Marvell's ceremonial visit; but on that occasion Ralph's grandfather had not been present. All the rites connected with her engagement were new and mysterious to Undine, and none more so than the unaccountable necessity of "dragging"—as

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she phrased it—Mrs. Spragg into the affair. It was an accepted article of the Apex creed that parental detachment should be completest at the moment when the filial fate was decided; and to find that New York reversed this attitude was as puzzling to Undine as to her mother. Mrs. Spragg was so unprepared for the part she was called on to play that on the occasion of her visit to Mrs. Marvell her helplessness had infected Undine, and their half-hour in the dusky faded drawing-room remained among the girl's most irritating memories.

She re-entered it alone with more assurance. Her confidence in her beauty had hitherto carried her through every ordeal; and it was fortified now by the feeling of power that came with the sense of being loved. If they would only leave her mother out she was sure, in her own phrase, of being able to "run the thing"; and Mrs. Spragg had providentially been left out of the Dagonet dinner.

It was to consist, it appeared, only of the small family group she had already met; and Undine, seated at old Mr. Dagonet's right, in the high dark dining-room with mahogany doors and dim portraits of "Signers" and their females, had an easy sense of dominating the company by virtue of her youth and radiance. Old Mr. Dagonet—small, frail and softly sarcastic—appeared to fall at once under her spell. If she felt beneath his affability, a kind of delicate dangerousness, like that of some fine surgical instrument, she ignored the quality as unimportant; for she had as yet no clear perception of forces that did not directly affect her.

Mrs. Marvell, low-voiced, faded, yet impressive, was less responsive to her arts, and Undine divined in her the head of the opposition that had threatened to interfere with Ralph's courtship. Mrs. Heeny had reported that Mrs. Marvell had other views for her son; and this was confirmed by such echoes of the short sharp struggle as reached the throbbing listeners at the Stentorian. But the conflict over, the air had immediately cleared, showing the enemy in the act of unconditional surrender. It struck Undine as odd that there should be no reprisals, no return on the points conceded. That was not her idea of warfare, and she could ascribe the completeness of the victory only to the effect of her personal charms.

Mrs. Marvell's manner, though it showed no animosity, did not indeed express entire subjugation; yet she seemed shyly anxious to dispel any doubts of her good faith, and if she left the burden of the talk to her lively and competent daughter it might have been because she felt more capable of showing indulgence by her silence than in her speech.

As for Mrs. Fairford, she had never seemed more brightly bent on fusing the heterogeneous elements under her hand. Undine had already discovered that she was her brother's ardent partisan, and had guessed that this might make her either a strong ally or a determined enemy. The latter alternative, however, did not alarm the girl. She thought Mrs. Fairford "bright," and wanted to be liked by her; and she was in the state of dizzy self-assurance when it seemed easy to win the sympathy of any one she chose to please.

For the only other guests—Mrs. Fairford's husband, and the elderly Charles Bowen who seemed to be her special friend—Undine had no attention to spare: they remained on a plane with the dim pictures hanging behind her back. She had vaguely expected a larger party; but she was relieved, on the whole, that it was small enough to permit of her dominating it. Not that she wished to do so by any loudness of assertion. Her acuteness where external differences were concerned had already taught her to modulate and lower her voice, and to replace "The *i*-dea!" and "I wouldn't wonder" by more polished locutions; and she had not been ten minutes at table before she found that to seem very much in love, and a little confused and subdued by the newness and intensity of the sentiment, was, to the Dagonet mind, the becoming attitude for a young lady in her situation. The part was not hard to play, for she *was* in love, of course. It was pleasant, when she looked across the table, to meet Ralph's gray eyes, with that new look in them, and to feel that she had kindled it; but it was only part of the larger pleasure, of the general homage evoked by her beauty, of the sensations of interest and curiosity excited by everything about her, from the dim family por-

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traits overhead to the old Dagonet silver on the table—which were to be hers too, after all!

The talk, as at Mrs. Fairford's, confused her a little by its lack of the personal allusion, its tendency to turn to books, pictures and politics. To Undine "politics" had always been like a kind of back-kitchen to business—the place where the refuse was thrown and the doubtful messes were brewed. As a drawing-room topic, and one to provoke disinterested sentiments, it had the hollowness of Fourth of July orations, and her mind wandered in spite of the desire to appear informed and competent.

Old Mr. Dagonet, with his reedy staccato voice, that gave to every syllable a curious polish and relief, tried to come to her aid by questioning her about her family and the friends she had made in New York. But the caryatid-parent, who exists simply as a filial prop, is not a fruitful theme, and Undine, called on for the first time to view her own progenitors as a subject of conversation, was struck by their lack of points. She had never paused to consider what her father and mother were "interested" in, and, challenged to specify, could have named—with sincerity—only herself. On the subject of her New York friends it was not much easier to enlarge; for so far her circle had grown less rapidly than she expected. She had fancied Ralph's wooing would at once admit her to all his social privileges; but he had shown a puzzling reluctance to make her free of the Van Degen set, where he came and went with such careless familiarity; and the persons he seemed anxious to have her know—a few frumpy "clever women" of his sister's age, and one or two brisk old ladies in shabby houses with mahogany furniture and Stuart portraits—did not offer the opportunities she sought.

"Oh, I don't know many people yet—I tell Ralph he's got to hurry up and take me round," she said to Mr. Dagonet, with a side-sparkle for Ralph, whose gaze, between the flowers and lights, she was aware of perpetually drawing.

"My daughter will take you—you must know his mother's friends," the old gentleman rejoined, and Mrs. Marvell smiled vaguely on the girl.

"But you have a great friend of your own—the lady who takes you into society," Mr. Dagonet pursued; and Undine had the sense that the irrepressible Mabel was again "pushing in."

"Oh, yes—Mabel Lipscomb. We were school-mates," she said indifferently.

"Lipscomb? Lipscomb? What is Mr. Lipscomb's occupation?"

"Oh, he's a broker," said Undine, glad to be able to place her friend's husband in so handsome a light. The subtleties of a professional classification unknown to Apex had already taught her that in New York it is more advantageous to be a broker than a dentist; and she was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm in Mr. Dagonet's reply.

"Ah? A broker?" He said it almost as Popple might have said "A *dentist?*" and again Undine felt herself astray in a new labyrinth of social distinctions. She felt a sudden contempt for Harry Lipscomb, who had already struck her as too loud and irrelevantly comic. "I guess Mabel'll get a divorce pretty soon," she added, desiring, for personal reasons, to present Mrs. Lipscomb as favourably as possible.

Mr. Dagonet's handsome eye-brows drew together in a frown of shocked condolence. "A divorce? H'm—that's bad. Has he been misbehaving himself?"

Undine looked innocently surprised. "Oh, I guess not. They like each other well enough. But he's been a disappointment to her. He isn't in the right set, and I think Mabel realizes she'll never really get anywhere till she gets rid of him."

These words, uttered in the high fluting tone that she rose to when sure of her subject, fell on a pause which prolonged and deepened itself to receive them, while every face at the table, Ralph Marvell's excepted, reflected in varying degree the pained astonishment on Mr. Dagonet's countenance.

"But, my dear young lady—what would your friend's own situation be if, as you put it, she 'got rid' of her husband on so strangely trivial a pretext?"

Undine, surprised at his dullness, tried to explain. "Oh, that wouldn't be the reason *given,* of course. Any lawyer could fix it up for them. Don't they generally call it desertion?"

There was another, more palpitating, silence, broken by a sudden laugh from Ralph.

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"*Ralph!*" his mother breathed; then turning to Undine, she said with a forced smile: "I understand that in certain parts of the country such—peculiar arrangements—are beginning to be tolerated. But in New York, in spite of our growing indifference, a divorced woman is still—thank heaven!—at a disadvantage in society."

Undine's eyes opened wide. Here at last was a topic that really interested her, and that gave another amazing glimpse into the camera obscura of New York society. "Do you mean to say Mabel would be worse off, then? Couldn't she even go round as much as she does now?"

Mrs. Marvell met this gravely. "It would depend, I should say, on the kind of people she wished to see."

"Oh, the very best, of course! That would be her only object."

Ralph interposed with another laugh: "You see, Undine, you'd better think twice before you divorce me!"

"*Ralph!*" his mother again breathed; but the girl, flushed and sparkling, flung back at him: "Oh, it all depends on *you!* Out in Apex, if a girl marries a man who don't turn out as well as she expected people consider it's to her credit to want to change. *You'd* better think twice of that!"

"If I were only sure of knowing what you expect!" he caught up her joke, tossing it back at her across the fascinated silence of their listeners.

"Why, *everything!*" she rang out—and Mr. Dagonet, turning, laid an intricately-veined old hand on hers, and said, with a change of tone that relaxed the tension of the group: "My child, if you look like that you'll get it."

VIII

It was doubtless owing to Mrs. Fairford's foresight that such possibilities of tension were curtailed, after dinner, by her carrying off Ralph and his betrothed to the theatre.

Mr. Dagonet, it was understood, always went to bed after an hour's whist with his daughter; and the silent Mr. Fairford gave his evenings to bridge at his club. The party, therefore, consisted only of Undine and Ralph, with Mrs. Fairford and her attendant friend. Undine vaguely wondered why the grave and gray-haired Mr. Bowen formed so invariable a part of that lady's train; but she concluded that it was the New York custom for married ladies to have gentlemen "round" (as girls had in Apex), and that Mr. Bowen was the sole survival of Laura Fairford's earlier triumphs.

She had, however, little time to give to such considerations, for the performance they were attending—the début of a fashionable London actress—had attracted a large audience in which Undine immediately recognized a number of familiar faces. Her engagement had been announced only the day before, and she had the delicious sense of being "in all the papers," and of focussing countless glances of interest and curiosity as she swept through the theatre in Mrs. Fairford's wake. Their stalls were near the stage, and progress thither was slow enough to permit of prolonged enjoyment of this new sensation. Before passing to her place she paused for Ralph to remove her cloak, and as he lifted it from her shoulders she heard a lady's voice behind her whisper: "There she is—the one in white, with the lovely back—" and a man's answer: "Gad! Where did he find anything as good as that?"

Anonymous approval was sweet enough; but she was to taste a moment more exquisite when, in the proscenium box across the house, she saw Clare Van Degen and recognized at her side the pale, prim countenance of Miss Harriet Ray. "They're here to see me with Ralph—they hate it, but they couldn't keep away!" She turned and lifted a quick smile of possessorship to her betrothed.

Mrs. Fairford seemed also struck by the presence of the two ladies, and Undine heard her whisper to Mr. Bowen: "Do you see Clare over there—and Harriet with her? Harriet *would come*—I call it Spartan! And so like Clare to ask her!"

Her companion laughed. "It's one of the deepest instincts in human nature. The murdered are as much given as the murderer to haunting the scene of the crime."

Doubtless guessing Ralph's desire to have Undine to himself, Mrs. Fairford had sent the girl in first; and Undine, as she

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seated herself, was aware that the occupant of the next stall half turned to her, as with a vague impulse of recognition. But just then the curtain rose, and she became absorbed in the development of the drama, especially as it tended to display the remarkable toilets which succeeded each other on the person of its leading lady. Undine, seated at Ralph Marvell's side, and feeling the thrill of his proximity as a subtler element in the general interest she was exciting, was at last repaid for the bitter disenchantment of her first evening at the opera. It was characteristic of her that she remembered her failures as keenly as her triumphs, and that the passionate desire to obliterate, to "get even" with them, was always among the latent incentives of her conduct. Now at last she was having what she wanted—she was in conscious possession of the "real thing"; and through her other, more diffused, sensations Ralph's adoration gave her such a last refinement of pleasure as might have come to some warrior Queen borne in triumph by captive princes, and reading in the eyes of one the passion he dared not utter.

When the curtain fell in the entr'acte this vague enjoyment was heightened by various acts of recognition. All the people she wanted to "go with," as they said in Apex, seemed to be about her in the stalls and boxes; and her eyes continued to revert with special satisfaction to the incongruous group formed by Mrs. Peter Van Degen and Miss Ray. The pleasure the sight gave her at length made it irresistible to whisper to Ralph: "You ought to go round and talk to your cousin. Have you told her we're engaged?"

"Clare? of course. She's going to call on you to-morrow," he answered, returning her smile.

"Oh, she needn't put herself out—she's never been yet," said Undine loftily.

He made no rejoinder, but presently asked: "Who's that you're waving to so rapturously?"

"Mr. Popple. He's coming round to see us. You know he wants to paint me." Undine fluttered and beamed as the brilliant Popple made his way across the stalls to the seat which her neighbour had momentarily left.

"First-rate chap next to you—whoever he is—to give me this chance," the artist declared. "Ha, Ralph, my boy, how did you pull it off? That's what we're all of us wondering." He leaned over to give Marvell's hand the grasp of ironic bachelorhood. "Well, you've left us lamenting: he has, you know, Miss Spragg. But I've got one pull over the others—I can paint you! He can't forbid that, can he? Not before marriage, anyhow!"

Undine divided her shining glances between the two. "I guess he isn't going to treat me any different afterward," she proclaimed with joyous defiance.

"Ah, well, there's no telling, you know. Hadn't we better begin the sittings at once? Seriously, I want awfully to get you into the spring show."

"Oh, really? That would be too lovely!"

"*You* would be, certainly—the way I mean to do you. But I see Ralph getting glum. Why, my dear fellow, I daresay you'll be invited to some of the sittings—that's for Miss Spragg to say.—Ah, here comes your neighbour back, confound him— You'll let me know when we can begin?"

As the painter moved away Undine turned eagerly to Marvell. "Do you suppose there's time? I'd love to have him to do me!"

Ralph smiled. "My poor child—he *would* 'do' you, with a vengeance. Infernal cheek, his asking you to sit——"

She stared. "But why? He's painted your cousin, and all the smart women."

"Oh, if a 'smart' portrait's all you want!"

"I want what the others want," she answered, frowning and pouting a little.

She was already beginning to resent in Ralph the slightest sign of resistance to her pleasure; and the resentment took the form—a familiar one in Apex courtships—of turning on him, in the next entr'acte, a deliberately averted shoulder. The result of this was to bring her, for the first time, in more direct relation with the spectator on her other side. As she turned the latter turned too, showing her, above a shining shirt-front fastened with a large imitation pearl, a ruddy plump snub face without an angle in it, which yet looked sharper than a razor. Undine's eyes met his with a startled look, and for a long

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strange moment they remained suspended on each other's stare.

Undine at length shrank back with an unrecognizing face; but her movement caused her opera-glass to slip to the floor, and her neighbour bent down and picked it up.

"Well—don't you know me yet?" he said with a slight smile, as he held out the glass.

She had grown white to the lips, and when she tried to speak the effort produced only a faint click in her throat. She felt that the change in her appearance must be visible, and the dread of letting Marvell see it made her continue to present her ravaged face to her other neighbour. The round black eyes set prominently in the latter's round glossy countenance had expressed at first only an impersonal and slightly ironic interest; but a look of surprise grew in them as Undine's silence continued.

"What's the matter? Don't you want me to speak to you?"

She became aware that Marvell, as if unconscious of her slight show of displeasure, had left his seat, and was making his way toward the aisle; and this assertion of independence, which a moment before she would so deeply have resented, now gave her a sense of inexpressible relief.

"No—don't speak to me, please. I'll tell you another time—I'll write," she breathed back in a whisper. Her neighbour continued to gaze at her, forming his lips into a noiseless whistle under his small dark moustache.

"Well, I— That's about the stiffest," he murmured; and as she made no answer he added: "Afraid I'll ask to be introduced to your friend?"

She made a faint movement of entreaty. "I can't explain. I promise to see you; but I *ask* you not to talk to me now."

He unfolded his programme, and went on speaking in a low tone while he affected to study it. "Anything to oblige, of course. That's always been my motto. But *is* it a bargain—fair and square? You'll see me?"

She receded farther from him. "I promise. I—I *want* to," she faltered.

"All right, then. Call me up in the morning at the Driscoll Building. Seven-O-nine—got it?"

She nodded breathlessly, and he added in a still lower tone: "I suppose I can congratulate you, anyhow?" and then, without waiting for her reply, turned to study Mrs. Van Degen's box through his opera-glass.

Clare, as if aware of the scrutiny fixed on her from below, leaned back and threw a question over her shoulder to Ralph Marvell, who had just seated himself behind her.

"Who's the funny man with the red face talking to Miss Spragg?"

Ralph bent forward. "The man sitting next to her? Never saw him before. But I think you're mistaken. She's not speaking to him."

"She *was*— Wasn't she, Harriet?"

Miss Ray pinched her lips together without speaking, and Mrs. Van Degen paused for the fraction of a second. "Perhaps he's an Apex friend," she then suggested.

"Very likely," Ralph rejoined. "Only I think she'd have introduced him if he had been."

His cousin faintly shrugged. "Shall you encourage that?"

Peter Van Degen, who had strayed into his wife's box for a moment, caught the colloquy, and lifted his opera-glass.

"The fellow next to Miss Spragg? (By George, Ralph, she's ripping to-night—you've beaten us all, hands down!) Wait a minute—I know his face. Saw him in old Harmon Driscoll's office the day of the Eubaw Mine meeting. This chap's his secretary, or something. Driscoll called him in to give some facts to the directors, and he seemed a mighty wide-awake customer."

Clare Van Degen turned gaily to her cousin. "If he has anything to do with the Driscolls cultivate him, my dear Ralph! That's the kind of acquaintance the Dagonets have always needed. I married to set them an example!"

Ralph rose with a laugh. "You're quite right, Clare. I'll hurry back and make his acquaintance," he said, holding out his hand and avoiding her disappointed eyes.

Undine, on entering her bedroom late that evening, was startled by the presence of a muffled figure which revealed itself,

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through the dimness, as the ungirded midnight outline of Mrs. Spragg.

"*Mother?* What on earth—?" the girl exclaimed, as Mrs. Spragg pressed the electric button and flooded the room with light. The idea of a mother's sitting up for her daughter was so foreign to Apex customs that it roused only mistrust and irritation in the object of the demonstration.

Mrs. Spragg came forward deprecatingly and lifted the cloak from her daughter's shoulders.

"I just *had* to, Undie—I told father I *had* to. I wanted to hear all about it."

Undine shrugged away from her. "Mercy! At this hour? You'll be as white as a sheet to-morrow, sitting up like this."

She moved toward the toilet-table, and began to demolish with feverish hands the structure which Mrs. Heeny, a few hours earlier, had so lovingly raised. But the rose caught in a mesh of hair, and Mrs. Spragg, venturing timidly to release it, had a full view of her daughter's face in the glass.

"Why, Undie, *you're* as white as a sheet now! You look fairly sick. What's the matter, daughter?"

The girl again broke away from her mother's touch.

"Oh, can't you leave me alone, mother? There—do I look white *now?*" she cried, the blood flaming into her pale cheeks; and as Mrs. Spragg shrank back disconcerted, she added more mildly, in the tone of a parent rebuking a persistent child: "It's enough to *make* anybody sick to be stared at that way!"

Mrs. Spragg overflowed with compunction. "I'm so sorry, Undie. I guess it was just seeing you in this glare of light."

"Yes—the light's awful; do turn some off," ordered Undine, for whom, ordinarily, no radiance was too strong; and Mrs. Spragg, grateful to have commands laid upon her, hastened to temper the unwelcome brightness.

Undine, after this, submitted in brooding silence to having her dress unlaced, her slippers and dressing-gown brought to her; and Mrs. Spragg, yearning to speak, restrained the impulse lest it should provoke her dismissal.

"Won't you take just a sup of milk before you go to bed?" she suggested at length, as Undine sank into an armchair. "I've got some for you right here in the parlour."

Without looking up the girl answered: "No. I don't want anything. Do go to bed, mother."

Mrs. Spragg seemed to be struggling between the life-long instinct of obedience and a swift unformulated fear. "I'm going, Undie." She wavered. "Didn't they receive you right, daughter?" she asked with sudden resolution.

Undine made an impatient movement. "What nonsense! How *should* they receive me? Everybody was lovely to me," she declared; and rising to her feet she continued to undress, tossing her clothes impatiently on the floor, and shaking down her hair over her bare shoulders.

Mrs. Spragg, stooping to gather up the scattered garments, folded them with a wistful caressing touch, and laid them on the lounge, without daring to raise her eyes to her daughter. It was not till she heard Undine throw herself on the bed that she went toward her and drew the coverlet over her with trembling hands.

"Oh, do put the light out—I'm dead tired," the girl groaned, pressing her face into the pillow.

Mrs. Spragg turned to obey; then, gathering all her scattered impulses into a passionate act of courage, she moved back to the bedside.

"Undie—you didn't see anybody—I mean at the theatre? *Anybody you didn't want to see?*"

Undine, at the question, raised her head and started upright against the tossed pillows, her white exasperated face close to her mother's twitching features. The two women examined each other a moment, fear and anger in their crossed glances; then Undine said: "No, nobody. Good-night."

IX

UNDINE, late the next day, waited alone under the leafless trellising of a wistaria arbour on the west side of the Central Park. She had put on her plainest dress, and wound a closely patterned veil over her least vivid hat; but even thus toned down to the situation she was conscious of

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blazing out from it into inconvenient conspicuousness.

The habit of meeting young men in sequestered spots was not unknown to her: the novelty was in feeling any embarrassment about it. Even now she was disturbed not so much by the unlikely chance of an accidental encounter with Ralph Marvell as by the remembrance of similar meetings, far from accidental, with the romantic Aaronson. Could it be that the hand now adorned with Ralph's betrothal ring had once, in this very spot, yielded itself to the riding-master's pressure? At the thought a wave of physical disgust passed over her, blotting out in its rush another as distasteful but remoter memory.

The latter was revived by the appearance of a middle-sized ruddy-faced young man, tightly buttoned into a square-shouldered over-coat, who presently moved along the path that led to the arbour. Viewed from a slight distance, and silhouetted against the slope of the asphalt path, the newcomer showed an outline thick yet compact, with a round head set on a neck in which, at the first chance, prosperity would be likely to develop a red crease. His face, with its rounded surfaces, and the sanguine innocence of a complexion belied by prematurely astute black eyes, had a look of jovial cunning which Undine had formerly thought "smart" but which now struck her as merely vulgar. She felt at once that in the Marvell set Elmer Moffatt would have been briefly stamped as "not a gentleman." At the same time she noted a change in his aspect that seemed to promise the capacity to develop into any character he cared to assume; though it was not likely that, for the present, that of a gentleman would figure. He had always had a brisk swaggering step, and the faintly impudent tilt of the head that had once seemed "dashing"; but whereas his air had formerly denoted a somewhat desperate defiance of the world and its judgments it now suggested a readjusted and almost assured relation to these powers; and Undine's heart sank at the thought of what the change implied.

As he drew nearer, the young man's look of assurance was replaced by an expression of mildly humorous surprise.

"Well—this is white of you, Undine!" he said, taking her lifeless fingers into his dapperly gloved hand.

Through her veil she formed the words: "I said I'd come."

He laughed. "That's so. And you see I believed you. Though I might not have——"

"I don't see the use of beginning like this," she interrupted nervously.

"That's so too," he agreed. "Suppose we walk along a little ways? It's rather chilly standing round."

He turned down the path that sloped toward the Ramble and the girl moved on beside him with her long flowing steps.

When they had reached the comparative shelter of the interlacing trees Moffatt paused again to say: "If we're going to talk I'd like to see you, Undine;" and after a first motion of reluctance she submissively threw back her veil.

He let his eyes rest in silence on the face it uncovered; then he said judicially: "You've filled out some; but you're paler." After another pause he added: "There's mighty few women as well worth looking at, and I'm obliged to you for giving me the chance again."

Undine's brows drew together, but she softened her frown to a quivering smile.

"I'm glad to see you too, Elmer—I am, *really!*"

He returned her smile while his glance continued to study her humorously. "You didn't betray the fact last night, Miss Spragg."

"I was so taken aback. I thought you were out in Alaska somewhere."

The young man shaped his lips in the mute whistle by which he habitually vented his surprise. "You *did?* Didn't Abner E. Spragg tell you he'd seen me down town?"

Undine flung a startled glance at him. "Father? You've seen him? He never said a word about it!"

Her companion's whistle became audible. "He's running yet!" he said gaily. "I wish I could scare some people as easy as I can your father."

The girl hesitated. "I never felt toward you the way father did," she hazarded at length; and he gave her a long look in return.

"Well, if they'd left you alone I don't

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believe you'd ever have acted mean to me," was the conclusion he drew from it.

"I didn't mean to, Elmer. . . I give you my word—but I was so young. . . I didn't know anything. . ." She kept her gaze upon him.

He gave it back in a look of reminiscent pleasantry. "No—I don't suppose it *would* teach a girl much to be engaged two years to a stiff like Millard Binch; and that was about all that had happened to you before I happened along."

Undine flushed to the forehead. "Oh, Elmer—I was only a child when I was engaged to Millard——"

"That's a fact. And you went on being one for a good while afterward. *The Apex Eagle* always head-lined you as 'The child-bride'——"

"I can't see what's the use—now—" she broke in.

He threw a quick glance at her. "That ruled out of court too? See here, Undine—what *can* we talk about? I understood that was what we were here for."

"Of course." She made a quick effort at recovery. "I only meant—what's the use of raking up things that are over?"

"Rake up? That's the idea, is it? Was that why you tried to cut me last night?"

"I—oh, Elmer! I didn't mean to; only, you see, I'm engaged."

"Oh, I saw that fast enough. I'd have seen it even if I didn't read the papers." He gave a short laugh. "He was feeling pretty good, sitting there beside you, wasn't he? And I don't wonder he was. I remember. But I don't see that that was a reason for cold-shouldering me. I'm a respectable member of society now—I'm one of Harmon B. Driscoll's private secretaries." He brought out the fact with comic solemnity.

But to Undine, though undoubtedly impressive, the statement did not immediately present itself as a subject for banter.

"Elmer Moffatt—you *are?*"

He laughed again. "Guess you'd have remembered me last night if you'd known it."

She was following her own train of thought with a look of pale intensity. "You're *living* in New York, then—you're going to live here right along?"

"Well, it looks that way; as long as I can hang on to this job. Great men always gravitate to the metropolis. And I gravitated here just as Uncle Harmon B. was looking round for somebody who could give him an inside tip on the Eubaw mine deal—you know the Driscolls are pretty deep in Eubaw. I happened to go out there after our little unpleasantness at Apex, and it was just the time the deal went through. So in one way your folks did me a good turn when they made Apex too hot for me: funny to think of, ain't it?"

Undine, recovering herself, held out her hand impulsively.

"I'm real glad of it—I mean I'm real glad you've had such a stroke of luck!" she exclaimed, with a faint laugh that apologized for the ambiguity of the phrase.

"Much obliged," he returned. "By the way, you might mention the fact to Abner E. Spragg next time you run across him."

"Father'll be real glad too, Elmer." She hesitated, and then went on: "You must see now that it was natural father and mother should have felt the way they did——"

"Oh, the only thing that struck me as unnatural was their making you feel so too. But I'm free to admit I wasn't a promising case in those days." His glance played over her for a moment. "Say, Undine—it was good while it lasted, though, wasn't it?"

She shrank back with a burning face and eyes of misery.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "That ruled out too? Oh, all right. Look at here, Undine, suppose you let me know what you *are* here to talk about, anyhow."

She cast a helpless glance down the windings of the wooded glen in which they had halted.

"Just to ask you—to beg you—not to say anything of this kind again—*ever*——"

He stood, digging the tip of his walking-stick into a fissure of the asphalt. "Anything about you and me?"

She nodded mutely.

"Why, what's wrong? Anybody been saying anything against me?"

"Oh, no. It's not that!"

"What on earth *is* it, then—except that you're ashamed of me, one way or another?" She made no answer, and he went on in a tone that revealed a first faint trace of irritation: "I don't want to break

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into your gilt-edged crowd, if it's that you're scared of."

His exasperation seemed to increase her alarm. "No, no—you don't understand. All I want is that nothing shall be known."

"Yes; but *why?* It was all straight enough, if you come to that."

"It doesn't matter . . . whether it was straight . . . or . . . not. . ." He interpolated a whistle which made her add: "What I mean is that out here in the East they don't even like it if a girl's been *engaged* before."

This last strain on his credulity wrung a laugh from Moffatt. "Gee! How'd they expect her fair young life to pass? Playing 'Holy City' on the melodeon, and knitting tidies for church fairs?"

"Girls are looked after here. It's all different. Their mothers go round with them."

This seemed to increase her companion's hilarity. He glanced about him with a sudden pretense of compunction. "Excuse *me!* I ought to have remembered. Where's your chaperon, Miss Spragg?" He crooked his arm with mock ceremony. "Allow me to escort you to the bew-fay. You see I'm onto the New York style myself."

A sigh of discouragement escaped her. "Elmer—if you really believe I never wanted to act mean to you, don't you act mean to me now!"

"Act mean?" He grew serious again and moved nearer to her. "What is it you want, Undine? Why can't you say it right out?"

"What I told you. I don't want Ralph Marvell—or any of them—to know anything. If any of his folks found out, they'd never let him marry me—never! And he wouldn't want to: he'd be so horrified. And it would *kill* me, Elmer—it would just kill me!"

She pressed close to him, forgetful of her new reserves and repugnances, and impelled by the passionate absorbing desire to wring from him some definite pledge of safety.

"Oh, Elmer, if you ever liked me, help me now, and I'll help you if I get the chance!"

He had recovered his coolness as hers forsook her, and stood his ground steadily, though her entreating hands, her glowing face, were near enough to have shaken less steady nerves.

"That so, Puss? You just ask me to pass the sponge over Elmer Moffatt of Apex City? Cut the gentleman when we meet? That the size of it?"

"Oh, Elmer, it's my first chance—I can't lose it!" she broke out, sobbing.

"Nonsense, child! Of course you shan't. Here, look up, Undine—why I never saw you cry before. Don't you be afraid of me—*I* ain't going to interrupt the wedding march." He began to whistle a bar of Lohengrin. "I only just want one little promise in return."

She flung a startled look at him and he added reassuringly: "Oh, don't mistake me. I don't want to butt into your set—not for social purposes, anyhow, but if ever it should come handy to know any of 'em in a business way, would you fix it up for me—*after you're married?*"

Their eyes met on this, and she remained silent for a tremulous second; then she held out her hand. "Afterward—yes. I promise. And *you* promise, Elmer?"

"Oh, to have and to hold!" he sang out, swinging about to follow her as she hurriedly began to retrace her steps.

The March twilight had fallen, and the Stentorian façade was all aglow, when Undine regained its monumental threshold. She slipped through the marble vestibule and soared skyward in the mirror-lined lift, hardly conscious of the direction she was taking. What she wanted was solitude, and the time to put some order into her agitated thoughts; and she hoped to steal into her room without meeting her mother. Through her thick veil the clusters of electric lights in the Spragg drawing-room dilated and flowed together in a yellow blur, from which, as she entered, a figure detached itself; and with a start of annoyance she saw Ralph Marvell rise from the perusal of the "fiction number" of a magazine which had replaced "The Hound of the Baskervilles" on the onyx table.

"Yes; you told me not to come—and here I am," he said, lifting her hand to his lips as his eyes tried to find hers through the veil.

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She drew back with an impatient gesture. "I told you I'd be awfully late."

"I know—trying on! And you're horribly tired in consequence, and wishing with all your might I wasn't here."

"I'm not so sure I'm not!" she rejoined, trying to hide her vexation under a smile.

"What a tragic little voice! You must be really used up. I couldn't help dropping in for a minute; but of course if you're really tired I'll be off." She was nervously removing her long gloves, and he took her hands and drew her close to him. "Only take off your veil, dearest, and let me see you're not too vexed with me."

A quiver of resistance ran through her: he felt it and dropped her hands.

"Please don't tease. I never could bear it," she stammered, drawing away from him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Till tomorrow, then; that is, if the dress-maker permits."

She forced a laugh. "If I showed myself now you might not come back tomorrow. I'm perfectly hideous to look at—it was so hot and they kept me so long."

"All to make yourself more beautiful for a man who's blind with your beauty already?"

In spite of herself, the words made her smile, and moving nearer she bent her head and stood still while he undid her veil. As he put it back their lips met, and his look of passionate tenderness was incense to her.

But as their eyes met his expression passed from worship to concern. "Dear! Why, what's the matter? You've been crying!"

She put up both hands to her hat in the instinctive effort to hide her face from him. His persistence was as irritating as her mother's.

"I told you it was frightfully hot—and all my things were horrid; and it made me so cross and nervous!" She tossed aside the hat and turned to the looking-glass with a feint of smoothing her hair.

Marvell followed and laid his hand on her arm. "Why can't we be married tomorrow, and escape all these grotesque preparations? I shall hate your fine clothes if they're going to make you so miserable."

She jerked away from him impatiently. "They're not fine—they're horrid, I tell you! That's what makes me so cross." She dropped her hands, and swept about on him abruptly, her face lit up by a new idea. He was extraordinarily handsome and appealing and her heart began to beat faster.

"I hate it all too! I wish we *could* be married right away!"

Marvell caught her to him passionately. "Dearest—dearest! Don't, if you don't mean it! The thought of it's too good!"

Undine let him hold her, not with any intent of tenderness, but as if too deeply lost in a new train of thought to be conscious of his touch.

"I suppose most of the things *could* be got ready sooner—if I said they *must*," she brooded, with a fixed gaze that travelled past him. "And the rest—why shouldn't the rest be sent over to Europe after us?" She had a flash of illumination which made her turn her lips to his. "I want to go straight off with you, away from everything—ever so far away, where there'll be nobody but you and me alone!"

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" Marvell cried.

X

Mr. and Mrs. Spragg were both given to such long periods of ruminating apathy that the student of inheritance might have wondered whence Undine derived her overflowing activity. The answer would have been obtained by observing her father's business life. From the moment he set foot in Wall Street Mr. Spragg became another man. Physically the change revealed itself only by the subtlest signs. As he steered his way to his office through the jostling crowd of William Street his relaxed muscles did not grow more taut or his lounging gait less desultory. His shoulders were hollowed by the usual droop, and his rusty black waistcoat showed the same creased concavity at the waist, the same flabby prominence below. It was only in his face that the difference was perceptible, though even here it rather lurked behind the features than openly modified them: showing itself now and then in the cautious glint of half-closed eyes, the forward thrust of

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black brows, or a tightening of the lax lines of the mouth—as the gleam of a night-watchman's light might flash across the darkness of a shuttered house-front.

The shutters were more tightly barred than usual when, on a morning some two weeks later than the date of incidents last recorded, Mr. Spragg approached the threshold of the steel and concrete tower in which his office occupied a lofty pigeon-hole. Events had moved rapidly and somewhat surprisingly in the interval, and Mr. Spragg had already accustomed himself to the fact that his daughter was to be married within the week, instead of awaiting the traditional post-Lenten date. Conventionally the change meant little to him; but on the practical side it presented unforeseen difficulties. Mr. Spragg had learned within the last weeks that a New York marriage involved material obligations unknown to Apex. Young Marvell, indeed, had been loftily disdainful of such questions; but his grandfather, on the announcement of the engagement, had called on Mr. Spragg and put before him, with polished precision, the exact financial situation of Undine's betrothed.

Mr. Spragg, at the moment, had been inclined to deal with his visitor in a spirit of indulgent irony. As he leaned back in his revolving chair, with feet adroitly balanced against a tilted waste-paper basket, his air of relaxed power made Mr. Dagonet's venerable elegance seem as harmless as that of an ivory jack-straw—and his first replies his visitor made with the mildness of a kindly giant.

"Ralph don't make a living out of the law, you say? No, it didn't strike me he'd be likely to, from the talks I've had with him. Fact is, the law's a business that wants—" Mr. Spragg broke off, checked by a protest from Mr. Dagonet. "Oh, a *profession*, you call it? It ain't a business?" The lines of his smile grew more indulgent as this novel distinction dawned on him. "Why, I guess that's the whole trouble with Ralph. Nobody expects to make money in a *profession;* and if you've taught him to regard the law that way, he'd better go right into cooking-stoves and done with it."

Mr. Dagonet, within a more restricted range, had his own play of humour; and it met Mr. Spragg's with a leap. "It's precisely because I knew he would manage to make cooking-stoves as unremunerative as a profession that I guarded him from so glaring a failure by putting him into the law."

The retort drew a grunt of amusement from Mr. Spragg; and the eyes of the two men met in unexpected understanding.

"That so? What *can* he do, then?" the future father-in-law impartially enquired.

"He can write poetry—at least he tells me he can." Mr. Dagonet hesitated, as if aware of the inadequacy of the alternative; and then added: "And he can count on three thousand a year from me."

Mr. Spragg tilted himself farther back without disturbing his subtly-calculated relation to the waste-paper basket.

"Does it cost anything like that to print his poetry?"

Mr. Dagonet smiled again: he was clearly enjoying his visit. "Dear, no—he doesn't go in for 'luxe' editions. And now and then he gets ten dollars from a magazine."

Mr. Spragg mused. "Wasn't he ever *taught* to work?"

"No; I really couldn't have afforded that."

"I see. Then they've got to live on two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

Mr. Dagonet remained pleasantly unmoved. "Does it cost anything like that to buy your daughter's dresses?"

A subterranean chuckle agitated the lower folds of Mr. Spragg's waistcoat.

"I might put him in the way of something—I guess he's smart enough," he ruminated.

Mr. Dagonet made a gesture of friendly warning. "It will pay us both in the end to keep him out of business," he said, rising as if to show that his mission was accomplished.

The results of this friendly conference had been more serious than Mr. Spragg could have foreseen—and the victory remained with his antagonist. It had not entered into Mr. Spragg's calculations that he would have to give his daughter any fixed income on her marriage. He meant that she should have the "handsomest" wedding that the New York press had ever celebrated, and her mother's fancy was already afloat on a sea of luxuries—a motor, a Fifth Avenue house, and a

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tiara that should out-blaze Mrs. Van Degen's; but these were movable benefits, to be conferred whenever Mr. Spragg happened to be "on the right side" of the market. It was a different matter to be called on, at such short notice, to bridge the gap between young Marvell's allowance and Undine's requirements; and her father's immediate conclusion was that the engagement had better be broken off. Such scissions were almost painless in Apex, and he had fancied it would be easy, by an appeal to the girl's pride, to make her see that she owed it to herself to do better.

"You'd better wait awhile and look round again," was the way he had put it to her at the opening of the talk of which, even now, he could not recall the close without a tremor.

Undine, when she took his meaning, had been terrible. Everything had gone down before her, as towns and villages went down before one of the tornadoes of her native state. Wait awhile? Look round? Did he suppose she was marrying for *money?* Didn't he see it was all a question, now and here, of the kind of people she wanted to "go with"? Did he want to throw her straight back into the Lipscomb set, to have her marry a dentist and live in a West Side flat? Why hadn't they stayed in Apex, if that was all he thought she was fit for? She might as well have married Millard Binch, instead of handing him over to Indiana Frusk! Didn't her father understand that nice girls, in New York, didn't regard getting married like going on a buggy-ride? It was enough to ruin a girl's chances if she broke her engagement to a man in Ralph Marvell's set. All kinds of spiteful things would be said about her, and she would never be able to go with the right people again. They had better go back to Apex right off—it was they and not *she* who had wanted to leave Apex, anyhow—she could call her mother to witness it. She had always, when it came to that, done what her father and mother wanted, but she'd given up trying to make out what they were after, unless it was to make her miserable; and if that was it, hadn't they had enough of it by this time? She had, anyhow. But after this she meant to lead her own life; and they needn't ask her where she was going, or what she meant to do, because this time she'd die before she told them—and they'd made life so hateful to her that she only wished she was dead already.

Mr. Spragg heard her out in silence, pulling at his beard with one sallow wrinkled hand, while the other dragged down the armhole of his sagging waistcoat. Suddenly he looked up and said: "Ain't you in love with the fellow, Undie?"

The girl glared back at him, her splendid brows beetling like an Amazon's. "Do you think I'd care a cent for all the rest of it if I wasn't?" she blazed out.

"Well, if you are, you and he won't mind beginning in a small way."

Her look poured contempt on his ignorance. "Do you s'pose I'd drag him down?" With a magnificent gesture she tore Marvell's ring from her finger. "I'll send this back this minute. I'll tell him I thought he was a rich man, and now I see I'm mistaken—" She burst into shattering sobs, rocking her beautiful body back and forward in all the abandonment of young grief; and her father stood over her, stroking her shoulder and saying helplessly: "I'll see what I can do, Undine——"

All his life, and at ever-diminishing intervals, Mr. Spragg had been called on by his womenkind to "see what he could do"; and the seeing had almost always resulted in accordance with their desires. Undine did not have to send back her ring, and in her state of trance-like happiness she hardly asked by what means her path had been smoothed, but merely accepted her mother's assurance that "father had fixed everything all right."

Mr. Spragg accepted the situation also. A son-in-law who expected to be pensioned like a Grand Army veteran was a phenomenon new to his experience; but if that was what Undine wanted she should have it. Only two days later, however, he was met by a new demand—the young people had decided to be married "right off," instead of waiting till June. This change of plan was made known to Mr. Spragg at a moment when he was peculiarly unprepared for the financial readjustment it involved. He had always declared himself able to cope with any

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crisis if Undine and her mother would "go steady"; but he now affirmed his inability to keep up with the new pace they had set.

Undine, not deigning to return to the charge, had commissioned her mother to speak for her; and Mr. Spragg was surprised to meet in his wife a firmness as inflexible as his daughter's.

"I can't do it, Loot—can't put my hand on the cash," he had protested; but Mrs. Spragg fought him inch by inch, her back to the wall—flinging out at last, as he pressed her closer: "Well, if you want to know, she's seen Elmer."

The bolt reached its mark, and her husband turned a disordered face on her.

"Elmer? What on earth—he didn't come *here*, did he?"

"No; but he sat next to her the other night at the theatre, and she's wild with us for not having warned her."

Mr. Spragg's scowl drew his projecting brows together. "Warned her of what? What's Elmer to her? Why's she afraid of Elmer Moffatt?"

"She's afraid of his talking."

"Talking? What on earth can he say that'll hurt *her?*"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Spragg wailed. "She's so nervous I can hardly get a word out of her."

Mr. Spragg's face whitened as if with the chill of a new apprehension. "Is she afraid he'll get round her again—make up to her? Is that what she means by 'talking'?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I only know she *is* afraid—she's afraid as death of him."

For a long interval they sat looking at each other while their heavy eyes exchanged mute conjectures; then Mr. Spragg rose from his chair, saying, as he took up his hat: "Don't you fret, Leota; I'll see what I can do."

He had been "seeing" now for an arduous fortnight; and the strain on his vision had resulted in a state of tension such as he had not undergone since the epic days of the Pure Water Move at Apex. It was not his habit to impart his fears to Mrs. Spragg and Undine, and they continued the bridal preparations, secure in their invariable experience that, once "father" had been convinced of the impossibility of evading their demands, he might be trusted to satisfy them by means with which his womenkind need not concern themselves. Mr. Spragg, as he approached his office on the morning in question, felt reasonably sure of fulfilling these expectations; but he reflected that a few more such victories would be equivalent to disaster.

As the thought crossed his mind he entered the imposing vestibule of the Ararat Trust Building, and walked toward the express elevator that was to carry him to his high-perched office. At the door of the elevator a man turned to him, and he recognized Elmer Moffatt, who put out his hand with a tentative gesture.

Mr. Spragg did not ignore the gesture: he did not even withhold his hand. In his code the cut, as a conscious sign of disapproval, did not exist. In the south, if you had a grudge against a man you tried to shoot him; in the west, you tried to do him in a mean turn in business; but in neither region was the cut among the social weapons of offense. Mr. Spragg, therefore, seeing Moffatt in his path, extended a lifeless hand while he fixed the young man scowlingly. Moffatt met the hand and the scowl with equal composure.

"Going up to your office? I was on the way there."

The elevator door rolled back, and Mr. Spragg, entering in, found his interlocutor at his side. They remained silent during the ascent that landed them, a moment later, on Mr. Spragg's threshold; but there the latter turned to enquire drily of Moffatt: "Anything left to say?"

Moffatt smiled. "Nothing *left*—no; I'm carrying a whole new line of goods."

Mr. Spragg pondered the reply; then he opened the door and suffered Moffatt to follow him in. Behind an inner glazed enclosure, with its one window giving on a sooty perspective barred with chimneys, he seated himself at a dusty littered desk, and groped instinctively for the support of the waste-paper basket. Moffatt, uninvited, dropped into the nearest chair, and Mr. Spragg said, after another silence: "I'm pretty busy this morning."

"I know you are: that's why I'm here," Moffatt replied serenely. He leaned back, crossing his legs comfortably, and twist-

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ing his small stiff moustache with a plump hand adorned by a large cameo.

"Fact is," he went on, "this is a coals-of-fire call. You think I owe you a grudge, and I'm going to show you I'm not that kind. I'm going to put you onto a good thing—oh, not because I'm so fond of you; just because it happens to hit my sense of a joke."

While Moffatt talked Mr. Spragg took up the pile of letters on his desk and sat shuffling them like a pack of cards. He dealt them deliberately to two imaginary players; then he pushed them aside and drew out his watch.

"All right—I carry one too," said the young man easily. "But you'll find it's so much time gained to hear what I've got to say."

Mr. Spragg looked out of the window without speaking, and Moffatt continued: "I don't suppose you care to hear the story of my life, so I won't refer you to the back numbers. You used to say out in Apex that I spent too much time loafing round the bar of the Mealey House; that was one of the things you had against me. Well, maybe I did—but it taught me to talk, and to listen to the other fellows too. Just at present I'm one of Harmon B. Driscoll's private secretaries, and some of that Mealey House loafing has come in more useful than any job I ever put my hand to. The old man happened to hear I knew something about the inside of the Eubaw deal, and took me on to have the information where he could get at it. I've given him good talk for his money; but I've done some listening too. Eubaw ain't the only commodity the Driscolls deal in."

Mr. Spragg restored his watch to his pocket and shifted his drowsy gaze from the window to his visitor's face.

"Yes," said Moffatt, as if in reply to the movement, "the Driscolls are getting busy out in Apex. Now they've got all the street railroads in their pocket they want the water-supply too—but you know that as well as I do. Fact is, they've got to have it; and there's where you and I come in."

Mr. Spragg thrust his hands in his waistcoat arm-holes and turned his eyes back to the window.

"I'm out of that long ago," he said indifferently.

"Sure," Moffatt acquiesced; "but you know what went on when you were in it."

"Well?" said Mr. Spragg, shifting one hand to the Masonic emblem on his watch-chain.

"Well, Representative James J. Rolliver, who was in it with you, ain't out of it yet. He's the man the Driscolls are up against. What d'you know about him?"

Mr. Spragg twirled the emblem thoughtfully. "Driscoll tell you to come here?"

Moffatt laughed. "No, *sir*—not by a good many miles."

Mr. Spragg removed his feet from the waste-paper basket and straightened himself in his chair.

"Well—I didn't either; good morning, Mr. Moffatt."

The young man stared a moment, a humorous glint in his small black eyes; but he made no motion to leave his seat.

"Undine's to be married next week, isn't she?" he asked in an irrelevantly conversational tone.

Mr. Spragg's face blackened and he swung about sharply in his revolving chair.

"You go to——"

Moffatt raised a deprecating hand. "Oh, you needn't warn me off," he said. "I don't want to be invited to the wedding. And I don't want to forbid the banns."

There was a derisive sound in Mr. Spragg's throat.

"But I *do* want to get out of Driscoll's office," Moffatt imperturbably continued. "There's no future there for a fellow like me. I see things big. That's the reason Apex was too tight a fit for me. It's only the little fellows that succeed in little places. New York's my size—without a single alteration. I could prove it to you tomorrow if I could put my hand on fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Spragg did not repeat his gesture of dismissal: he was once more listening guardedly but intently. Moffatt saw it and continued.

"And I could put my hand on double that sum—yes, sir, *double*—if you'd just step round with me to old Driscoll's office before five p. m. See the connection, Mr. Spragg?"

The older man remained silent while his visitor hummed a bar or two of "In the

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Gloaming"; then he said: "You want me to tell Driscoll what I know about James J. Rolliver?"

"I want you to tell the truth—I want you to stand for political purity in your native state. A man of your prominence owes it to the community, sir," cried Moffatt oratorically.

Mr. Spragg was still tormenting his Masonic emblem.

"Rolliver and I always stood together," he said at last, with a tinge of reluctance.

"Well, how much have you made out of it? Ain't he always been ahead of the game?"

"I can't do it—I can't do it," said Mr. Spragg, bringing his clenched hand down on the desk, as if addressing an invisible throng of assailants.

Moffatt rose without any evidence of disappointment in his ruddy countenance. "Well, so long," he said, moving toward the door. Near the threshold he paused to add carelessly: "Excuse my referring to personal matter—but I understand Miss Spragg's wedding takes place next Monday."

Mr. Spragg was silent.

"How's that?" Moffatt continued unabashed. "I saw in the papers the date was set for the end of June."

Mr. Spragg rose heavily from his seat. "I presume my daughter has her reasons," he said, moving toward the door in Moffatt's wake.

"I guess she has—same as I have for wanting you to step round with me to old Driscoll's. If Undine's reasons are as good as mine——"

"Stop right here, Elmer Moffatt!" the older man broke out with lifted hand.

Moffatt made a feint of evading a blow. "Don't shoot!" he cried dramatically. Then his face grew serious, and he moved close to Mr. Spragg, whose arms had fallen to his side.

"See here, I know Undine's reasons. I've had a talk with her—didn't she tell you? *She* don't beat about the bush the way you do. She told me straight out what was bothering her. She wants the Marvells to think she's right out of Kindergarten. 'No goods sent out on approval at this counter.' And I see her point—*I* don't mean to publish my meemo'rs. Only a deal's a deal." He paused a moment, twisting his fingers about the heavy gold watch-chain that crossed his waistcoat. "Tell you what, Mr. Spragg, I don't bear malice—not against Undine, anyway—and if I could have afforded it I'd have been glad enough to oblige her and forget old times. But you didn't hesitate to kick me when I was down and it's taken me a day or two to get on my legs again after that kicking. I see my way now to get there and keep there; and there's a kinder poetic justice in your being the man to help me up. If I can get hold of fifty thousand dollars within a day or so I don't care who's got the start of me. I've got a dead sure thing in sight, and you're the only man who can get it for me. Now do you see where we're coming out?"

Mr. Spragg, during this discourse, had remained motionless, his hands in his pockets, his jaws moving mechanically, as though he mumbled a tooth-pick under his beard. His sallow cheek had turned a shade paler, and his brows hung threateningly over his half-closed eyes. But there was no threat—there was scarcely more than a note of dull curiosity—in the voice with which he said: "You mean to talk?"

Moffatt's rosy face grew as hard as a steel safe. "I mean *you* to talk—to old Driscoll." He paused, and then added: "It's a hundred thousand down, between us."

Mr. Spragg once more consulted his watch. "I'll see you again," he said with an effort.

Moffatt struck one fist against the other. "No, *sir*—you won't! You'll only hear from me—through the Marvell family. Your news ain't worth a dollar to Driscoll if he don't get it today."

He was checked by the sound of steps in the outer office, and Mr. Spragg's stenographer appeared in the doorway.

"It's Mr. Marvell," she announced; and Ralph Marvell, glowing with haste and happiness, stood between the two men, holding out his hand to Mr. Spragg.

"Am I awfully in the way, sir? Kick me out if I am—but first let me just say a word to you about this necklace I've ordered for Un——"

He broke off, made aware by Mr. Spragg's glance of the presence of Elmer Moffatt, who, with unwonted discretion,

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had dropped back into the shadow of the door.

Marvell turned on Moffatt a bright gaze full of the instinctive hospitality of youth; but Moffatt looked straight past him at Mr. Spragg.

The latter, as if in response to an imperceptible signal, mechanically pronounced his visitor's name; and the two young men moved toward each other.

"I beg your pardon most awfully—am I breaking up an important conference?" Ralph gaily asked as he shook hands.

"Why, no—I guess we're pretty nearly through. I'll step outside and woo the blonde while you're talking," Moffatt rejoined in the same key.

"Thanks so much—I shan't take two seconds." Ralph broke off to scrutinize him. "But haven't we met somewhere before? It seems to me I've seen you—just lately——"

Moffatt seemed about to answer, but his reply was checked by an abrupt movement on the part of Mr. Spragg. There was a perceptible pause, during which Moffatt's bright black glance rested questioningly on Ralph; then he looked again at the older man, and their eyes held each other for a silent moment.

"Why, no—not as I'm aware of, Mr. Marvell," Moffatt said, addressing himself amicably to Ralph. "Better late than never, though—and I hope to have the pleasure soon again."

He divided a good-humoured nod between the two men, and opening the door passed into the outer office, where they heard him address the stenographer in a strain of exaggerated gallantry.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUR WHEN LOVE REPAYS

By Ann Devoore

THE nursery fire burns red as a rose,
And against the curtained window-panes
The purple twilight is pressing close,
And the wild, north wind at the lattice strains.

Oh, scent of the woods! from the pine log there,
Was there ever so safe and warm a nest?
Or up in the tree-tops anywhere
A drowsier birdling rocked to rest?

The lingering notes of a lullaby fall
Into a silence more hushed and still
For the rockers' creak, the night wind's call,
And the rose-leaf ashes that crumple and spill.

Lie close, little burden of joy and delight!
Only for Mother the dream smile strays,
And the rapturous, sleepy sighs take flight.
This is the hour when Love repays.

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SANDY LAND LILIES

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

THE transplanted Fisher family now occupied a small bedroom and kitchen on the fifth floor of a Sixtieth Street tenement half-way down the steep hill from Amsterdam Avenue to the Hudson River's dingy up-town water-front. Winter had begun, and already at six o'clock it was dark outside. Pink Fisher was in the kitchen frying a piece of liver on the little two-hole stove, watched not disinterestedly by Grover, his five-year-old grandson, and by Blue, a long-eared, short-legged beadle hound that the boy had picked up after the family had finally reached New York City.

The fire in the stove needing replenishing, the old negro dragged from a corner a bundle of wood made from a goods box battered to pieces, but he could find no stick of just the right size.

"You go in yander an' look on top de beehive an' bring me de hatchet," he said to the boy. Grover, followed by Blue, went into the bedroom, proceeded directly to a trunk against the wall, and returned with the required tool.

Presently Pink, having loaded himself with the platter of liver, a loaf of bread, two clean plates, and a bottle of molasses, started into the bedroom, calling behind him, "You teck up de lamp an' come on ahead of me; we gwine to eat dis col' night befo' de fieh-place, whar hit's wahm." The boy went rapidly out in front of him, set the lamp in the middle of the thickly cluttered room, and drew his chair quickly and clatteringly up to his plate, Blue stationing himself at his young master's feet with a sigh of resignation.

The diners were in no mood for conversation until the call of hunger should be satisfied. The brass hand lamp, of the kind without a chimney, sent a wavy ribbon of greasy, malodorous smoke up to the black ceiling. The steam-pipe over in the northwest corner, which with the cooking-stove furnished the heat of the "apartment," was clanking and rattling at an unaccustomed generous feeding of coal in the basement. After a while Pink nodded his head toward the noise.

"Bet you don' know whut dat is," he said. The boy pretended to be studying the matter.

"I dunno, gran'pap. Whut is it?"

"Hit's de fierce win' a-rattlin' dem empty go'ds we got hangin' on de pole out dar in de gyarden fer de bluebirds. You know, chile, when de leaves git brown an' fall off, an' cotton is a-movin' to town, an' ever'body is a-shakin' money in dee pockets, an' possums gittin' fat an' keerless—along 'bout dat time de bluebirds fly away furder souf 'n we is; gwine away to Mexico, I reckon. Den de win' clean out de nestes fer 'em, an' de rain wash de go'ds fer 'em; so dat when dee come back in de spring dee homes is all clean and sweet fer 'em to go right in an' start up housekeepin'. Lawdy, Lawdy, honey, listen how de win' is a-cleanin' dem go'ds."

And so the gray-haired old negro and the eager-eyed little black boy went on translating with the ease of loving practice everything about them into the language of a dear land the one never hoped to see again, nor the other to see just once.

Some seven years before a St. Louis lumber company had thrown a saw-mill and an army of employees upon an island of pine timber amidst the cotton farms of northern Louisiana, and in six months moved on. Mr. Dorgan, the very efficient resident manager, took along Shirley Fisher because Mrs. Dorgan said she was the best cook and the most loyal servant she had ever had. They took along also, to be man of all work, Pink, because the pleasant-faced, firm, valuable black girl would not leave without her father. The old negro sold his live-stock, having found no one willing to buy his twenty-acre farm

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as it stood, and father and daughter went off happily conscious of the envy of their colored neighbors.

For a year now Mr. Dorgan had been a small potentate in a New York railroad office. Along the line of his jumping progress northward and eastward, Shirley had accomplished one of those transitory marriages not uncommon among her people, its chief obvious results being Grover, and, in her face, an expression of unpleasant sophistication and worried irritableness in place of the old placid amiability. With the entrance of the Dorgans into New York, Pink had been discharged, being worse than useless in a six-room apartment. He and the boy went to the negro section of San Juan Hill, in Sixtieth Street, and every night Shirley came home to look after them.

After their meal the old negro and the boy, having tidied up the two rooms, were sitting close to the stove in the kitchen talking in their beloved make-believe language when they heard her step outside in the hall; they fell instantly silent and straightened up in strained rectitude.

"Ssh!" whispered Pink to the boy. Any tender reference to the Louisiana farm now excited Shirley to terrifying anger.

They heard her walk to the chest of drawers against the wall and slam her hat down on it.

"Look out," cautioned Pink. "She sho' is mad dis night."

They waited, expecting to receive a dictatorial order from her. She lay down across the bed. Presently, from the dark room they heard a blurred, broken voice calling plaintively, "Pap—Grover—come in here."

They tipped in and stood by the bed in the dark, shocked at this collapse of their tall, hard queen, curious at whatever had brought her to speak appealingly to them.

"Pap, I've lost my job. Mis' Dorgan is tired of housekeepin' here; I don't blame her. She has taken two rooms in a hotel; they don't need me any more; anyhow, there ain't no room for me. Mr. Dorgan told me to-night. He said he felt mean about it, an' he offered to get tickets on the railroad back home for all of us."

The old negro felt Grover grab his arm; he leaned down swiftly and put his hand over the boy's mouth.

"But we ain't goin'," she went on. "I told him never mind; we'd make out up here."

Pink felt tears falling on his hand.

"How come we cain't, daught? We still got twenty acre o' lan'. We could rent some stock, an' anybody 'ud 'vance us supplies fer de fust yeah ef we mortgaged de place. Lawdy, Lawdy, chile, how I could wuk ef we wuz on a fahm now. I ain't so ole yit 'at I cain't meck a cotton crap; an' you knows whut a chimbly builder I is, daught. Sho'ly mus' be plenty o' people wantin' chimblies built er repaired down home now. An' Grover——"

"Pap!" She sat up on the bed. "For Gawd's sake, pap, don't argify with me now. I'm spectin' to find Grover's daddy up here somewheres. I heard he was here a long time ago. If I could only see Tom Poe again, he'd come back to me; yes, he would, pap."

She fell across the bed crying hard, and the old man and the boy stood waiting in anguish, not knowing what to do or say. After a while they went tipping back toward the kitchen.

"Stop it, tippin' that way," screamed Shirley, jumping to her feet. "Nobody's dead here. Bring in the lamp; we're goin' to bed."

"Hallelujah!" whispered Pink. "She's all right now."

Shirley's plan for getting along in New York, which she set forth the following morning, contemplated work for Pink as well as for herself; the liberal Dorgan salary must be made up that way. Grover was now old enough to take care of himself, she said, if some of the neighbors were asked to keep an eye on him.

Given a dime by his executive daughter for carfare if he should need it, Pink went forth searching for what he did not hope to find. In his wanderings around the city he had before this applied at some stables near the river-front in which truck horses were kept at night; but none of these had hitherto wanted an old negro, nor did they now.

Up on Ninth Avenue, near the Roosevelt Hospital, he remembered a crippled, gray-haired black man in charge of a newsstand. Approaching him, Pink cunningly drew out of him how he ran the business;

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but that seemed to call for capital and at least a little reading and writing. He had none of these. Shirley had learning from the country school, as evidenced by her superior language, which often shamed

"Lawdy, Lawdy, honey, listen how de win' is a-cleanin' dem go'ds."—Page 207.

him; but she had no capital, and he knew she would never stand on the street.

Early in the afternoon Pink drifted back home, finding Grover and Blue awaiting him disconsolately. The three of them hurried out to the far end of a long pier and sat on the string-piece watching the first ice of the season floating down to the bay.

Nor was Shirley much more successful. That day and a number following she spent trying to find a satisfactory job as a cook. Quick financial pressure forced the acceptance of an advertised position to do two days' laundry work a week. She meant that kind of money-making to be merely temporary, but presently she had given herself wholly to "washing out by the day." Mrs. Dorgan contributed her "soft clothes" work.

Often at night Shirley walked round and round the two principal railroad stations; but these searches never yielded a sight of Tom Poe. She frequently went with young negroes to dances and to what were correctly named "sociable times";

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Tom Poe was not at any of them. Yet now and then still she heard tantalizing reports of some one answering his description. Also, in Cincinnati, where she had married him, and where Grover had been born, she had been told that a shift of the Pullman car porters had transferred him to a route that ended in New York. And she struggled on to keep her hope alive, and grew more irritable, and the winter dragged by.

One day in the spring Pink and Grover and Blue, rambling southward along the river-front, came to De Witt Clinton Park at Fifty-third Street. Workmen were inside the high iron fence at the back of the park, overlooking the Hudson, digging up the ground and making it into raised plots some five feet long and three feet wide. To the old negro they looked like little flattened graves; but a man sitting on the bench next to him said they were small gardens provided every year for children to work in.

Pink and Grover spent the best part of the day watching the men get the small beds ready for the spring planting. In all New York the old negro had seen nothing so thrillingly beautiful as that fresh upturned earth. He and the boy had loved the water-front chiefly because they liked to imagine that some of the ships passing down the river were on their way to New Orleans, which seemed a part of home. After that day the Hudson had a powerful added attraction for them. Sitting on a bench in the pergola in the rear of the park, they could look at the huge, quiet ships moving majestically southward, and by turning around see two hundred new gardens making ready for the great spring planting.

Constantly now Pink's imagination labored in the new ground, where his mind's eye rejoiced to see the very young plants showing their first uniform faint green, and then each family, lettuce and peas and all, developing their own kind of leaves and their own kind of color. But always in his imagination he saw boys and girls riding up to the rich iron gate in carriages and automobiles, accompanied by many servants, who then did the work while the splendid "quality" children played among their magnificent gardens.

Delayed at home one day, for they had been doing the housekeeping for a long time, Pink and Grover arrived at the park late in the afternoon. The iron gate must have opened at last; inside were boys and girls bending over the new plots, quiet and orderly and busy. All of them were manifestly of the neighboring Hell's Kitchen territory; some of them were as black as Grover. Shirley's astounded son and father pressed close to the fence and peered through the iron railings. A man pointed his finger at Grover.

"Don't you want one of these gardens?" he asked in eager solicitation. "You can have it for your very own, and you can take home what you raise. We'll give you the seed and show you how to plant them; only you'll have to do the work. Don't you want one?"

"Yassiree, I does," said Grover.

"Glory!" whispered Pink.

The boy ran around to the gate, which opened and closed behind him. Blue stood outside barking at him. The old man hurried to the elevated pergola bench on the river side of the gardens, where Grover was being assigned a bed, and from that vantage-point sat watching him dig into the ground.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, he sho' is dess a natchal-bawn fahmer," he said of the boy grandly.

At six o'clock the young Manhattan agriculturists were turned out of the gate. On the way home Pink asked Grover what he had planted.

"Gran'pap, dee give me fo' rows to plant. I got lettuce in de fust row over to'ards whar you wuz a-settin'. Nex' is li'l' bittie inions; nex' come peas; an' in de las' row I got cotton, fer to show us how hit's raised, de man said. Some o' de yudder boys got wheat, an' some millet, an'——"

The old negro, holding his finger tremulously up to his mouth, had stopped still on the sidewalk and was staring down at the boy.

"In de las' row, honey, whut you got planted dar?"

"Cotton, gran'pap."

"Lawdy, Lawdy, I cain' say nuffin now. Come on home, chile."

At the foot of the stairs in the Sixtieth Street tenement, Pink, halting Grover, pointed upward.

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"Boy, don' you say cotton whar she can heah you."

"Ef she asts me whut I got planted in de las' row?"

"Say sandy lan' lilies."

Shirley was sunk so very deep in her troubles, however, that she rose to only a feeble interest in the garden; but the two conspirators, because they liked their secret name for cotton, continued to use it even when there was present to hear them no one more dangerous than the loyal Blue.

In the course of kindly time four or five head of lettuce appeared on the table, two meals of spring onions, and on one royal night a dish half filled with soft new English peas. The moody queen, as awful as she was, was not permitted to forget whence these fresh vegetables had come; she received the proud information with an indifference that was expected and yet heart-breaking.

After the harvesting of the first three rows Grover put in other crops. Pink had long since accumulated courage enough to ask for and obtain entrance through the great iron gate; so all the young planters had the benefit of his expert advice and his passionate day-to-day interest in their adventures into agriculture. For his sake even Blue was tolerated within the sacred enclosure.

The crop in the last row worried Grover considerably. Altogether ten or twelve stalks had come up out of the ground. At Pink's firm command, he had cut down all but five, these now standing in single, solemn grandeur a foot apart. When the creamy pink blossoms had been born and had died, the boy thought that was the end of his cotton; he was for digging up the plants and putting in something else.

"Wait!" ordered the outraged old negro with as near an approach to ferocity as his grandson had ever seen. "You dess wait tell Augus' have come an' gone; den you gwine to see sump'n'. Don' you tech 'em."

Ephemeral plants rose and fell on the first three rows, but on the last the little black boy left the consecrated crop to its mysterious final fruition.

He was not to see that taking place. One morning he could not get out of bed; within a week a doctor had ordered his removal to a hospital for proper treatment of typhoid; and at last his mother rose out of herself. Nothing now mattered except him. Accusing herself hotly for having neglected him, she sought to make amends within herself by encouraging her love to blaze and burn her. There were only three days a week when visitors were permitted to see the charity patients. Often her work, the earnings from which were more needed than ever, prevented her going to the hospital at these fixed hours; she was sure only of Sunday.

As for Pink, he was in anguished bewilderment because of this tremendous illness, something which might require weeks to cure, the doctor said, if a cure resulted. On the three open hospital days he was at the door long before the given hour. In the wide public ward on the second floor he was abashed by its sumptuous cleanliness, by the numbers of visiting people, most of them white, and by the uniformed nurses; so that, sitting by the bed holding the fallen planter's hand, he dared only to whisper his reports of the riverside crops.

Instinctively following the logical order, Pink disposed of the first three rows in the beginning of his reports, and then paused.

"Now tell me, gran'pap, how is de sandy lan' lilies?" Grover would hasten to ask.

"Doin' fine. Nevah see 'em do better on de bes' Louisiany lan'."

"I bet dee is all gone befo' I git up," sighed the boy. "I nevah will see de bolls bus' open an' th'ow out dee white flags, lak you say dee do."

"Don' you worry, honey; you gwine to see 'em yit." Pink smiled in valiant confidence.

And almost always on his visits, as the hour of leaving approached, Pink whispered, "Boy, long 'bout sundown yistiddy did you heah a dog a-barkin' under dis back winder by yo' baid?"

"Yassuh, I heerd him."

"Bet you don' know who hit wuz."

"Who wuz it, gran'pap?"

"Ole Blue. I brung him oveh."

And then usually a nurse would hurry forward to say, "You mustn't make him cry."

Presently the fever reached the stage of intermittent delirium, when sometimes

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the patient slipped into the world of memories and dreams, talking back from there with uncanny naturalness. On a Sunday afternoon, when Shirley and Pink were with him, he began babbling about the two beehives and the ash-hopper, the china tree in the corner of the yard, the bluebird gourds in the garden, the family of flying squirrels that nested every year in the roof.

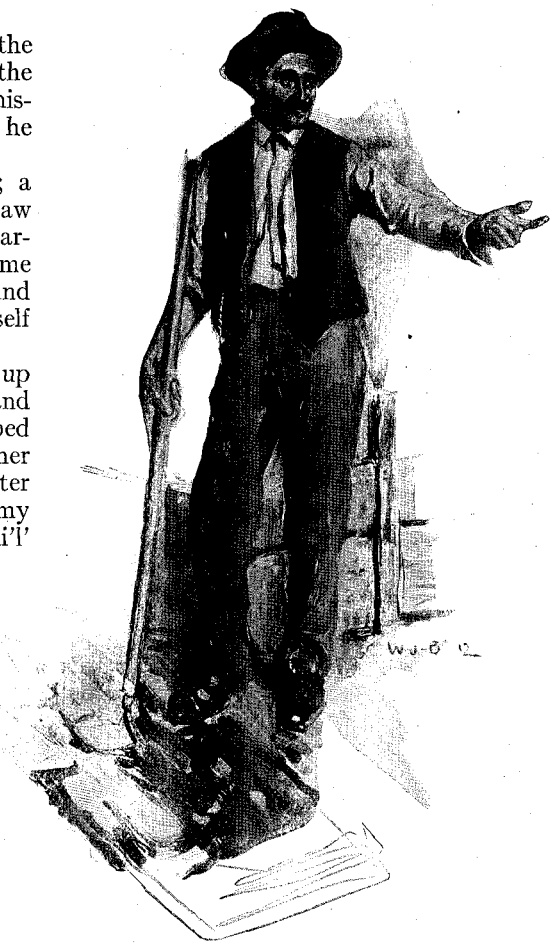
Leaning forward close to the old man, lest she disturb the roomful of people, Shirley whispered: "That's home, an' he never saw it."

"He know it good as us; a many a time he meck me draw hit on de flo' wif a piece o' charcoal, an' den he meck me name ev'y blessed single thing around de place. An' den he hisself drawed——"

"Hush, pap!" She picked up her son's hand and kissed it, and put her head down on the bed lest the crowding people see her eyes; and the stricken planter babbled on: "An' heah mammy laked to play when she wuz a li'l' bittie gal, heah unner de locust tree——"

After several days the disease entered that terrible phase when it is not possible to prophesy the result, when a tiny thing of chance may have a tremendous influence either up or down. The course of underfeeding required by the nature of typhoid had brought down the boy's vitality to a low point. His cheek-bones protruded cruelly, his eyes seemed twice as large as in health, his voice was a faint hoarse whisper. The doctors and nurses could only await the turn, whatever it might be, and caution the young black mother and her father to be careful.

And now it was August, the month, so Pink had told Grover, that sees the cotton bolls burst. The old negro hoped that the boy would not find out that the great white opening time had come, but the prostrate planter had been watching for it and asking the nurses about it. On his way to his first week-day visit in August, Pink planned to begin talking rapidly about everything he could think of that might hold the patient's mind away from cotton. He was interrupted before he had hardly started talking.



"Don't you want one of these gardens?"—Page 210.

"Hit's Augus', gran'pap. Have de sandy lan' lilies put out dee white flags yit?"

"Li'l' bit too early yit, chile. Dee's comin' on." And then he craftily rushed on to the question, "Boy, 'long 'bout sundown yistiddy did you heah a dog a-barkin' under dis winder by yo' baid?"

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"Yassuh, I heerd him."
"Bet you don' know who hit wuz?"
"Who wuz it, gran'pap?"
"Ole Blue. I brung him oveh."

questions; for now the old negro knew that for some reason, perhaps because they had been attended too carefully, perhaps because they were not in their native climate, the sandy land lilies would never unfurl their snow-white flags.

"Glory!" whispered Pink.—Page 210.

In spite, however, of Pink's tortured strategy, at some time in all his visits he was compelled to report on the cotton crop. Frequently the little planter was in a delirium, and then to listen to his confident prattle was as hard to bear as his

Hearing Grover talking so much about them, one of the nurses asked and learned about the five-foot gardens; and she insisted that Pink should dig up one or two

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of the cotton plants and bring them to the hospital.

"The sight of them may be just what he needs," she explained enthusiastically. "They are nice and fresh-looking, aren't they? Then he is so interested. And he knows them so well; I can see that they are very dear to him. They may cause just the turn we want."

Pink tried to argue the point; but she was from Canada and did not know about cotton, and being himself abashed he was hazy and ineffective in argument; so that finally he was forced to promise to do her will.

Two days later he was hanging fearfully about the door of the ward, his hat in one hand, in the other two huge cotton stalks from the raised beds by the riverside that had early reminded him of little flattened graves. Calling him in, the nurse placed the plants in a vase and set it on a table by the sleeping boy. She was enthusiastic; this was her idea. She thought the wizened, hard bolls very pretty. Grover was not to be waked up, she directed; let him come easily from his dreams and see his dear plants standing there. He could even reach up and touch them. She hastened on down the line, promising to be back soon.

Pink waited, desperate, watching one little black hand twitching at the white sheet. He prayed that he would not be there when Grover first saw his sandy land lilies, but his loyalty did not permit him to think of leaving before the hour had passed.

Presently Shirley came tipping into the ward; she had uneasily run away from her work. The slight noise she made in sitting down drew her son out of his sleep. Turning his head as much toward them as he could, he smiled. His voice was weaker than usual.

"Hello, gran'pap! Hello, mammy!"

His eyes caught the signal of green out to the right above him, and he raised up the better to see what it was.

"Whut is deze, gran'pap?" His face was radiant.

"Stop yo' foolin', boy. I digged up two an' brung 'em oveh fer you to see." Pink turned his head away.

Standing up, Shirley proudly held down the vase so that her son could run his hands lovingly over these his own children.

"Gran'pap?"

"Yass, chile?"

"De bolls ain' growed none at all since I seen 'em a long time ago."

"Lawdy, Lawdy, boy, you sho' is mighty mistaken," whispered Pink, not turning his head. "Dee *have* growed—some."

"Gran'pap, de bolls ain' nevah gwine to open an' th'ow out dee white flags. Dass why you is a-settin' dar cryin'." Moaning piteously, he rolled over and covered his head with the sheet to shut out the hideous sight. The interested nurse flew back with a whispered warning.

The tall, black mother, her lips pressed tightly together, straightened up, set the vase on the table, and moved it around behind the bed. Sitting down again, she pulled the sheet gently back from the boy's head.

Facing around to her, the old negro began talking in a passionate whisper.

"Chile's right. Dee nevah could open. Dis heah place ain' dee home; naw, ner hit ain' no nigger's home nudder. Cotton an' niggers ain' do no good onless dee at home."

Pink was looking at Shirley and, though he spoke no question, she nodded her head. Unmindful of the crowded room and the menacing nurse, the aged grandfather and chum dropped on his knees by the bed.

"Boy, yo' mammy say we gwine back home when you git well. Den we gwine to meck a cotton crap 'at will open, won't we, boy?"

"Yassiree, we will. Tell ole Blue."

Mr. Dorgan supplied the tickets.

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Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Gran'pap, de bolls ain' nevah gwine to open an' th'ow out dee white flags. Dass why you is a-settin' dar cryin'."—Page 214.

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GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

BERLIN

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East," etc.

HE is a fortunate traveller who enters Berlin from the west, and toward the end of his journey rolls along over the twelve or fifteen miles of new streets, glides under the Brandenburger Tor and finds himself in Unter den Linden. The Kaiserdamm, Bismarck Strasse, Berliner Strasse, Charlottenburgerchaussee, Unter den Linden, give the most splendid street entrance into a city in the world. The pavement is without a hole, without a crack, and as clear of rubbish of any kind as a well-kept kitchen floor. The cleanliness is so noticeable that one looks searchingly for even a scrap of paper, for some trace of negligence, to modify this superiority over the streets of our American cities. But there is no consolation; the superiority is so incontestable that no comparison is possible. For the whole twelve or fifteen miles the streets are lined with trees, or shrubs, or flowers, with well-kept grass, and with separate roads on each side for horsemen or foot-passengers. In the spring and summer the streets are a veritable garden.

Broadway is 80 feet wide; Fifth Avenue is 100 feet wide; the Champs Elysées is 233 feet wide; and Unter den Linden is 196 feet wide, and has 70 feet of roadway.

For every square yard of wood pavement in Berlin there are 24 square yards of asphalt and 37 square yards of stone. The total length of streets cleaned in Berlin, which has an area of 25 square miles, according to a report of some few years ago, was 316 miles; there are 700 streets and some 70 open places, and the area cleaned daily was 8,160,000 square yards. The cost of the care of the Berlin streets has risen with the growth of the city from 1,670,847 marks,* in 1880, to 6,068,557 marks, in 1910. The total cost of the street-cleaning in New York, in 1907, was $9,758,922, and in Manhattan, The Bronx, and Brooklyn 5,129 men were employed; while the working force in Berlin, in 1911, was 2,150. It should be said also that in New York an enormous amount of scavenging is paid for privately besides. In New York the street-sweepers are paid $2.19 a day; in Berlin the foremen receive 4.75 marks the first three years, and thereafter 5 marks; the men 3.75 marks the first three years, then 4 marks, and after nine years' service, 4.50 marks. The boy assistants receive 2 marks, after two years 2.25 marks, and after four years' service 3 marks. The whole force is paid every fourteen days. The street-cleaning department is divided into thirty-three districts, these districts into four groups, each with an inspector, and all under a head-inspector. Attached to each district are depots with yards for storage of vehicles, apparatus, brooms, shovels, uniforms, with machine shops, where on more than one occasion I have seen enthusiastic workmen trying experiments with new machinery to facilitate their work.

Over this whole force presides, a politician? Far from it; a technically educated man of wide experience and, of the official of my visit I may add, of great courtesy and singular enthusiasm, both for his task and for the men under him. What his politics are concerns nobody, what the politics of the party in power are concerns him not at all. That an individual, or a group of individuals, pow-

*The mark is equal to a little less than twenty-five cents.

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erful financially or politically, should influence him in his choice, or in his placing, of the men under him, is unthinkable. That a political boss in this or in that district should dictate who should and who should not be employed in the street-cleaning department, even down to the meanest remover of dung with a dust-pan, as was done for years in New York and every other city in America, would be looked upon here as a farce of Topsy-Turvydom, with *Alice in Wonderland* in the title-rôle.

The streets are cleaned for the benefit of the people, and not for the benefit of the pockets of a political aristocracy. The public service is a guardian, not a predatory organization. In our country when a man can do nothing else he becomes a public servant; in Germany he can only become a public servant after severe examinations and ample proofs of fitness. The superiority of one service over the other is moral, not merely mechanical.

The street-cleaning department is recruited from soldiers who have served their time, not over thirty-five years of age, and who must pass a doctor's examination, and be passed also by the police. The rules as to their conduct, their uniforms, their rights, and their duties, down to such minute carefulness as that they may not smoke on duty, "except when engaged in peculiarly dirty and offensive labor," is here, as in all official matters in Germany, outlined in labyrinthine detail. Sickness, death, accident, are all provided for with a pension, and there are also certain gifts of money for long service. The police and the street-cleaning department co-operate to enforce the law where private companies or the city-owned street-railways are negligent in making repairs, or in replacing pavement that has been disturbed or destroyed. There is no escape. If the work is not done promptly and satisfactorily, it is done by the city, charged against the delinquent, and collected!

One need go into no further details as to why and wherefore Berlin, Hamburg, even Cologne in these days, Leipzig, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Munich, keep their streets in such fashion that they are as corridors to the outside of Irish hovels as compared to the city streets of America; for the definite and all-including answer and explanation are contained in the two words: no politics.

Berlin is governed by a town council, under a chief burgomaster and a burgomaster, and the civic magistracy, and the police, which is, however, under state control. The chief burgomaster and the burgomaster are chosen from trained and experienced candidates, and are always men of wide experience and severe technical training, who have won a reputation in other towns as successful municipal administrators.

In May, 1912, Wermuth, the son of the blind king of Hanover's right-hand man, and he himself the recently resigned imperial secretary of the treasury, was elected Oberburgomaster of Berlin. Such is the standing of the men named to govern the German cities. It is as though Elihu Root should be elected mayor of New York, with Colonel John Biddle as police commissioner, and Colonel Goethals as commissioner of street-cleaning. May the day come when we can avail ourselves of the services of such men to govern our cities!

The magistracy numbers 34, of whom 18 receive salaries. The town council consists of 144 members, half of whom must be householders. They are elected for six years, and one-third of them retire every two years, but are eligible for re-election. They are elected by the three-class system of voting, which is described in another article. This three-class system of voting results in certain inequalities. In Prussia, for example, fifteen per cent of the voters have two-thirds of the electoral power, and relatively the same may be said of Berlin.

Unlike the municipal elections in American cities, the voters have only a simple ballot to put in the ballot-box. National and state politics play no part, and the voter is not confused by issues that have nothing to do with his city government. The government of their cities is arranged for on the basis that officials will be honest, and work for the city and not for themselves. Our city organizations often give the air of framing laws to prevent thievery, bribery, blackmailing, and surreptitious murder. We frame our munic-

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ipal laws as though we were in the stone age.

These German cities are also, unlike American cities, autonomous. They have no state-made charters to interpret and to obey; they are not restricted as to debt or expenditure; and they are not in the grip of corporations that have bought or leased water, gas, electricity, or street-railway franchises, and these, represented by the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens, become, through the financial undertakings and interests of these very same citizens, often the worst enemies of their own city. The German cities are spared also the confusion which is injected into our politics by a fortunately small class of reformers with the prudish peculiarities of morbid vestals; men who cannot work with other men and who bring the virile virtues, the sound charities, and wholesome morality into contempt.

We all know him, the smug snob of virtue. You may find him a professor at the university; you may find him leading prayer-meetings and preaching pure politics; you may find him the bloodless philanthropist; you may find him a rank atheist with his own patents for the bringing in of the kingdom of heaven. These are the men above all others who make the Tammanyizing of our politics possible. Honest men cannot abide the hot-house atmosphere of their self-conscious virtue.

Germany is just now suffering from the spasms of moral colic, due to overeating. All luxury is in one form or another overeating. Berlin itself has grown too rapidly into the vicious ways of a metropolis, where spenders and wasters congregate. But the German mind has no sympathy with hypocrisy. They may be brutal in their rather material views of morals, but they are frank. There may be mental prigs among them, but there are no moral prigs. In both England and America we suffer from a certain morbid daintiness. There is a ripeness of moral fastidiousness that is often difficult to distinguish from rottenness. It is part of the feminism of America, born of our prosperity, for not one of these men is not a rich man, and Germany escapes this difficulty. The government of a German city is so simple in its machinery that every voter can easily understand it. No doubt Seth Low and George L. Rives could explain to an intelligent man the charter under which New York City is governed, but they are very, very rare exceptions.

Our city government is bad, not because democracy is a failure, not because Americans are inherently dishonest, but because we are a superficially educated people, untrained to think, and, therefore, still worshipping the Jeffersonian fetich of divided responsibility between the three branches of the government. The judicial, the legislative, and the executive are, with minute care, forced to check and to impede one another, and we even carry this antiquated superstition, born of a suspicious and timid republicanism, into the government of our cities. With the exception of those cities in America which are governed by commissions, our cities are slaves as compared with the German cities. They are the slaves of the predatory politicians, and they, on the other hand, are the bribed task-masters of the rich corporations. The German asks in bewilderment why our men of wealth, of leisure, and of intelligence are not devoting themselves to the service of the state and the city. Alas, the answer is the pitiable one that the electoral machinery is so complicated that the voters can be and are continually humbugged; and worse, many of the wealthy and intelligent, through their stake in valuable city franchises, are incompetent to deal fairly with the municipal affairs of their own city.

In the great majority of German cities public-utility services, gas, water, electricity, street-railways, slaughter-houses, and even canals and docks, are owned and controlled by the cities themselves. There is no loop-hole for private plunder, and there is, on the contrary, every incentive to all citizens, and to the rich in particular, to enforce the strictest economy and the most expert efficiency.

What theatres, opera-houses, orchestras, museums, what well-paved and clean streets, what parks Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco might have, had these cities only a part of the money of which in the last twenty-five years they have been robbed! It is true

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that the older cities of Germany have traditions behind them that we lack. Art treasures, old buildings, and an intelligent population demanding the best in music and the drama we cannot hope to supply, but good house-keeping is another matter. Berlin, for example, is a new city as compared with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Detroit, and its growth has been very rapid.

It cannot be said for us alone that we have grown so fast that we have had no time to keep pace with the needs of our population. Berlin, all Germany indeed, has been growing at a prodigious rate. The population of Berlin in 1800 was 100,000; in 1832 only 250,000; hardly half a million in 1870, while the population now is over 2,000,000, and over 3,000,000 if one includes the suburbs, which are for all practical purposes part and parcel of Berlin. Charlottenburg, for example, with a population of 19,517 in 1871, now has a population of 305,976, and the vicinage of Berlin has grown in every direction in like proportions.

There were no towns in Germany till the eighth century, except those of the Romans on the Rhine and the Danube. In 1850 there were only 5 towns in Germany with more than 100,000 inhabitants, and in 1870, only 8; in 1890, 26; in 1900, 33; in 1905, 41; in 1910, 47; and nearly the whole increase of population is now massed in the middle-sized and large cities. The same may be said of the drift of population in America. "A thrifty but rather unprogressive provincial town of 60,000 inhabitants," writes Mr. J. H. Harper, of New York, in 1810.

Between 1860 and 1900 the proportion of urban to rural population in the United States more than doubled. In the last ten years the percentage of people living in cities or other incorporated places of more than 2,500 inhabitants increased from 40.5 to 46.3 per cent of the total; while twenty years ago only 36.1 per cent of the population lived in such incorporated places.

As late as the thirteenth century the Christian chivalry of the time was spending itself in the task of converting the heathen of what is now Prussia; and it was well on into the nineteenth century before serfdom was entirely abolished in this region. It is the newness and rawness of the population in the streets of the great German and Prussian capital which surprise and puzzle the Americans, almost more than the cleanliness and orderliness of the streets themselves. It is as though a powerful monarch had built a fine palace and then, for lack of company, had invited the people from the fields and farm-yards to be his companions therein.

> "Jamais un lourdaud, quoi qu'il fasse
> Ne saurait passer pour galaud."

One should read Hazlitt's "Essay on the Cockney" to find phrases for these Berliners. It is a gazing, gaping crowd that straggles along over the broad sidewalks. Half a dozen to a dozen will stop and stare at people entering or leaving vehicles at a shop or hotel door. I have seen a knot of men stop and stare at the ladies entering a motor-car, and on one occasion one of them wiped off the glass with his hand that he might see the better. It is not impertinence, it is merely bucolic naiveté. The city in the evening is like a country fair, with its awkward gallantries, its brute curiosity, its unabashed expressions of affection, by hands and lips, its ogling, coughing, and other peasant forms of flirtation. It should be remembered that this people as a race show somewhat less of reticence in matters amatory than we are accustomed to. In the foyer of the theatre you may see a young officer walking round and round, his arm under that of his fiancée or bride, and her hand fondly clasped in his. I have even seen kissing, as a couple walked up the stairs from one part of the theatre to another. In the spring and summer the paths of the *Tiergarten* of a morning are strewn with hair-pins, a curious, but none the less accurate, indication of the rather fumbling affection of the night before.

To live in a fashionable hotel in a land whose people you wish to study, is as valueless an experience as to go to a zoological garden to learn to track a mountain sheep, or to ride down a wild boar. You must go about among the people themselves, to their restaurants, to their houses, if they are good enough to ask you, and to the resorts of all kinds that they frequent.

The manners are better than in my student days, but there is still a deal of im-

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provised eating and drinking. There is much tucking of napkins under chins that the person may be shielded from misdirected food-offerings. There is not a little use of the knife where the fork or spoon is called for; but this last I always look upon as a remnant of courage, of the virility remaining in the race from a not distant time when the knife served to clear the forest, to build the hut, to kill the deer, and to defend the family from the wolf; and the traditions of such a weapon still give it predominance over the more epicene fork, as a link with a stirring past. Mere daintiness in feeding, it is to be remembered, is characteristic of the lap-dog and other over-protected animals. Unthinking courage in the matter of victuals is rather a relief from the strained and anxious hygienic watchfulness of the over-civilized and the over-rich. The body should be, and is, regarded by wholesome-minded people, not as an idol, but as an instrument. The German no doubt sees something ignominious in counting, as one chews a chop; in the careful measuring of one's liquids; in the restricting of oneself to the diet of the squirrel and the cow. He would perhaps prefer to lose a year or two of life rather than to nut and spinach himself to longevity. The wholesome body ought of course to be unerring and automatic in its choice of the quantity and quality of its fuel.

A well-dressed man in Berlin is almost as conspicuous as a dancing bear. This comparison may lead the stranger to infer, in spite of what has been said of the orderliness of Berlin, that dancing bears are permitted in the streets. It is only fair to Berlin's admirable police president, von Jagow, to say that they are not.

If one leaves the officers, who are a fine, up-standing, well-groomed lot, out of the account, the inhabitants of Berlin are almost grotesque in their dowdiness. This is the more remarkable for the reason that the citizens of Berlin, wherever you see them, not only in the West-end, but in the tenement districts, in the public markets, going to or coming from the suburban trains, in the trams and underground railway, in the cheaper restaurants and pleasure resorts, taking their Sunday outing, or in the fourth-class carriages of the railway trains, or their children in the schools, show a high level of comfort in their clothing. There is poverty and wretchedness in Berlin, of which later, but in no great city even in America does the mass of the people give such an air of being comfortably clothed and fed.

We have been deluged of late years with figures in regard to the cost of living in this country and in that, and never are statistics such "damned lies" as in this connection. There is better and cheaper food in Berlin, and in the other cities of Germany, than anywhere else in our white man's world. Having for the moment no free trade, or protectionist, or tariff-reform axe to grind, and having tested the pudding not by my prejudices but my palate, and having eaten a fifteen-pfennig luncheon in the street, and climbed step by step the gastronomical stairway in Germany all the way up to a supper at the court, where eight-hundred-odd people were served with a care and celerity, and with hot viands and irreproachable potables, that made one think of the Arabian Nights, I offer my experience and my opinion with some confidence. You can get enough to stave off hunger for a few pfennigs, you can get a meal for something under twenty-five cents, and the whole twenty-five cents will include a glass of the best beer in the world outside of Munich. If you care to spend fifty cents there are countless restaurants where you can have a square meal and a glass of beer for that price; and for a dollar I will give you as good a luncheon with wine as any man with undamaged taste and unspoiled digestion ought to have.

There is one restaurant in Berlin which feeds as many as five thousand people on a Sunday, where you can dine or sup, and listen to good music, and enjoy your beer and tobacco for an hour afterward, and all for something under fifty cents if you are careful in your ordering. During my walks in the country around Berlin I have often had an omelette followed by meat and vegetables, and cheese, and compot, and Rhine wine, with all the bread I wanted, and paid a bill for two persons of a little over a dollar. The *Brödchen*, or rolls, seem to be everywhere of uniform size and quality, and the butter always good.

Paris is fast losing its place as the home

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of good all-round eating as compared with Berlin. Of course, New York for geographical reasons, and also because the modern Mæcenas lives there, is nowadays the place where Lucullus would invite his emperor to dine if he came back to earth; but I am not discussing the nectar and ambrosia classes, but the beer, bread, and pork classes, and certainly Berlin has no rival as a provider for them.

After all our study of statistics, of figures, of contrasts, I am not sure that we arrive at any very valuable conclusions. American working classes work ever shorter hours, gain higher wages, but they are indubitably less happy, less rich in experience, less serene than the Germans. This measuring things by dollars, by hours, by pounds and yard-sticks, measures everything accurately enough except the one thing we wish to measure, which is a man's soul. We are producing the material things of life faster, more cheaply, more shoddily, but it is open to question whether we are producing happier men and women, and that is what we are striving to do as the end of it all. Nothing is of any value in the world that cannot be translated into the terms of man-making, or its value measured by what it does to produce a man, a woman, and children living happily together. Wealth does not do this; indeed, wealth beyond a certain limit is almost certain to destroy the foundation of all peace, a contented family.

A shady beer-garden, capital music, and happy fathers and mothers and children, what arithmetic, or algebra, or census tells you anything of that? The infallible recipe for making a child unhappy is to give it everything it cries for of material things and never to thwart its will. We throw wages and shorter hours of work at people, but that is only turning them out of prison into a desert. No statistics can deal competently with the comparative well-being of nations, and nothing is more ludicrous than the results arrived at where Germany is discussed by the British or American politician. Whatever figures say, and whatever else they may lack, they are better clothed, better fed and cared for, and have far more opportunities for rational enjoyment, and a thousandfold more for æsthetic enjoyment, than either the English or the Americans.

The city, with its broad, clean streets, its beautiful race-course, shaded walks, its forests and lakes, toward Potsdam, or at Tegel, or Werder, when the blossoms are out; with its well-kept gardens, its profusion of flowers and shrubs and trees, is physically the most wholesome great city in the world; but *Hans bleibt immer Hans!* Goethe, after a visit to Berlin, wrote: "There are no more ungodly communities than in Berlin."*

No one knows his Berlin better than that prince of German literary Bohemians, Paul Lindau, and he makes a character in one of his novels say of it: "untidy and orderly, so boisterous and so regulated, so boorish and so kindly, so indescribable —so *Berlinish*—just that!"†

In another place the same author writes: "Berlin as the Capital of the German Empire! There are many respects in which it nevertheless hasn't yet succeeded in taking on the character of a cosmopolitan city."‡ Not even literature finds material for a city novel. There is no Balzac, no Thackeray. Germany is still dominated by the village and the town. Goethe, Auerbach, Gottfried Keller, Freytag, my unread favorite "Fritz" Reuter, deal not with the life of cities. There is as yet no drama, no novel, no art, no politics born of the city. There is no domineering Paris or London or New York as yet.

After some years of acquaintance with Germany as school-boy, as student at the universities, and lately as a most hospitably received guest by all sorts and conditions of men, I do not remember meeting a fop. A German Beau Brummel is as impossible as a French Luther, an American Goethe, or an English Wagner. We have had attempts at foppery in America, but no real fops, merely effigies, foppery taking the dull commercial form of a great variety of raiment. It is a strange contradiction in German life that while they are as a people governed minutely and in detail, forbidden personal freedom along certain lines to which we should find it hard to submit, they are freer morally, freer in their literature, their art, their music, their social life, and in

* "Es giebt keine gottlosere Völker als in Berlin."

† "Staubig und ordentlich, so laut und geregelt, so grob und gemütlich, so unbeschreiblich, so berlinerisch, gerade so!"

‡ "Berlin als Hauptstadt des deutschen Reiches: in mancher Beziehung hatte es sich dem weltstädtischen Charakter doch noch nicht aneignen können."

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their unself-conscious expression of them than any other people. There is a curious combination of legal and governmental slavery, and of spiritual and intellectual freedom; of innumerable restrictions, and great liberty of personal enjoyment, and these enjoyments of the most naïf kind. They seem to have done less to destroy life's palate with the condiments of civilization, and, therefore, still find plain things savorous.

I am not sure that the ecumenical sophistication known as world-etiquette marks a very high degree of knowledge or usefulness anywhere. To know which hat goes with which boots, and what collar and tie with what coat and waistcoat, and what costume is appropriate at 10 A. M., and what at 10 P. M., are minor matters. Such a mental equipment is not the stuff of which soldiers, sailors, statesmen, explorers, or governors are made.

We must not overrate the value of this feminine worldliness in judging the Germans. This effeminate categorical imperative of etiquette has not influenced them greatly as yet. But one must claim for the amenities of life that they have their value, that they are, after all, the external decorations of an inward discipline. It is not necessarily a fine disdain of material things, but rather a keen sense of moral and physical efficiency, which pays due heed to wherewithal ye shall be clothed, at any rate outside of Palestine. Those who dream and discuss may wear anything or nothing. It mattered not what Socrates wore. But men of action must wear the easy armor that fits them best for their particular task. Men who toil either at their pleasure or at their work must change their raiment, if only for the sake of rest and health. Now that government is in the hands of the vociferators rather than the meditators, even politicians must look to their costumes, merely out of regard to cleanliness. Evening clothes with a knitted tie dribbling down the shirt front; a frock coat as a frame for a colored waistcoat, such as at shooting, or riding, or golf, we permit ourselves to break forth in as a weak surrender to the tailor, or to the ingenuity of our womenfolk who are not "unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled"; the extraordinary indulgence in personal fancies in the choice of colored ties, as though the male citizens of Berlin had been to an auction of the bastards of a rainbow; the little melon-shaped hats with a band of thick velvet around them; the awkward slouching gait, as of men physically untrained; the enormous proportion of men over forty who follow behind their stomachs and turn their toes out at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, whose necks lie in folds over their collars, and whose whole appearance denotes an uncared-for person and a negligence of domestic hygiene: these things are significant. No man who walks with his toes pointing southwest by south and southeast by south, when he is going south, will ever get into France on his own feet, carrying a knapsack and a rifle. Cranach's painting of Duke Henry the Pious, in the Dresden Gallery, gives an accurate picture of the way many Germans still stand and walk; while every athlete knows that runners and walkers put their feet down straight, or with a tendency to turn them in rather than out. The Indians of northwest India and the Indians of our own West are also good examples of this.

It is evident that the orderliness of Berlin is enforced orderliness and not voluntary orderliness. Both pedestrians and drivers of all sorts of vehicles take all that is theirs and as much more as possible. There is none of the give and take, and innate love of fair play and instinctive wish to give the other fellow a chance, so noticeable in London streets, whether on the sidewalks or in the roadway. There is a general chip-on-the-shoulder attitude in Prussia, which may be said, I think not unfairly, to be evident in all ranks, from their recent foreign diplomacy down to the pedestrians and drivers.

Many people whom I have met, not only foreigners but Germans from other parts of Germany, are loud in their denunciations of the Berliners. "Frech" and "roh" are words often used about them. There is a surly malice of speech and manner among the working classes, that seems to indicate a wish to atone for political impotence by braggart impudence to those whom they regard as superior.

Their awkward and annoying attentions to women alone on the streets; their staring and gaping; their rudeness in push-

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ing and shoving; the general underbred look, the slouching gait, the country-store clothes, hats, and boots; the fearful and wonderful combinations of raiment; the sweetbread complexions, as of men under-exercised and not sufficiently aired and scrubbed; their stiff courtesy to one another when they recognize acquaintances with hat-sweeping bows; their fierce gobbling in the restaurants; their lack of small services and attentions to their own women when they go about in public with them; their selfish disregard of others in public places, their giving and taking of hats, coats, sticks, and umbrellas at the *garde-robes* of the theatres, for example; their habit of straggling about in the middle of the streets, like the chickens and geese on a country road: all these things I have noted too, but I must admit the surprising personal conclusion that I have grown to like the people. A good pair of shoulders and an engaging smile go far to mitigate these nuisances. It makes for good sense in this matter of criticism always to bear in mind that delicious piece of humor of the psalmist: "Let the righteous rather smite me friendly; and reprove me. But let not their precious balms break my head." The "precious balms" of the lofty and righteous critic are not of much value when they merely break heads.

I have been all over Berlin, and in all sorts of places, by day and by night. I have found myself seated beside all sorts of people in restaurants and public places, and I have yet to chronicle any rudeness to me or mine. I like their innocent curiosity, their unsophisticated ways, their bumpkin love-making in public; and many a time I have found entertainment from odd companions who seated themselves near me, when I have strayed into the cheaper restaurants to hear and see something of the Berliner in his native wilds. Their malice and rudeness and apparent impertinences are due to lack of experience, to the fact that their manners are still untilled, I believe, rather than to intentional insult. They are not housebroken to their new capital, that is all, and that will come in time. Their malicious jealousy peeps out in all sorts of ways. In the lower house of the Prussian Diet, recently, a member protested vigorously against the employment of an American singer in the Opera House! Chauvinism carried to this extreme becomes comic, and is noted here only to indicate to what depths of farm-yard provinciality some of the citizens of this great city can descend.

They are dreamers and sentimentalists too. There are more kissing, more fondling, more exuberance of affection, more displays of friendliness in Germany in a week than in England and America in six months. I confess without shame that I like to see it, and when it comes my way, as beyond my deserts it has, I like to feel it. How lasting is this friendliness I have no means of knowing till the years to come tell me, but that it is a pleasant atmosphere to live in there can be no doubt.

The driving is of the very worst. A man behind a horse, or horses, who knows even the elements of handling the reins and the whip and the brake would be a curiosity indeed. I have not seen a dozen coachmen, private or public, to whom my youngest child could not have given invaluable suggestions as to the bitting, harnessing, and handling of his cattle. On the other hand, I one day saw a street sign twisted out of its place. I was fascinated by this unexampled mark of negligence. I determined to watch that sign; alas, within forty-eight hours it was put right again.

Let it not be understood that there are no fine horses to be seen in Berlin. You will go far to find a better lot of horseflesh, or better-looking men on the horses, than you will see when the Kaiser rides by to the castle after his morning exercise; and he sits his horse and manages him with the easy skill of the real horseman, and looks every inch a king besides. It is told of Daniel Webster, walking in London, that a navvy turned to his companion and remarked: "That bloke must be a king!" You would say the same of the Kaiser if you saw him on horseback.

At horse shows and in the Tiergarten, and in riding-places in other cities, I have looked at hundreds of horses, and, if I mistake not, Germany is both buying and breeding the very best in the way of mounts, though their civilian riders are often of the scissors variety. There are comparatively few harness horses, and in

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Berlin scarcely a dozen well-turned-out private carriages, outside the imperial equipages, which are always superbly horsed and beautifully turned out, so my eyes tell me at least, and I have watched the streets carefully for months. The minor details of a properly turned-out carriage, bits, chains, liveries, saddle-cloths, and so on, are still unknown here. I have had the privilege of driving and riding some of the horses in the imperial stables; and I have seen all of them at one time or another being exercised in harness and under the saddle. I have never driven a better-mannered four or ridden more beautifully broken saddle-horses. There are three hundred and twenty-six horses in his Majesty's stables, and for a private stable of its size it has no equal in the world. I may add, too, that there is probably no better "whip" in the world today, whether with two horses, four horses, or six horses, than the gentleman who trains the harness horses in the imperial stables. This German coachman would be a revelation at a horse show in either New York or London. If the citizens of Berlin were as well-mannered as the horses in the imperial stables, this would be the most elegant capital in the world. It is to be regretted that his Majesty's very accomplished master of the horse cannot also hold the position of *censor morum* to the citizens of Berlin. Individual prowess in the details of cosmopolitan etiquette has not reached a high level, but in all matters of mere house-keeping there are no better municipal housewives than these German cities and towns.

As a further example, the statues of Berlin are carefully cleaned in the spring, but what statues! With the exception of the Lessing, the Goethe, and the Great Elector, the statue of Frederick the Great, and the reclining statues of the late emperor and empress, by Begas, and one or two others, one sees at once that these citizens are no more capable of ornamenting their city than of dressing themselves.

Poor Bismarck! Grotesque figures, men, women, animals, surround the base of his statue in Berlin, in Leipsic; and in Hamburg, clad in a corrugated golf costume, with a colossal two-handed sword in front of him, he is a melancholy figure, gazing out over a tumble-down beer-garden. At Walmsee, near Berlin, there is, I must admit, a really fine bust of Bismarck. On a solid square pedestal of granite, covered with ivy and surrounded by the whispering, or sighing, or creaking and cracking trees that he loved, and facing the setting sun, and alone in a secluded corner, just the place he would have loved, there are the head and shoulders of the real Bismarck. Here for once he has escaped the fussy attentions of the artistry that he detested. Lehnbach, who painted Bismarck so many scores of times, never gave him the color that his face kept all through life, and with the exception of this bust, of the scores of Bismarck memorials one sees they all commiserate the lack of artist ability; they do not commemorate Bismarck. If this is what they do to the greatest man in their history, what is to be expected elsewhere? What has poor Joachim Friedrich done that he should pose forever in the Sieges Allée as an intoxicated hitching-post? What, indeed, have his companions done that they should stand in two rows there, studies in contortion, with a gilded Russian dancer with wings at one end of their line and a woodeny Roland at the other? But there they are, simpering a paltry patriotism, insipid as history, and ridiculous as art. What has become of Lessing, and Winckelmann, and Goethe, and their teachings? Is this the price that a nation must pay for its industrial progress?

The German, with all his boasting about the "centre of culture," has not discovered that the beauty of antiquity is the expression of those virtues which were useful at the time of Theseus, as Stendhal rightly tells us. Individual force, which was everything of old, amounts to almost nothing in our modern civilization. The monk who invented gunpowder modified sculpture; strength is only necessary now among subalterns. No one thinks of asking whether Frederick the Great and Napoleon were good swordsmen. The strength we admire is the strength of Napoleon advancing alone upon the First Battalion of the royal troops near Lake Loffrey in March, 1815; that is strength of soul. The moral qualities with which we are concerned are no longer the same as in the days of the Greeks. Before this cockney sculpture was planned, there

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should have been a closer study of the history and philosophy of art in Berlin.

It is true that we in America are living in a glass house to some extent in these matters, but where in all Germany is there any modern sculpture to compare with our Nathan Hale, our Minute Man, and that most spirited bit of modern plastic art in all the world, the Shaw Monument in Boston? You cannot stand in front of it without keeping time, and here lips of bronze sing the song of patriotism till your heart thumps, and you are ready to throw up your hat as the splendid young figure and his negro soldiers march by—and they do march by! It is almost a consolation for what Boston has done to that gallant soldier and humble servant of God, that modest gentleman, Phillips Brooks. In a statue to him they have travestied the virtues he expounded, slain the ideal of the Christ he preached, theatricalized the least theatrical of men, and placed this piece of mortifying misunderstanding in bronze under the very eaves of the house that grew out of his simple eloquence. There is in Leipzig a similar misdemeanor in a statue of Beethoven. He sits, naked to the waist, in a bronze chair, with a sort of bath-towel drapery of colored marble about his legs, and an eagle in front of him. He has a chauffeurish expression of anxious futility, as though he were about to run over the eagle.

Men are without great dreams in these days, and art is elaborate and fussy and self-conscious. The technical part of the work is predominant. One sees the artist holding up a mirror to himself as he works. Pygmalion congratulates the statue upon the fact that he carved it, instead of being lost in the love of creating. It is as though a lover should sing of himself instead of singing of his lady. The subtle poison of self-advertisement has crept in, and peers like a satyr from the picture and from the statue. Even the most prominent name in German music at this writing is that of a man who is notorious as an expert salesman of symphonic sensationalism.

Though the streets are so well kept, the buildings in these miles of new streets are flimsy-looking, and evidently the work of the speculative builder. The more pretentious buildings ape a kind of Nuremberg Renaissance style, and are as effective as a castle made of cardboard. This does not imply that there are not simple and solid buildings in Berlin and, in the case of the new library and a score of other buildings, worthy architecture; but the general impression is one of haste multiplied by plaster.

The whole city blossoms with statuary, like a cosmopolitan 'Arriet who cannot get enough flowers and feathers on her Sunday hat. A certain comic anthropomorphism is to be seen, even on the balustrades of the castle, where the good Emperor William is posed as Jupiter, the Empress Augusta as Juno, Emperor Frederick as Mars, and his wife as Minerva! On the façades of houses, on the bridges, on the roofs of apartment houses, on the hotels even, and scattered throughout the public gardens, are scores of statues, and they are for the most part what hastily ordered, swiftly completed art, born of the dollar instead of the pain and travail of love and imagination, must always be.

A certain literary snob taken to task by Doctor Parr for pronouncing the one-time capital of Egypt "Alexandrīa," with the accent on the long i, quoted the authority of Doctor Bentley. "Doctor Bentley and I," replied Doctor Parr, "may call it 'Alexandrīa,' but I should advise you to call it 'Alexandrĭa.'" It was all very well for the Medici to ornament their cities and their homes with the fruit of the great artistic spring-time of the world, but I should strongly advise the Berliners to pronounce it "Alexandria" for some years to come. No matter how fervid the lover, nor how possessed he may be by his mistress, he cannot turn out every day, even,

> "A halting sonnet of his own poor brain,
> Fashion'd to Beatrice."

All this pretentious over-ornamentation is cosmeticism, the powder and paint of the vulgarian striving to conceal by a futile advertisement her lack of refinement. Paris was teaching the world when there was no capital in Germany; London has been a commercial centre for a thousand years, and Oxford was a hundred years old before even the University of Prague, the first in Germany, was founded by

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Charles IV in 1348. You may like or dislike these cities, but at any rate they have a bouquet; Berlin has none.

When Germany deals with the inanimate and amenable factors of life, she brings the machinery of modern civilization well-nigh to the point of perfection. As a municipal and national housewife she has no equal, none. But art has nothing to do with brooms and dust-pans, and human nature is woven of surprises and emergencies, and what then? An interesting example in the streets of Berlin is the difference between the perfection of the street-cleaning, which deals with the inanimate and with accurately calculable factors, and the governing of the street traffic. Horses and men and motor-driven vehicles are not as dependable as blocks of pavement. When the traffic in the Berlin streets grows to the proportions of London, Paris, and New York, one wonders what will happen. Nowhere are there such broad, well-kept streets in which the traffic is so awkwardly handled.

The police are all, and must be, indeed, non-commissioned officers of the army, of nine years' service, and not over thirty-five years of age. They are armed with swords and pistols by night, and in the rougher parts of the town with the same weapons by day as well. After ten years' service they are entitled to a pension of twenty-sixtieths of their pay, with an increase of one-sixtieth for each further year of service. They are not under the city, but under state control, and the chief of police is a man of distinction, nearly always a nobleman, and nominated by, and in every case approved by, the Emperor. In Berlin he is appointed by the King of Prussia. He is a man of such standing that he may be promoted to cabinet rank. The men are well-turned-out, of heavy build, very courteous to strangers so far as my experience can speak for them, and quiet and self-controlled. Under the police president are one colonel of police, receiving from 6,000 to 8,500 marks, according to his length of service; 3 majors, receiving from 5,400 to 6,600 marks; 20 captains, receiving from 4,200 to 5,400 marks; 156 lieutenants, receiving from 3,000 to 4,500 marks; 450 sergeants, receiving from 1,650 to 2,300 marks; and 5,382 patrolmen, receiving from 1,400 to 2,100 marks. There are also some 300 mounted police, receiving from 1,400 to 2,600 marks. The colonel, majors, and captains receive 1,300 marks additional, and the lieutenants 800 marks additional, for house rent. The mounted police are well-horsed, but it is no slight to them to say, however, that their horses are not so well-trained and well-mannered, nor the men such skilful horsemen, as those of our mounted squad in New York, who, man for man and horse for horse, are probably unequalled anywhere else in the world.

The demand for these non-commissioned officers of nine years of army discipline, who cannot be called upon to serve in the army again, has grown with the growth of the great city, with its need of porters, watchmen, and the like, and so valuable are their services deemed that the present police force of Berlin is short of its proper number by some seven hundred men.

The examination of those about to become policemen extends over four weeks, and includes every detail of the multiplicity of duties, which ranges from the protection of the public from crime down to tracking down truants from school and the regulation of the books of the maid-servant class. The policeman who aspires to the rank of sergeant undergoes a still more rigorous examination, extending over twenty weeks of preparation, during which time he studies, note this list, ye "young barbarians all at play," German, rhetoric, writing, arithmetic, common fractions, geography, history, especially the history of the House of Hohenzollern, from the time of the Margraves to the present time (!), political divisions of the earth, especially of Prussia and Germany, the essential features of the constitution of the Prussian kingdom and German empire, the organization and working of the various state authorities in Prussia and Germany, elementary methods of disinfection, common veterinary remedies, the police law as applicable to innumerable matters from the treatment of the drunk, blind, and lame, to evidences of murder and the press law. The man who passes such an examination would be more than qualified to take a degree at one of our minor colleges, if he knew English, and

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the classics were not required, and could well afford to sniff disdainfully at the pelting shower of honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity, which descend from the commencement platforms, of our more girlish intellectual factories of orthodoxy.

The cost of the police in Berlin in 1880 was 2,494,722 marks; in 1890, 3,007,879 marks; in 1900, 6,065,975 marks; and in 1910, 8,708,165 marks.

I fancy that after an accident has taken place the literary, legal, and hygienic details are cared for by the Berlin police as nowhere else. In their management of the traffic they are distinctly lacking in decision and watchfulness. On the western side of the Brandenburger Tor there is seldom an hour without a tangle of traffic which is entirely unnecessary if the police knew their business. On the Tiergarten Strasse, a rather narrow and much used thoroughfare in the fashionable part of the town, trucks, cabs, and other vehicles are not kept close to the curbs, often they drive along in pairs, slowing up all the traffic, and at the east end of the street is a corner which could easily be remedied by the building of a "refuge," and an authoritative policeman to guard the three approaches. Not once, but scores of times, at the very important corner of Unter den Linden and Wilhelm Strasse I have seen the policeman talking to friends on the curb, quite oblivious to a scramble of cabs, wagons, and motors at cross purposes in the street. Potsdamer Platz presents a difficult problem at all times of the day, especially when the crowds are coming from or going toward home, but a few ropes and iron standards and four alert Irish policemen would make it far plainer sailing than now it is. It is to be remembered, too, that the traffic is a mere dribble as compared to a torrent, when one remembers Paris, New York, and London. In 1909 the street accidents in Paris numbered 65,870, and there was one summons for every 77 motor taxicabs, but Paris is now *hors concours* as the dirtiest, worst-paved capital in Europe, and the home of social anarchy; a place where adventurous spirits will go soon rather than to Africa, or to the Rocky Mountains, for excitement in affrays with revolvers, vitriol, and chloroform.

In London, in 1909, there were 13,388 accidents. In Berlin there was a total of 3,895 accidents in 1900; 4,797 in 1905; and 4,233 in 1910. One hundred persons were killed in 1900; 115 in 1905; and 136 in 1910. In this connection it is to be said that Berlin has fewer and much less adventurous inhabitants, very much less complicated traffic, much broader and better streets, and far fewer problems than the older cities. If the citizens of Berlin were anything like as capable of taking care of themselves in the streets as they should be, there would be hardly any accidents at all. The new police regulation of the traffic has been only some four or five years in existence in its more rigid form, and perhaps neither people nor police are accustomed to it. Even then, out of the total of 4,233 accidents in 1910, 1,876 of them were caused by the street-railway cars. This shows of itself how light the traffic must be, for worse driving and more awkward pedestrians one would go far to find.

The cost of Berlin housekeeping increases by leaps and bounds. The total city expenses were: 45,221,988 marks in 1880; 89,364,270 in 1890; 121,405,356 in 1900; and 355,424,614 in 1910. The debt of Berlin has risen from 126,161,605 marks in 1880, and 272,912,350 in 1900, to 475,799,231 in 1910, with a very considerable addition voted for 1912. In the ten years alone between 1897 and 1907 the debt of German cities, including only those with a population of more than 10,000, increased by $1,050,000,000.

It cannot be expected that the best-kept, cleanest, and most orderly cities in the world, and there need be no hesitation in saying this of the German cities, should not spend much money, and the states in which they are situated much money as well. The various states of the empire spent, according to a report of four years ago, $1,352,500,000; and the empire itself $738,250,000, or a total of $2,090,750,000. From the various state or empire controlled enterprises, such as railways, forests, mines, post and telegraph, imperial printing-office, and so on, the states and empire received a net income of $216,525,000, and the balance was, of course, raised by direct and indirect taxation.

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One may put appropriately enough under this heading the invaluable and unpaid services of a host of honorary officials, who render expert service both in the state and city governments. There are over ten thousand honorary officials in the city of Berlin alone, more than three thousand of whom serve under the school authorities. They are chosen from citizens of standing, education, wealth, and ability, and assist in all the departments with advice and expert knowledge, and sit upon the various committees. The German citizen has not only his pocket taxed, but his patriotism also, and a capital philosophy of government this implies.

A friend, a large landholder in Saxony, gives, between his services as a reserve officer in the army and his magisterial and other duties, something over nine weeks of his time to the state every year, and he is by no means an exception, he tells me. A certain amount of this is required of him by the state, with a heavy fine for non-performance of these duties. The same is true of the many members of the various standing committees in the cities. Each citizen is compelled to contribute a certain proportion of his mental and moral prowess to the service of his state and city, but he receives a return for it in his beautifully kept city, in the educational advantages, in the theatres, concerts, opera, and in the peaceful orderliness, the value of which only the foreigner can fully appreciate.

Almost all the court theatres, for example, throughout Germany are under a director who works in harmony with the reigning prince. The King of Prussia gives for his theatres in Berlin, Wiesbaden, Hanover, and Cassel, more than $625,000 a year from his private purse; the Duke of Anhalt, $75,000 a year to the Dessauer theatre. The players have a sure position under responsible and intelligent government, and feel themselves to be not mere puppets, but educational factors with a certain pride and dignity in their work.

There are more Shakespeare plays given in Germany in a week than in all the English-speaking countries together in a year. This is by no means an exaggeration. The theatre is looked upon as a school. Fathers and mothers arrange that their older children as well as themselves shall attend the theatre all through the winter, and subscribe for seats as we would subscribe to a lending library. There is no spectacular gorgeousness, as when an Irving, a Booth, or a Beerbohm Tree sugar-coats Shakespeare to induce us barbarians to go, in the belief that we are after all not wasting our time, since the performance tastes a little of the more gorgeous music halls. The scenery and costumes are sufficient, and the performance always worth intelligent attention, for the reason that both the director and his players have given time and scholarship to its interpretation. The acting is often indifferent as compared to the French stage, but it is at least always in earnest and intelligent. The theatre prices in Berlin are high, even as compared with New York prices, but in other cities and towns of Germany cheaper than in England, France, or America.

Pericles passed a law in Athens by which each citizen was granted two oboli, one to pay for his seat at the theatre, the other to provide himself with refreshment. In Athens the play began at 6 or 7 A. M., and during the morning three tragedies and a satirical drama were played, followed in the afternoon by a comedy. The theatre of Dionysius seated 30,000 people, who brought their cushions, food, and drink, and occasionally used them to express their dislike of the performance or the performers. At one of the larger industrial towns in Germany, during a Sunday of my visit, there were three performances: one, at 11 A. M., of a patriotic melodrama, "Glaube und Heimat"; another, at 3.30 P. M., of "Der Freischütz"; and another, at 7.30 P. M., of Sudermann's play, "Die Ehre." The prices of seats for the morning performance ranged from eight cents to forty-five cents; a little more in the afternoon; and from seventeen cents to $1.15 in the evening. At the performance I attended, the house was crowded and attentive. I was not enough of an Athenian to attend all three. Even at the Music Hall in Berlin, where, as in other cities, the thinly covered salacious is ladled out to the animal man, there was a capital stage caricature of Œdipus, which atoned for the customary *ewig* Leg*liche*, which now rules in these resorts. If for

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some untoward reason women ceased to have legs, what would the British and American theatrical trust managers do!

The German takes his theatre and his music as from the beginnings of these it was intended we all should do. They are not a distraction merely, but an education, an education of the senses, and through the senses of the whole man. There are music-lovers and serious play-goers in America; but for the most part our theatres cater to, and are filled by, a public seeking a soothing and condimented mental atmosphere in which to finish digestion. Theatrical salmagundi is served everywhere, and seems to be the dish best suited to the American æsthetic palate as thus far educated. We cannot complain, since other wares would be quickly provided did we but ask for them.

America has suffered because she was overtaken by a great material prosperity before she had a sufficient spiritual and intellectual development, and up to now the material side of life has had the upper hand. We buy the best pictures, the rare books and manuscripts, armor and silver and porcelain, and it must be said that there is a fine idealism here, because they are bought almost without exception by uncultured, often almost unlettered, rich men, who know nothing and care very little for these things, but who are providing rare educational opportunities for another generation. In the same way we hire the best musicians and singers, but our surroundings and the powerful circumambient ambitions have not tempted us as yet to live contentedly and understandingly in any such atmosphere, as the Germans do. It is a striking contrast, perhaps of all the contrasts the most interesting to the student, this of America growing from industrialism toward idealism, of Germany growing out of idealism into industrialism.

Germany floats in music; in America a few, a very few, float on it. In Germany everybody sings, almost everybody plays some instrument, and from the youngest to the oldest everybody understands music; at least that is the impression you carry away with you from the land of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, and Beethoven, and Wagner, and I might fill the page with the others.

You are at least on the ramparts of Paradise in the *Thomas Kirche* in Leipzig at the weekly Saturday concert of the scholars of the Thomas Schule. The worldliness is melted out of you, as you sit in the cool, quiet church with the sunlight slanting in upon you, and the atmosphere alive with sweet sounds. And this is only one of hundreds of such experiences all over Germany. At the *Kreuz Kirche* in Dresden, at the great Dom church in Berlin at Easter time, for the asking you may have the oil and wine of music's Good Samaritan poured upon the wounds of those sore-pressed travellers, your hopes and ideals, your dreams and ambitions, that have fallen among thieves, on the long, long way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

It is, I must admit, a drab and dreary crowd to look at, these Germans at the theatre, at the opera, in the concert halls. They do not dress, or if they are women undress, for their music as do we; their music dresses for them. They come, most of them, in the clothes that they have worn all day, each *quidlibet induitus*. They have many of them a meal of meat, bread, and beer during the long pause between two of the acts always provided for this purpose. Some of them bring little bags with their own provisions, and only buy a glass of beer. They are solemnly attentive, an educated and experienced audience there for a purpose, and not to be trifled with, the most competently critical audience in the world. I wonder as I look at them whether the fact that they have no backs to their heads, emphasized nowadays by the fact that many men wear their hair clipped close to the head, and no chins (the lack of chins in Germany is almost a national peculiarity) has any physiological or psychological relation to their prowess in, and love of, and critical appreciation of, the more nebulous arts: music, poetry, philosophy, and the serious drama.

They are as adamant in their observance of the rules in such matters. More than once I arrive at the opera a few minutes late, once four minutes late, the doors are closed and guarded, and I listen to the overture from the outside. At a concert led by the famous von Bülow half a dozen women come in after the music has begun, rustling, sibilant, and excited. The music stops, the great conductor turns to glare at them and, refer-

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ring to the geese which are said to have saved Rome by their hissing, thunders: "Hier ist kein Capitol zu retten!"

There are some forty thousand professional musicians in Germany. The town council of Berlin is now discussing gravely the sum to be allotted to the support of the Symphony Orchestra; and Charlottenburg is building an opera house of its own, and Spandau a theatre; and there has just been formed in Berlin a "Society of the German Artistes' Theatre," with a capital of $200,000, which is a project along the general lines of the *Comédie Française*. The discussions and arguments relating to these municipal expenditures, as I read them in the newspapers, are all based upon the assumption that the people have a right to good and cheap music, just as they have a right to good and cheap beer and bread.

At Düsseldorf one of the theatres, managed by a woman and supported by the best people in the town, is not only a playhouse, but a school for actors, and a proving-ground for the drama. It is a treat indeed to attend the performances there. We have tried similar things in America, but with sad results. Fifty millionaires, no one of whom had ever read the text of a serious play in his life, build a temple for the drama, but there are no plays, no actors, no audience, nothing is accomplished. There is no critical body of real lovers of the drama, and there are no cheap seats, and there is still that fatuous notion that exclusiveness, except in the trifling matter of physical propinquity, can be bought with dollars.

The only impenetrably exclusive thing in the world is intellect, he is the only aristocrat left in these democratic days, and we are not devoting much attention as yet to his breeding. We do not realize that the only valuable democrat must be an aristocrat. "Culture seeks to do away with classes and sects; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely; nourished and not bound by them. This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality."

In Germany there are more men of culture per thousand of the population than in any other land, but they rule the country not by "sweetness and light," but by force. This seems at first a contradiction. It is not. Religion, life, love are all savage things. Because we have known men who preach but do not believe; men who breathe and walk who have not lived; men who protest but who have not loved, we are prone to think of religion, life, and love as soft. We have conquered and chastened so much of nature: the air, the water, the bowels of the earth, that we fool ourselves with thinking that culture also is tame, that religion, life, and love are tame too. Savage things they are! You may know them by that! If you find them nice, vivacious, amusing, amenable, be sure that they are forgeries.

This is the profound fallacy underlying the present-day economic peace propagandism, whose heaviest underwriter, Mr. Carnegie, is, by the way, an agnostic. While there is faith, there will be fighting. Do away with either and society would crumble. What the Puritans did for us, the Prussians have done for Germany. They have fought, are fighting, and will fight for their faith. Though they have many unpleasant characteristics, this is their most admirable quality. They believe in an aristocracy of culture with a right to rule. Goethe said of Luther that he threw back the intellectual progress of mankind by centuries, by calling in the passions of the multitude to decide on subjects that ought to have been left to the learned. This is a good example of imitation culture. This is very much the view that Mr. Balfour holds in regard to Cromwell. But Luther and Bismarck made Germany. The one taught Germany to bark, the other taught Germany to bite. The great deliverers of the world came, not to bring peace, but a sword.

When you leave the drab crowd in the streets and enter the houses of the real rulers of Germany, the contrast between the aristocrat and the plebeian is nowhere so outstanding. I have seen no finer-looking specimens of mankind in face and figure and manner than the best of these men. If you stroll through the halls of the *Krieges Academie*, where the pick of the young officers of the German army are preparing themselves for the examinations which admit a very small proportion of them to appointments on

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the general staff, you will be delighted with the faces and figures and the air of alertness and intelligence there. And you will find as fine a type of gentlemen, in face, manners, and figure, at their head as exists anywhere.

There are complaints that this Prussian aristocracy is socially exclusive, is given office both in the army and in civil life too readily; but what an aristocracy it is! These are the men whose families gave, often their all, to make Prussia, and then to make Germany. Service of king and country is in their blood. They get small remuneration for their service. There is no luxury. They spurn the temptations of money. Hundreds and hundreds of them have never been inside the house of a rich parvenu, nor have their women. They work as no other servants work, they live on little, they and their women and children; and you may count yourself happily privileged if they permit you the intimacy of their home life.

Officers and gentlemen there are, living on two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and most of them on much less, and their wives, as well born as themselves, darning their socks and counting the pfennigs with scrupulous care. These are the women whose ancestors flung themselves against the Roman foe, beside their husbands and brothers; these are the women who gave their jewels to save Prussia; these are the women, with the glint of steel and the light of summer skies braided in their eyes, who have taken their hard, self-denying part in making Prussia and the German empire. No wonder they despise the mere money-maker, no wonder they will have none of his softness for themselves, and hate what Milton calls "lewdly pampered luxury," as a danger to their children. They know well the moral weapons that won for this starved, and tormented, and poverty-stricken land its present place in the world as a great power.

"And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied
His ringing trade;

"So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother
Well content."

I, good democrat that I am, know very well that there are, and always have been, and always will be aristocrats, for there is no national salvation without them anywhere in the world. The aristocrats are the same everywhere, no matter what their distinctions of title, or whether they have none. They are those who believe that they owe their best to God and to men, and they serve. Likewise the plebeians are the same all over the world; whatever their presumptions or denials, they believe that they are here to get what they can out of God and men, and they take far more than they give.

Perhaps no feature of German life is so little known, so little understood, as this simple-living, proud, and exclusive caste, who have made, and still protect and guard, Prussia and Germany. They say: "We made Prussia and Germany, and we intend to guard them, both from enemies at home and from enemies abroad!" My admiration for these men and women is so unbounded that I would no more carry criticism with me into their homes than I would carry mud into a sanctuary.

They have done much for Germany, but the best perhaps of all is that they have made economy and simple living feasible and even fashionable; they have made talent aristocratic; they have insisted that social life shall be founded on service and breeding and ability. They will have no dealings with Herr Müller, the rich shop-keeper, but whatever name the distinguished artist, or public servant, or man of science, or young giant in any field of intellectual prowess may bear, he is welcomed. In general this welcome given by German society to talent holds good. There is, however, a society composed of the great landed proprietors, who live in the country, who come to Berlin rarely, and whose horizon is limited severely to their own small interests, their restricted circle, and by their provincial pride. They recognize nobody but themselves, for the reason that they

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know nobody and nothing else. There is an exclusiveness born of stupidity, just as there is an exclusiveness born of a sense of duty to one's position and traditions in the world. One must recognize that this side of social life exists in Germany just as it exists in England, and France, and Austria, but it is fast losing its importance and its power.

One hears it lamented that society is changing, that the rich Jew and the rich gentile is received where twenty-five years ago the social portals were shut against him; and that many go to their houses who would not have gone not many years ago. My experience is too slender to weigh these matters in years: my contention is only that, from an American or English standpoint, their social life is notably simple, and still largely founded on merit and service rather than upon the means to provide luxury.

Though there are thousands of people received at court each year, this does not mean that they are invited to the more intimate parties of those in court control. They are tolerated, not welcomed. Such people are invited to the court ball, but never thought of, even, as guests at the small supper party of, say, a court official later in the evening. Prussia and Germany are still ruled socially and politically by a small group of, roughly, fifty thousand men; eight thousand of them in the frock coat of the civilian official, and the rest in military uniforms. Added to this must be named a few great financiers, shipping and mining and industrial magnates, and great landowners, and less than half a dozen journalists, and as many professors.

According to the census there are in all only 720 persons in Berlin with incomes of more than $25,000 a year, and 521 of these have between $25,000 and $60,000 a year; leaving a very small number indeed with incomes adequate, from an American point of view, for extravagant social expenditure. Of these 200, probably not 50 are figures in the social life of the capital. It may be seen at once, therefore, that entertaining cannot be on a lavish or spectacular scale.

The minister of foreign affairs and the imperial minister of the interior receive salaries of 36,000 marks, with 14,000 marks additional for expenses. The Prussian ministers have the same. Other ministers receive 30,000 marks and 14,000 additional for expenses. The chancellor of the empire receives 36,000 marks, and 64,000 additional for expenses. The highest receivable pension is three-fourths of the salary—not counting the additional sum for expenses, or, as it is named, *Repräsentationsaufwand* — after forty years of service. The foreign ambassadors to the more expensive capitals, London, Paris, New York, Saint Petersburg, receive 150,000 marks a year. Where one has seen something of the innumerable demands upon the income of a foreign ambassador, one is the more amazed that a great democracy like ours should so restrict the salaries of its representatives abroad that only rich men dare undertake the duty. What could be more undemocratic!

Germany is a rich, very rich, country in the sense that it has the most intelligent, hardest-working, most fiercely economical, and the most rationally and most easily contented population of any of the great powers. But Germany is not rich in surplus and liquid capital as compared with England, France, or America. It is the more to her credit that her capital is all hard at work. There is just so much less for luxury. The people in the streets; the shop windows; the scale of charges at places of public resort and amusement; the very small number of well-turned-out private vehicles; the comparatively few people who live in houses and not in apartments; the simplicity of the gowns of the women, and their inexpensive jewelry and other ornaments; the fewer servants; the salaries and wages of all classes, point decisively to plain living on the part of practically everybody. Let me say very emphatically, however, that this economy means no lack of generosity. I doubt if there are people anywhere so restricted as to means, and so delightfully hospitable at the same time. Berlin is not as yet under that cloud that covers the new, and uncultivated, and rich society in America, that tyranny of money which makes men and women fearful of being without it. Such people shiver at the bare thought of losing what money will

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buy, for the shameful reason that then there would be nothing left to them; and they are driven, many of them, both in London and in New York, to any humiliation, often to any degradation, to avoid it. They grossly overrate the value of money, and they exaggerate the terrors of being without it.

Professor William James, who succeeded in analyzing what is at the back of men's brains as well as anybody, writes: "We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly —the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. . . . It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers." They suffer from this malady less in Germany than in America or in England. I should like to introduce such people into dozens of households in Berlin; alas, they could not speak or understand the moral or mental language there, where there is everything that makes a home's heart beat proudly and peaceably except money. "La prospérité découvre les vices, et l'adversité les vertus."

These people need no tribute from me, and for their hospitality and friendliness I can make no adequate return. I sigh to think that we in America know so little of them. Germany would not be where she is without them; and I offer them as an example to my countrymen, and to my countrywomen especially, as showing what self-sacrifice and simplicity and loyal service can do for a nation in times of stress; and what high ideals and sturdy independence and contempt for luxury can do in the dangerous days of prosperity. Unadvertised, unheralded, keeping without murmuring or envy to their own traditions, they are here, as everywhere, the saviors of the world.

In this great city of Berlin it may seem that I have over-emphasized their part in the drama of the city's life. Not so! They are the backbone of the municipal as of the national body corporate. It is no easy industrial progress, no increasing wealth and population, no military prowess, no isolated great leader that makes a nation or a city. It is the men and women giving the high and unpurchasable gift of service to the state; giving the fine example of self-sacrificing and simple living; giving the prowess won by years of hard mental and moral training; giving the gentle courtesy and kindly welcome of the patrician to the stranger, who lift a nation or a city to a worthy place in the world. Seek not for Germany's strength first in her fleet, her army, her hordes of workers, nay not even in her philosophers, teachers, and musicians, though they glisten in the eyes of all the world, for you will not find it there. It is in these quiet and simple homes that so few Americans and Englishmen ever enter that you will find the sweetness and the sternness, the indomitable pride of service, and the self-sacrificing loyalty that won, that keep for Germany her place in the world.

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SANITATION OF THE ISTHMUS

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop
Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission

SOMETHING very like a marvel has been accomplished at Panama. A veritable valley of death has been converted into a land of health and comfort. So complete is the transformation that astonished observers have declared, with mild and not unjustifiable exaggeration, that the "foremost pest-hole of the earth has become a health resort." If it be not in the full sense of the term a health resort, that part of the Isthmus of Panama which is under American control is to-day as healthful a place of abode as most civilized communities anywhere, and far more so than many of them.

But while the transformation that has been wrought is marvellous and takes rank easily as the supreme achievement in sanitation, not only of the century but of the ages, there is nothing miraculous about it. It surpasses all previous efforts in the same field, in magnitude but not in effectiveness, simply because it was the first work on a large scale undertaken in the illuminating light of a discovery that, as by a flash of lightning, wrought a complete revolution in existing methods of tropical sanitation. Old things passed away and all became new in those methods when in 1900 surgeons and soldiers of the army of the United States, at the risk of their lives, proved that yellow-fever, the supreme terror of the tropics, was not a contagious or a filth disease, but was transmitted from one human being to another solely by a mosquito of a particular type, the *Stegomyia*. It was this conviction of the *Stegomyia* mosquito of high crimes and misdemeanors against the human race which lifted medical science out of the bog of blind, groping experimentation in tropical sanitation to the firm ground of exact knowledge. The sanitation of the Isthmus became a mere matter of intelligent administration, and the sanitation of the Isthmus made possible the construction of the Panama Canal, for without the light afforded by this discovery yellow-fever could not have been banished from the Isthmus, and its periodic outbreaks would have made it impossible to maintain an adequate working force of Americans. It is to the heroic men who risked their lives in the experiments which resulted in this discovery, and, above all others, to the martyr who both risked and lost his, that highest honors should be paid in celebrating the completion of the canal. The story of their deeds, one of the most inspiring in human annals, is entitled to first rank in the history of the canal, and especially of the sanitation of the Isthmus.

When the Americans took possession of the Isthmus in 1904 they began the task of converting it into a healthy place of abode and work, in the light, not only of the yellow-fever-transmission discovery, but of another, only secondary in importance, which had been made in 1898, that malaria was transmitted in like manner from person to person by a mosquito of a different type, the *Anopheles*. The details of these discoveries are so imperatively necessary to a proper comprehension of the work that has been done on the Isthmus that they are set forth here in advance of the account of the work itself, considering first the yellow-fever discovery because of its superior importance.

The theory that yellow-fever was transmitted from one person to another solely by means of a mosquito was advanced speculatively as early as 1847, but it was first set forth positively by Dr. Carlos J. Finlay, of Havana, in a paper published in 1881. Dr. Finlay made several experiments to test the truth of the theory, but they were not successful because he used for inoculation mosquitoes that had bitten yellow-fever patients only from two to five days earlier, whereas later experiments proved that the mosquito is harmless until twelve days or longer after the biting.

During the occupation of Cuba by the United States army in 1900 yellow-fever

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became epidemic in Havana, and in spite of the use of all known methods for warding it off there were nearly 1,600 cases and 231 deaths among American officers and men. It was made evident to the army surgeons who were on duty there that existing methods of fighting the disease were wellnigh powerless to check its spread. They knew neither its cause nor its means of transmission. They stood by the death-beds of its victims, to quote one of them, "in utter perplexity and wonder." Dr. George M. Sternberg, surgeon-general of the United States army, considering the presence of the disease as affording opportunity for testing various theories that had been advanced in regard to it, appointed four army surgeons who were on duty in Cuba, Walter Reed, James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and Aristides Agramonte, a board to conduct a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining the causation and method of transmission of the disease from one person to another.

Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

Colonel W. C. Gorgas.

The board began its experiments in June, 1900, and continued them into February, 1901. It first made thorough tests of the theory of bacterial transmission and

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proved it to be unfounded. It then turned its attention to the theory of mosquito transmission, and decided to subject that to a series of experiments. In order to do this, human life must be put in jeopardy, for only human beings could be used for the experiments. One member of the board, Dr. Agramonte, was immune. The other three were not. These were unwilling to assume the responsibility of asking others to risk their lives, unless they first risked their own, and accordingly they agreed to make the first experiments upon themselves.

Dr. Carlos Finlay.

Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, U. S. A.

To realize the complete devotion to duty and the high courage of this resolve it should be borne in mind that these men were physicians who had been close observers and students of the disease for many years and were familiar with its deadly character. They made their resolve without proclamation of any sort, without publicity or the desire of it.

The duty of breeding and infecting mosquitoes for the tests was assigned to Dr. Lazear because of his special knowledge of mosquito work. Before the mosquitoes were ready for the tests Dr. Reed was summoned to Washington on urgent official duty, and was prevented from entering the experiments. Dr. Carroll was first bitten, and suffered a very severe attack of yellow-fever from which he recovered, but for a time his life hung in the balance. Subsequently Dr. Lazear, while in a yellow-fever hospital, collecting blood from the patients for study, saw a mosquito settle on the back of his hand. He allowed it to remain there, calmly studying its operations till it had satisfied its hunger. Five days later he came down with an attack of the disease "in its most terrible form," from which he died. These cases had demonstrated so conclusively that the disease was transmitted by mosquitoes that when Dr. Reed returned from Washington his friends persuaded him not to submit himself to infection, on the ground that it was a foolish and unnecessary risk for him at his age. He decided to conduct a series of more elaborate experiments for the purpose of establishing beyond dispute the truth of the new theory, and to demonstrate that not only was yellow-fever transmitted by the mosquito but by the mosquito alone.

In an address which he delivered in April, 1901, describing the results of the Army Board's experiments, Dr. Reed paid this affectionate tribute to Lazear:

"Before proceeding to the discussion of this subject, it is fitting that I should pay brief tribute to the memory of a former member of this faculty, the late Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, United States Army. I can hardly trust myself to speak of my late colleague, since the mention of his name brings back such scenes of anxiety and depression as one recalls only with pain. Along with these sad memories, however,

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come other recollections of a manly and fearless devotion to duty such as I have never seen equalled. In the discharge of the latter Dr. Lazear seemed absolutely tireless and quite oblivious of self. Filled with an earnest enthusiasm for the advancement of his profession and for the cause of science, he let no opportunity pass unimproved. Although the evening might find him discouraged over the difficult problem at hand, with the morning's return he again took up the task full of eagerness and hope. During a service of less than one year in Cuba he won the good-will and respect of his brother officers, and the affection of his immediate associates. Almost at the beginning of what promised to be a life full of usefulness and good works he was suddenly stricken, and, dying, added one more name to that imperishable roll of honor to which none others belong than martyrs to the cause of humanity."

Dr. James Carroll, U. S. A.

Dr. Walter Reed, U. S. A.

Tests had been made on nine volunteers before the infection of Drs. Carroll and Lazear, but had been without results because mosquitoes had been used too soon after biting yellow-fever patients. It was made plain by the cases of Carroll and Lazear that the infected mosquito did not become harmful till a considerable period had elapsed after biting. To establish the length of this period and also the length of the period which must elapse after the patient has been stricken before the disease can be conveyed to the mosquito for transmission, Dr. Reed instituted a second series of experiments in a camp established near Quemados, Cuba, and named after Lazear. General Leonard Wood, who was then military governor of Cuba, gave all possible assistance in the matter and to encourage volunteers for the tests offered a reward of $200 for such service.

It should be remembered that this call for volunteers was issued soon after the death of Lazear and at a time when it was common knowledge in the army that yellow-fever had been given both to him and Carroll through the bites of mosquitoes. Notwithstanding this, records Major Walter D. McCaw, of the medical corps of the United States army, "to the everlasting glory of the American soldier volunteers from the army offered themselves for experiment in plenty and with the utmost fearlessness."

The first to present themselves were two young soldiers from Ohio, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran. Dr. Reed talked the matter over with them, explaining fully the danger and suffering involved, and stating the money consideration offered by General Wood. Both young men declared that they were prepared to undergo the experiment, but only on condition that they should receive no pecuniary reward. When he heard this declaration Dr. Reed touched his hat with profound respect, saying, "Gentlemen, I salute you!"

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How well his respect was merited was shown a few days later when the two young soldiers faced the tests. Kissinger on three successive occasions was taken, clad only in a night-shirt, into a room where mosquitoes known to be infected were confined, and, lying down, remained there quietly while they bit him. On the third day, according to Major Reed's account, "we concentrated our insects upon him, selecting five of our most promising mosquitoes for the purpose," and he was infected with the fever, from which he recovered. About the same date a room was prepared and made hospitable by the presence of fifteen infected mosquitoes. What happened in that inviting room is thus described by Major Reed:

Dr. Robert P. Cooke,
Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.

With privates of the Hospital Corps he slept for twenty consecutive nights in the building furnished with infected yellow-fever bedding and clothing.

John R. Kissinger, who, with John J. Moran, volunteered for the yellow-fever tests. Both soldiers of the U. S. A.

"At noon on the same day, five minutes after the mosquitoes had been placed therein, a plucky Ohio boy, Moran by name, clad only in his night-shirt and fresh from a bath, entered the room containing the mosquitoes, where he lay down for a period of thirty minutes. Within two minutes from Moran's entrance he was being bitten about the face and hands by the insects, that had promptly settled down upon him. Seven, in all, bit him at this visit. At 4.30 P. M., the same day, he again entered and remained twenty minutes, during which time five others bit him. The following day at 4.30 P. M. he again entered and remained fifteen minutes, during which time three insects bit him; making the number fifteen that had fed at these three visits. On Christmas morning, at 11 A. M., this brave lad was stricken with yellow-fever, and had a sharp attack, which he bore without a murmur."

Moran, like Kissinger, recovered. Well might Major Reed say of the two heroes: "In my judgment this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States." He might have added with perfect truth, "or anywhere else." The subsequent history of the two men will be referred to later in this narrative.

There were in all twenty-two persons, thirteen of them American soldiers, who submitted to the tests, most of whom accepted pecuniary reward.

Into the tests to demonstrate that yellow-fever was not a contagious disease seven persons entered, Dr. Robert P. Cooke, acting assistant surgeon of the army, and six privates of the hospital corps. The courage shown by these men was equalled only by that of the men who had undergone the other tests. A small building with a single room, fourteen by twenty feet, was erected and carefully guarded against the entrance of mosquitoes. Its temperature was maintained at about seventy-six degrees, with a sufficient amount of humidity. It was supplied with a large quantity of bed-clothing, wearing-apparel, and night-clothing taken from the beds and persons of patients who had died of yellow-fever. For twenty consecutive nights Dr. Cooke and his men went into this room, handled, wore, and slept in the contaminated clothing, although the

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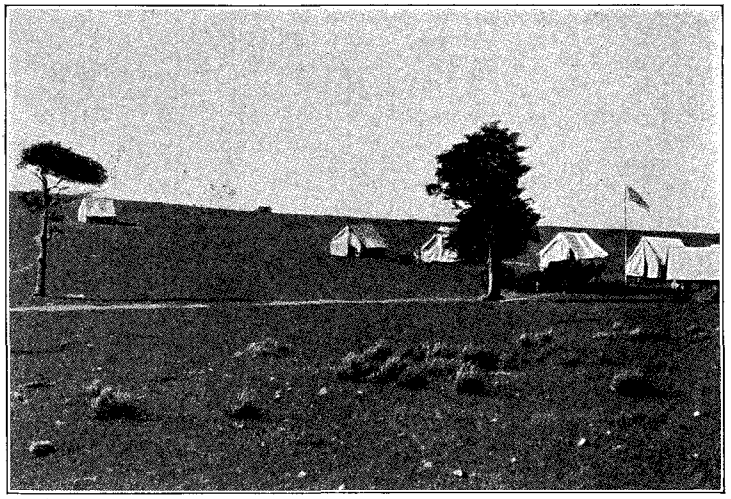
stench was so offensive as to be almost unbearable. They emerged from the ordeal in perfect health, proving beyond possibility of dispute that the disease was not contagious, and that the mosquito was the sole method of transmission. Let any one who wishes to comprehend fully the courage required for this service ask himself if he possesses it.

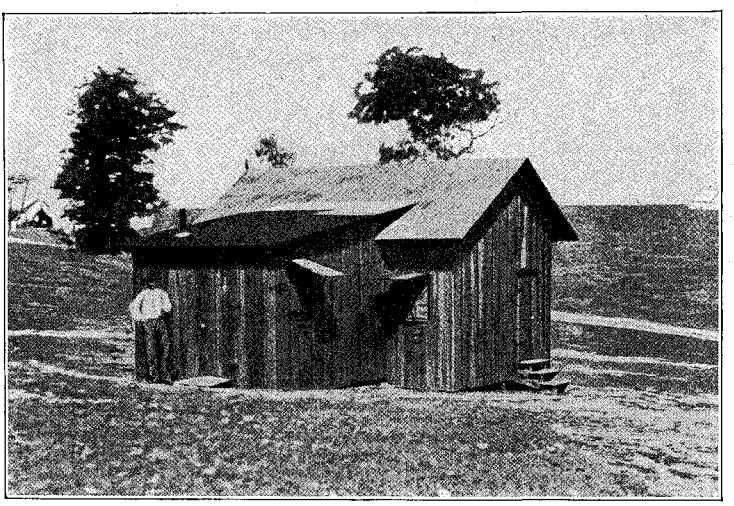
Like Lazear and Carroll and the brave American soldiers who underwent the first tests, Dr. Cooke and his associates were acting solely in the interest of humanity, were risking their lives for their fellow-men.



From "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," by H. A. Kelly.

Camp Lazear.

Here the experiments with the yellow-fever mosquito were first carried out and the transmission of the disease by this means proven.



From "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," by H. A. Kelly.

Camp Lazear.

Building where the experiments were made which proved that yellow-fever is not transmitted by means of infected clothing (fomites).

On a tablet erected to the memory of Lazear in Johns Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore, there is this inscription, written by President Eliot of Harvard University:

"With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented."

Surely it can be said of all the men who entered the two series of tests that they showed "more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier," for there were lacking the excitement of the battle-field, the inspiring and sustaining presence of thousands of companions, and the hope of martial glory. Unwitnessed and alone they went into the presence of death itself, remaining there for hours and days and weeks inviting it, without thought of

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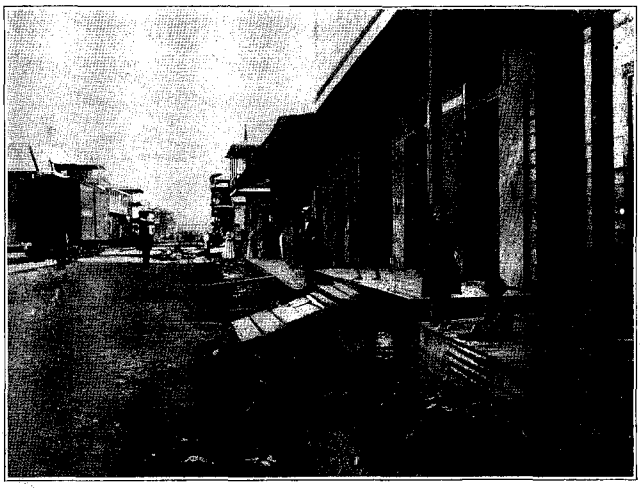

Old open sewer, Bolivar Street, before paving, Colon.

renown or lasting remembrance. We may well be proud that they were Americans, that we belong to a race capable of such lofty heroism. But, like Lazear, who was also American, and like Carroll, who was of English birth, they belong to no country but to the human race. Their deeds are the common heritage and the common glory of all mankind.

Bolivar Street, after paving, Colon.

These pictures give a good example of the work done by the Department of Municipal Engineering.

In order to make complete the record of experiments in Cuba, it should be added that Dr. John Guiteras, of Havana, began in February, 1891, a series of tests for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not yellow-fever could be propagated in a controllable form by means of infected mosquitoes, thus securing immunization, as is done by the use of vaccination in the case of smallpox. He infected eight persons with mosquitoes, three of whom died, including an American nurse, Miss Clara B. Maas. of Orange, N. J., who volunteered herself for the experiment. This result was so unfavorable to the theory of controllable propagation that further experiments in that field were abandoned, but the additional tests had afforded complete confirmation of the truth of the mosquito theory of transmission.

The discovery that malaria is not due to miasma or to poisonous air of any sort, but is transmitted from one person to another by a mosquito of the *Anopheles* variety, was made by Major Ronald Ross, a surgeon of the British army, formerly in the India service and now connected with the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. He had been a careful student of the problem for several years when in a series of experiments in 1898 he succeeded in infecting birds with malaria from the bites of mosquitoes. Later in the same year and in 1899 three Italian physicians, A. Bignami, G. Bastianelli, and B. Grassi, applying the methods of Ross, succeeded in infecting human beings. Major Ross and the same physicians had proved, in previous experiments, that men could not be infected with malaria with air or water brought from malarious localities.

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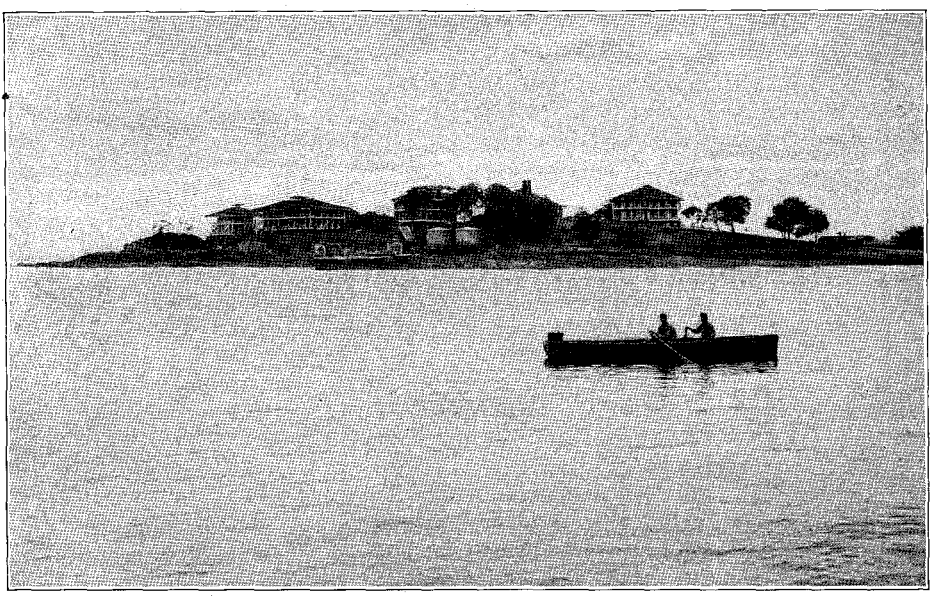
Not only were these discoveries known several years before the task of sanitation was begun on the Isthmus, but practical application had demonstrated the complete effectiveness of the new theories. The Board of Army Surgeons that had conducted the experiments in Cuba drew up a set of regulations for the application of the new methods of fighting yellow-fever in Havana, and these were put in force on February 15, 1901, by order of General Leonard Wood, and under the direction of Surgeon Major W. C. Gorgas, at that time chief sanitary officer of the city. The main features of the new methods were the segregation of all yellow-fever patients behind wire screens and the fumigation of all infected houses. Success was immediate and convincing. Within three months yellow-fever was banished from Havana, and for a period of fifty-four days the city was free of the disease. Subsequently there was an outbreak of it in the town of Santiago de las Vegas, a suburb of Havana, whence it was brought into the city, but strict and prompt application of the new methods in both places stamped it out within six weeks, and in the autumn of 1901, the period in which for many years the annual epidemic of yellow-fever had been at its height, there was not a single case in Havana. There have been sporadic cases of it since from time to time, but these have been controlled easily and there has been no infection.

Application of suppression methods against the malaria mosquito, in accordance with the discovery of Dr. Ross, was made in Havana during the same period and with striking success. In 1900 the number of deaths from malaria in the city had been 325. In 1901, the year in which malaria mosquito work was begun, the number of deaths was reduced to 151, in 1902 to 77, and in 1903 to 45—which has been about the average annual rate since.



Quarantine Station, on Culebra Island, in the Bay of Panama, at the Pacific entrance to the Canal.

Immediately following the discovery of Major Ross application of the new method of suppressing malaria was made in various parts of the world, notably in Egypt. The most striking success was that achieved under the personal direction of Major Ross, acting for the Suez Canal Company, at Ismailia. This is a town of 10,000 inhabitants on Lake Timsah, in Egypt, a small sea-water lake through which the Suez Canal passes. Originally a healthful town, it had become, through the formation of shallow marshes, defective drainage, and lack of sewerage,

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a hot-bed of mosquitoes and of malaria. Nearly 2,000 cases were treated each year, and in 1901 there were nearly 2,500. By strict application of the new methods the disease was stamped out completely in three years, and the town has remained free from it since. The original outlay to the work was about ten thousand dollars, and the annual expenditure is about five thousand dollars. Similar results were achieved subsequently at Port Said.

Like all revolutionary discoveries, these of mosquito transmission were received with quite general incredulity, and even in the medical profession scepticism was by no means unusual. The most striking case of it was that of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, the man who was destined to win world-wide fame in applying the new methods. He was present in Cuba when the yellow-fever experiments were made, and was a close witness of them; yet even after they had been concluded and Major Reed had declared the results in a paper, which he read before the Pan-American Medical Congress, at Havana, in February, 1901, Colonel Gorgas was still incredulous. Nothing but the success of the new methods, which he himself had applied in Havana, sufficed to remove his doubts, for in an official report of that work which he made to General Wood, under date of July 12, 1902, he said of Major Reed's paper of the previous year:

"This idea was so new and so entirely contrary to all former theories on the subject, and, apparently, to all former experience, that the paper was received with scant belief. I myself had seen the work, and was convinced that the mosquito could convey yellow-fever, but I was hardly prepared to believe that it was the only way, or even the ordinary way, of conveying the disease. . . .

"I had very little hope of accomplishing much [in Havana]; it seemed to me that even if the mosquito did convey yellow-fever, he could not be gotten rid of, and, apparently, from all past experience, the mosquito was not the only way, or even the principal way, of conveying the disease; but, as he evidently could convey the disease, it was our duty to take precautions in this direction."

His conclusion, in view of his unexpected success, was that "the *Stegomyia* mosquito is the only method of transmitting yellow-fever—a fact proved by the Army Commission." In an address that he made three years later, before the Pan-American Medical Congress, at Panama, Colonel Gorgas said:

"In time Reed's Army Board came along and made the astounding discovery that the mosquito alone conveyed yellow-fever, and that dirt and filth had very little, if anything, to do with the question. My good friend Dr. Finlay, some twenty years before, had advanced this same theory, and during the twenty years preceding our occupation of the island had written and advocated the theory continuously. I had often heard him expound his views on the subject, but, like the Cuban woman, I smiled in a superior way at the 'crazy Cuban doctor.' "

"The world requires," says Major Ross, in the preface to his most interesting and valuable book, "The Prevention of Malaria,"* "at least ten years to understand a new idea, however important or simple it may be. The mosquito theory of malaria was at first ridiculed, and its application to the saving of human life treated with neglect, jealousy, and opposition." The same thing could be said of the mosquito theorem of yellow-fever. In fact, when the American occupation of the Isthmus began in 1904, comparatively few people in the United States were aware that the two discoveries had been made, and still fewer realized their inestimable value in the task of building the canal. It is a safe assertion that when the sanitation of the Isthmus had been accomplished the general belief throughout the world was that the methods so successfully applied had been originated by those in charge of the work. It could not be said that the martyr Lazear and his heroic associates were forgotten—their deeds had never been known. It required the startling effect of a great success to awaken the world to a just sense of the priceless debt of gratitude that the human race owes to these modest, self-effacing surgeons and soldiers of the American army. To them belongs all the credit, without division or diminution, for, as President Eliot, with that aptness of phrase of which he is so enviable a master, has said, they not only

*E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1910.

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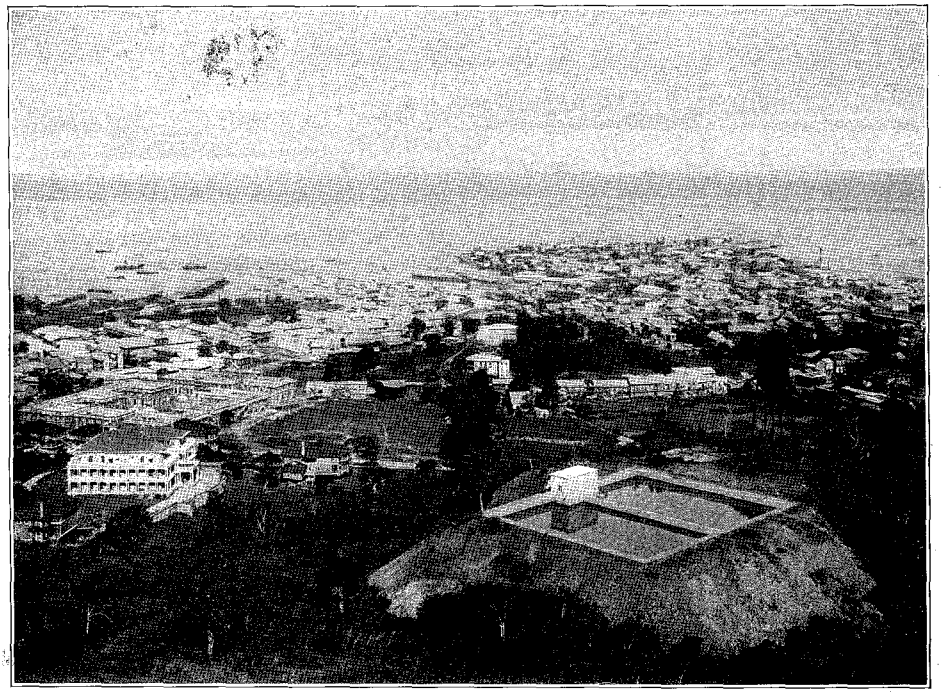
showed "how a fearful pestilence is communicated," but "how its ravages may be prevented." The showing was so clear that the sanitation of the Isthmus or any other part of the tropics or of the world became a mere matter of intelligent administration.

President Roosevelt, who was fully aware of the value of the discoveries, in-



City of Panama, from Ancon Hill, showing concrete reservoir which supplies water to Ancon, the American town just outside Panama city, and the Administration Building—the large structure with verandas in the left foreground.

structed the first canal commission to give special attention to sanitation, and to secure the best medical experts attainable for this purpose, saying further, in a letter to the secretary of war, that "it is the belief of those who have noted the successful results secured by our army in Cuba in the obliteration of yellow-fever in that island that it is entirely feasible to banish the diseases that have heretofore caused most mortality on the Isthmus." By unanimous consent Colonel Wm. C. Gorgas was the expert best fitted to take charge of the work. His close association with the army surgeons who had made the discoveries and had formulated the new methods of applying them gave him the practical experience necessary for intelligent administration. He had only to adopt on the Isthmus the plans of the successful campaign in Cuba to win a second and more brilliant triumph.

Yellow-fever was the special curse of the Isthmus. Dread of that was the paramount obstacle in the way of canal construction. Malaria, in its most deadly form, Chagres fever, was a scarcely less venomous foe to health, but it excited far less fear. If yellow-fever could be banished, the canal could be built in spite of malaria and all other tropical ills. The "astounding discovery" had shown with a clearness that amounted to a revelation that existing methods of fighting yellow-fever were only so much wasted energy, and that the sure and only way to check and suppress it was to restrict the activity of the mosquitoes, and, so far as possible, suppress them.

Colonel Gorgas, who was familiar with the work of Major Ross in Ismailia and elsewhere, invited him to visit the Isthmus, when the work of sanitation began

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in the summer of 1904, in order to have the benefit of his advice and suggestions, and the invitation was accepted, Major Ross making the visit as the guest of the Canal Commission. The work was begun, therefore, under most favorable conditions, with exact knowledge of what to do, and with expert ability to guide in doing it. There was still another and scarcely less valuable aid to the task. Under the treaty with Panama the United States had sovereign power for health purposes not only in the Canal Zone but in the cities of Colon and Panama, and could enforce all necessary regulations.

East end of Colon Hospital grounds, showing nurses' hall, and quarters for physicians.
The buildings are of the regulation screened type.

When the work began the whole Isthmus was literally a mosquito paradise, with wellnigh ideal conditions for propagation and infection. The temperature, being tropical and scarcely varying at all the year round, allowed constant breeding, for which opportunities and facilities were virtually universal. During nine months of the year the innumerable stagnant pools of fresh water left by the almost constant rains afforded the most favorable breeding-places possible for the malaria mosquito. In the dry season, there being no water supply for cities and towns, the rain was stored in tanks and receptacles of various kinds, which made equally favorable breeding-places for the yellow-fever mosquito. From one end of the Canal Zone to the other, a fifty-mile strip ten miles in width, tropical undergrowth flourished virtually undisturbed. Microscopical examination of the blood of the inhabitants showed that fully seventy per cent of the ten thousand or twelve thousand of them had the malarial parasite circulating in their blood. The malarial mosquito thus had a perpetual feeding-ground from which to obtain the seeds of infection. When a case of yellow-fever occurred the *Stegomyia* was at hand, propagated often at the very bedside of the victim, to obtain and convey the infection.

The work of the American sanitary officers was thus clearly marked out for them. They must restrict the activities of the mosquitoes and, so far as possible, suppress them. The first needs were a

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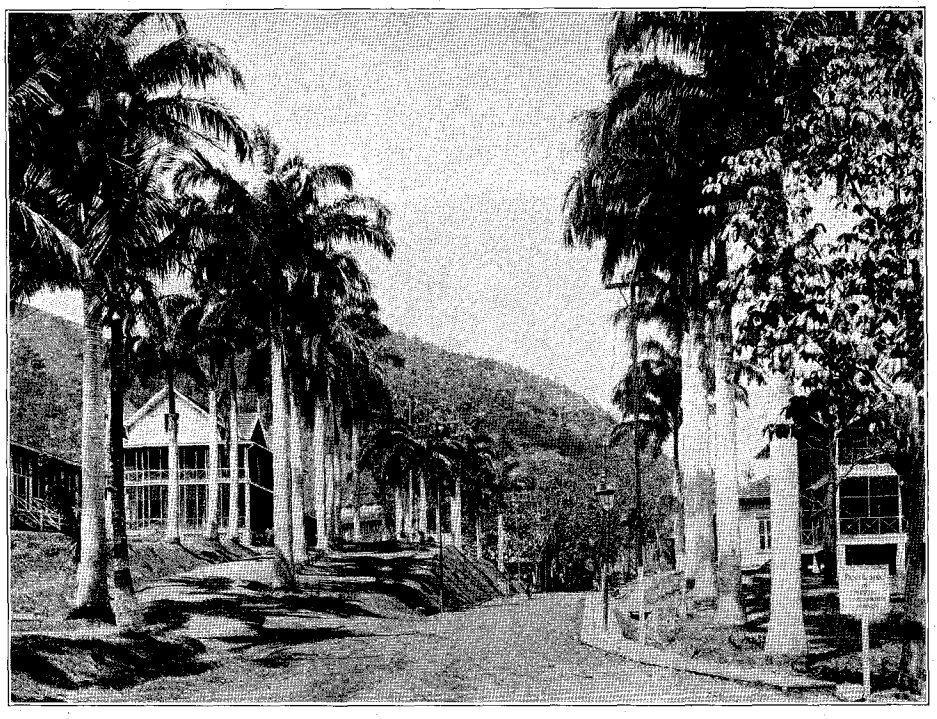
water supply and sewer system for the cities and towns, for until these were furnished existing methods of storing water could not be abolished. While these were being supplied, houses could be screened and their inmates protected against infection.

Plans were adopted by the first commission, almost immediately after its appointment, for the construction of reservoirs to supply the cities of Panama and Colon with water, and later similar plans were adopted for all labor centres along the line of the canal. At the same time plans were adopted for a system of sewers for the cities, and the paving or resurfacing of their streets. This work, which was begun in the first six months of American occupation, was separate from the strictly sanitary work, and was performed by the Division of Municipal Engineering, which was under the general Department of Construction and Engineering, of which the chief engineer was the head. It was in existence till August 1, 1908, when, its work having been completed, it was abolished. During the four years of its activity it expended nearly $6,000,000, of which about $2,250,000 was for water-works, sewers, and pavements in the cities of Panama and Colon, and about $3,500,000 was for work in the Canal Zone. Subsequent expenditures in Colon and Panama brought the total of cost of improvements made in them by the commission up to nearly $3,500,000. All of this, in accordance with the treaty between the United States and Panama, will be paid back to the United States, through water and sewerage rates, within a period of fifty years, at the expiration of which the system of water-works and sewers within city limits will revert to the cities, and the use of water will be free to their inhabitants with the exception of a sufficient water rate necessary for maintenance and operation.



View of Hospital grounds from the entrance, Ancon.

Through these expenditures pure water was supplied to the cities of Panama and Colon and all settlements in the Canal Zone; the cities were converted from hotbeds of disease, without water supply or

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decent pavements or sewers, into the best-paved, best-watered, and best-sewered cities in Central or South America.

Moving side by side with the work of the Division of Municipal Improvement, though separate and distinct from it, was the work of the Sanitary Department. The new methods of fighting disease, which had been shown to be effective by the mosquito tests in Cuba, were put into operation. Repairs and additions were made to the hospitals acquired from the French at Ancon and Colon and emergency hospitals and sick-camps were established along the line of the canal.

The supreme test of the mosquito theory as applied to yellow-fever came in 1905. When the Americans took possession of the Canal Zone in 1904 there were a few scattered cases of yellow-fever, but, as this was the usual condition between periodic epidemics of the disease, little concern was felt. In January, 1905, however, there was an increase in cases to nineteen, among whom there were seven employees of the commission and the Panama Railroad Company. Eight died, among them a canal employee. There were fourteen cases in February, eleven in March, and nine in April, and of these eighteen were employees, six of whom died.

The seven cases in April were among employees in the French Administration Building, which had become the headquarters of the commission in Panama, where about three hundred Americans were engaged. When three of them died a panic arose among Americans on the Isthmus, and all steamers outward-bound were laden to the full capacity with frightened employees. An increase of the number of cases in May to thirty-three, including twenty-two employees, three of whom died, and a further increase in June to sixty-two, including thirty-four employees, six of whom died, added to the panic, and nothing except lack of sailing accommodations prevented the scattering of the entire force. In July the number of cases began to decline, showing that the progress of the disease had been checked, and a further decline in August partially restored confidence. By the first of September the disease was shown to be under control, and in December the last case was registered, and there was no death. There had been among employees of the commission and of the Panama Railroad 133 cases and 35 deaths. As this epidemic was the last of its kind on the Isthmus, the full record of it appears on page 251.

In applying the new methods of fighting the disease Colonel Gorgas had the hearty co-operation and earnest support of Charles E. Magoon, who, as member of the second Isthmian Canal Commission, which had succeeded the first commission on April 3, 1905, was governor of the Canal Zone when the yellow-fever epidemic began to gain headway. Governor Magoon, immediately upon his arrival on the Isthmus, on May 24, assured Colonel Gorgas that the entire resources of the commission and the government of the Canal Zone were available for the work of stamping out yellow-fever on the Isthmus. Under the joint labors of these two officials the cities of Panama and Colon were fumigated house by house, the towns of the Canal Zone were divided into districts for the extermination of mosquitoes, medical inspectors were appointed to make daily house-to-house canvasses and to report all suspected cases, and all such were taken at once, willingly or unwillingly, to the hospitals and segregated.

At the same time that these vigorous measures were being applied a rigid quarantine, which had been established at the outset of American occupation, was maintained against all infected ports, preventing the introduction of disease from outside.

Since December, 1905, there has been no case of yellow-fever on the Isthmus which has originated there. There have been sporadic cases from time to time, but invariably of persons who have brought the disease from outside the Isthmus. In each instance the victim has been segregated and there has been no infection.

The utter and final rout of the scourge was the most convincing demonstration yet made of the truth of the theory of mosquito transmission. No rational person could thenceforth question either the truth or the limitless beneficence of the discoveries made in Cuba in 1900. Dr. Gorgas has borne emphatic testimony on that point. In an article which he published in the *Medical Record*, of May 18, 1907, he said:

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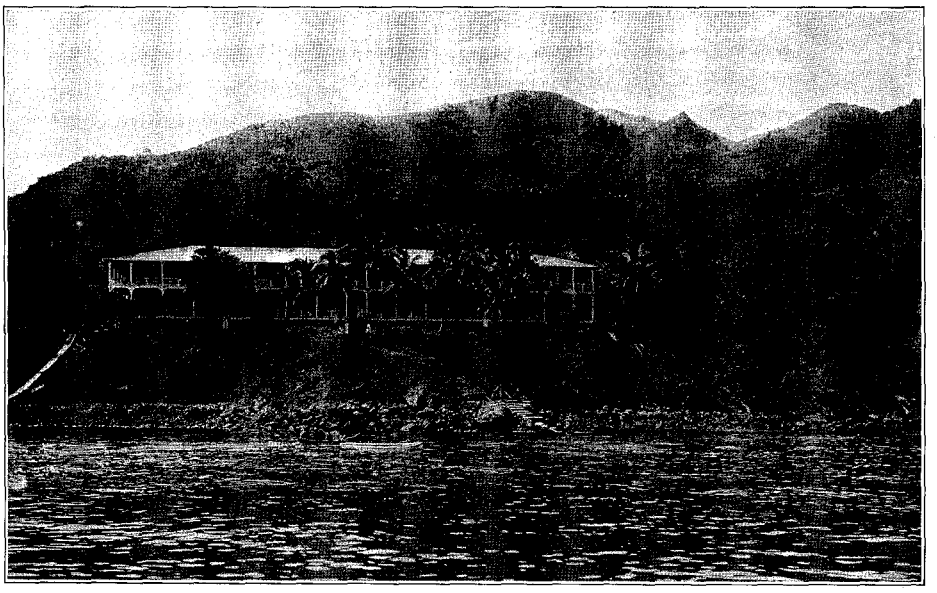

Sanatorium, Taboga Island, ten miles off Panama in the Pacific, to which convalescents are sent after a period in the hospital.

"I do not believe that our present freedom from yellow-fever is in any way accidental. Our work here, I think, is another evidence of the great obligation mankind is under to the Army Board, of which Major Walter Reed was chairman, and Lazear and Carroll were members, for establishing the fact that the *Stegomyia* mosquito was the transmitter of yellow-fever. Without this knowledge I do not believe we could have done any better than did the French, and, judging from the alarm that was caused by the comparatively mild epidemic which we had among our employees in 1905, I doubt, in case we were having the same amount of yellow-fever that the French had, whether we could keep a sufficient force of white employees here to carry on the work. And even if we could keep white employees here under such circumstances, I doubt whether public sentiment in the United States would allow the canal to be built at such a sacrifice of human life."

In that opinion all competent authorities must agree. Reed, Carroll, and Lazear, the latter at the cost of his life, made possible the Panama Canal. Whatever honors may be awarded to those who took part in the work of actual construction, the first honor must be awarded to them. Their discovery, of incalculable value to human welfare and progress, was a direct outcome of the war between the United States and Spain, and will go far to justify the claim that that contest was a war in the interest of humanity.

What recognition have these brave men received for their services? Lazear left a wife and two small children, one of them born a few months before his death and never seen by him. Congress appropriated for his widow the magnificent pension of $17 a month, with $2 additional for each child until the age of sixteen! This was continued till May, 1908, when it was replaced with an annuity of $125 a month. A battery in Baltimore Harbor has been named in his honor, and a tablet to his memory has been placed in Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore.

Reed died in Washington, November 23, 1902. In March, 1903, a pension of $125 a month was granted to his widow. This was so inadequate for her support that a Walter Reed Memorial Association was formed, and a fund of $25,000 was raised, the interest of which, $75 a month, is to be paid to her during life and the principal used to erect a memorial to him after her death. A hospital in Washington has been named in his honor.

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Carroll died in Washington, September 16, 1907. In May, 1908, Congress granted his widow a pension of $125 a month.

Kissinger's health failed so completely a few years ago that he was dependent on his wife for support. Application was made to Congress for a pension, and the response, in March, 1907, was a grant of $12 a month. Application was made again in 1910, Kissinger being then a hopeless paralytic, and a grant of a pension of $125 a month was passed by the Senate, but was objected to by the Committee on Pensions in the House because "in carrying a rate in excess of that allowed to any other private soldier" it would establish a vexing precedent. In February, 1911, the House cut down the amount of the pension to $100 and passed the grant.

In granting the $125 pension for Lazear's widow, Congress declared that it was bestowed "in special recognition of the eminent services of the said Jesse W. Lazear in discovering the means of preventing, as well as the cause and method of transmission and propagation of yellow-fever, and demonstrating on his own person the truth of the theory of the transmission by mosquitoes, and the sacrificing of his life in proving the same." The same language was used in the grant to Carroll's widow, with the final clause omitted. In the grant to Kissinger the pension is awarded "in special recognition of his eminent services rendered, suffered, and endured, and permanent disabilities contracted in the interest of humanity and science as a volunteer subject for experimentation in the yellow-fever hospital in Cuba."

There is a sad discrepancy here between the verbal and the pecuniary appreciations of the service rendered. Not only did that service make the building of the Panama Canal possible, but it abolished forever from the United States a scourge that during more than a century had, through periodic outbreaks, cost it a half million lives and many millions of dollars. Ninety times during that period had yellow-fever epidemics invaded American cities from Philadelphia and New York to New Orleans, carrying in their wake terror, devastation, and death, paralyzing industry and business, and filling the whole land with alarm. One epidemic alone, that of 1878 in the Mississippi Valley, caused nearly 16,000 deaths and inflicted upon the country a loss that has been estimated at $100,000,000.

When Jenner discovered vaccination he received from the British government grants amounting to about $150,000, and also a subscription fund of $35,000 raised in India. This was a hundred years ago, and the discovery, scarcely more valuable to human welfare than that of yellow-fever transmission, was made without risk of life to the discoverer.

As for Moran, he suffered no ill effects from the disease, and has never been an applicant for government or other aid. His ambition had been to become a physician, and in accordance with it he entered the University of Virginia as a medical student in 1901. He was compelled to discontinue his studies a year later through lack of funds. Since 1904 he has been in the service of the Canal Commission, in the Department of Sanitation, holding various positions and filling all of them with efficiency and with unvarying modesty.

With yellow-fever banished from the Isthmus, the Department of Sanitation was able to devote its entire energies to the task of restricting the ravages of malaria. The possibility of banishing that disease was too remote to be entertained. The problem was a very different one from that of yellow-fever. A victim of yellow-fever either recovers or dies. In either event he ceases to be a source of germ supply for the *Stegomyia*, and without such a source the *Stegomyia* becomes an entirely harmless mosquito. She—for the female alone transmits the disease—has nothing to carry. The life period of this mosquito is not known. In captivity it is seldom more than five weeks, though there are records of infection from its bites at intervals ranging from twelve to fifty-seven days after contamination. It is a house mosquito, cannot live without water, is fragile, and is easily destroyed by fumigation. If there is no fresh case of yellow-fever within a period of sixty days after the latest one in an epidemic, it is a safe conclusion that the disease has been stamped out because there is no mosquito alive to carry the parasite. After a period of ninety days all doubt on the subject ends. A community infested with *Steg-*

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omyia can live in absolute security from yellow-fever unless a case be brought in from outside. As a matter of fact, the measures applied against this mosquito in the Canal Zone were so effective that during the past year or more an adult *Stegomyia* has been so rare as to be regarded as a curiosity.

But with the *Anopheles* it is quite another matter. This mosquito breeds in the country districts, in marshes, pools, and stagnant water of all kinds. Furthermore, a victim of malaria seldom dies of the disease, but is capable of infecting mosquitoes with it for three years, or at every recurrence of it. With a population, seventy per cent of whom had malaria in their systems, and with a fifty-mile strip of country, ten miles in width, breeding mosquitoes in nearly every part, the abolition of malaria was clearly an impossibility. But if it could not be abolished, its volume could be reduced, and this task was undertaken with great zeal, practically unlimited resources, and on lines of demonstrated effectiveness.

The task would have been hopeless from the outset had it been necessary to extend anti-mosquito operations over the entire territory of the Canal Zone, comprising 278,848 acres. The work of the Sanitary Department has been confined to the portions occupied by the canal forces, and these aggregate only about 1,200 acres. These were cleared of undergrowth of all kinds for a distance of two hundred yards around settlements, the grass over that area was kept less than a foot in height, marshes and swamps were drained, stagnant pools were oiled regularly to kill mosquito larvæ, and all buildings were screened. In this work there had been expended down to June 30, 1912, for sanitation proper, $3,644,000. If it cost this sum to create desirable sanitary conditions in 1,200 acres of the Canal Zone, what would it have cost to accomplish like results in 278,848 acres? Happily, no such herculean task was necessary to make canal construction possible.

So successful were the measures taken that within two years mosquitoes were so nearly exterminated in the occupied sections of the Canal Zone that during the dry seasons one was rarely seen or heard, and from that time till the present a steady diminution in malaria cases has been recorded, the average number at present being about one-third as large as that at the beginning of the work. In the rainy season the task of preventing mosquito-breeding is much more difficult, and there is uniformly a larger number of malarial cases in consequence. In fact it has been made apparent that the final extirpation of *Anopheles* mosquitoes is an impossibility. Nothing but unceasing warfare suffices to keep the number of them restricted. They reappear in undiminished hordes as soon as efforts for their suppression are relaxed, showing that the cost of keeping them in subjection must be a permanent annual expenditure. A very valuable result of the restrictive work has been the demonstration, conclusive and convincing, that the mosquito and the mosquito alone, transmits malaria—that the disease is not due to marsh miasma or poisonous air of any sort.

When the canal shall have been completed and opened to the shipping of the world two years hence, the health bill which the United States will have had to pay in connection with its construction will be very close to $20,000,000. Down to the end of the calendar year of 1912 the total expenditures of the Department of Sanitation aggregated about $15,500,000. Adding to this sum the $2,500,000 expended for water-works, sewers, etc., in the Canal Zone, we have a total for general health purposes of $18,000,000. The expenditures of the next two years will bring the amount to nearly or quite $20,000,000. It will have cost the United States Government this sum—first, to make the Isthmus a normally healthy place in which to live and work; second, to maintain it in that condition; and, third, to care for the sick, the injured, the insane, etc.

Under the title "Department of Sanitation" there has been grouped on the Isthmus all the work done in the interest of health, both in the Canal Zone and in the cities of Panama and Colon—sanitation proper, hospitals, quarantine, street-cleaning, garbage collection, etc. For sanitation proper there will have been expended when the canal is thrown open formally to the commerce of the world about $6,000,000. Of this amount over

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$3,550,000 was spent during the first five years of American occupation. The average force of the department during most of that period was about 3,000 men, and the average annual expense about $710,000. During the next three years the annual average expense was about $488,000. At present it is very near the latter sum. These figures include certain overhead charges which are imposed proportionately upon all departments of canal work.

By far the largest item of health expenditure has been for hospitals, or general care of the sick. This, when the outlay for construction and repair of buildings is included, will aggregate on January 1, 1915, very nearly $9,000,000; that for all other branches of the health service about $7,500,000; and that for general administration of the department close to $1,000,000. Adding to these items the $2,500,000 spent for water-works, sewers, etc., in the Canal Zone we have the $20,000,000 total. The average annual outlay for all health purposes on the Isthmus during the ten and one-half years of canal construction will have been, therefore, about $1,900,000, and for sanitation proper about $570,000.

Has this expenditure made the Isthmus a "health resort"? In the full sense of the term, it has not. It has made it a reasonably healthful place of abode and work, and an agreeable and healthful place of sojourn, especially during the three months of the dry season. But this will remain true of the Isthmus only so long as stringent methods of health protection are enforced. Health statistics of the Canal Zone—sick and death rates—are misleading when used in comparison with like data of communities in the temperate zone, unless the peculiar conditions on the Isthmus are taken into account.

In the first place, the American colony in the Canal Zone is a selected white community, with less than the average allotment of women and children. All applicants for employment are required to be in good physical condition and all who are unable to maintain such condition after employment are deported. In this way the force is composed at all times of men who have shown themselves able to withstand the climate without serious disability, and the colony is rid of a permanently sick or incapable class. Furthermore, there are no aged and infirm persons to swell the sick and death rates.

In the second place, the health of the American colony is cared for as that of no other community on earth ever has been. Its members are provided with comfortable and healthful furnished quarters, free of rent, constructed on sanitary principles, and supplied with pure water. If one of them falls sick, he can obtain free medicines, free medical or surgical attendance, and, if taken to a hospital, free subsistence while there, and full pay, provided the period of his absence from work does not exceed thirty days in a year. His dwelling-place is cared for at the public expense and all sanitary regulations in regard to it are rigorously enforced. He lives, in short, under a system of compulsory health preservation which protects his physical condition on every side. In addition to all this, he is granted six weeks vacation each year with full pay in order that he may go to a more bracing climate and thus escape the deteriorating effects of the tropics.

All these things must be taken into account in considering the question of the healthfulness of the Isthmus and of the tropics in general, and the allied question of making the tropics as healthful a region for the white man, or the Anglo-Saxon, as the temperate zone is. Undoubtedly, the application of the methods employed in the Canal Zone to any other section of the tropics would produce like results; that fact has been clearly demonstrated; but such application requires for success the presence behind it of a rich and powerful government as willing to defray the cost as the United States Government has been in the case of the Isthmus. Some white men can undoubtedly maintain as good a condition of health in the tropics, under the methods of health protection enforced at Panama, as the same men would have been able to maintain in the temperate zone, but many others cannot. This has been demonstrated clearly on the Isthmus. The visitor to the canal sees the hardy, healthy-looking men who have been able to remain on the job, and judges of the healthfulness of the country from them, but he does not see those who have been obliged to return to the United States be-

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cause they could not withstand the climate, and there have been a great many of these.

The curse of the Isthmus is malaria, and until the *Anopheles* mosquito shall have been annihilated this will remain. The warfare made against it during six years has greatly mitigated its ravages, but it still remains in formidable force. As I have said, the number of cases has been reduced about one-third during these six years, yet after this reduction there were among about 40,000 employees during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, over 7,000 cases in the hospitals, with 32 deaths—22 whites, 4 of whom were Americans, and 10 blacks. Since the beginning of American occupation in 1904, 49 Americans have died of malaria; 35 of whom were men, 3 women, and 11 children. It is rarely a fatal disease among Americans, but its effect is great physical weakness and depression, and often life-long debilitation. Constant care in the manner of living, remaining behind screens at night, and taking liberal doses of quinine at more or less regular intervals are necessary safeguards. Many persons live for years on the Isthmus without being infected by it. I have lived there with my wife and daughter for nearly six years, and none of us has had a touch of it, but every clerk that I have had in my office during that time has had it, though all of them have occupied screened quarters. During these six years, beginning with 1906, the Sanitary Department distributed free among employees 15,600 pounds avoirdupois of quinine (109,200,000 grains), an average of 2,600 pounds (18,200,000 grains) a year.

The death-roll among employees of the Canal Commission and the Panama Railroad Company from all diseases, from the beginning of American occupancy to the end of the fiscal year 1912, eight years, was 5,141, of which number 284 were Americans; 4,119 died of disease and 1,022 from violence, or accident connected with the work. There were also during that period 49 deaths of American women and 87 deaths of American children. The most reasonable estimate of deaths among the French during the nine years of their occupancy is about 16,000, or a little more than three times that of the Americans during eight years.

STATISTICS OF THE LAST YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC ON THE ISTHMUS, 1904–5.

(See page 246.)

MONTH	TOTAL		EMPLOYEES		PLACE OF ORIGIN			
	CASES	DEATHS	CASES	DEATHS	PANAMA	COLON	CANAL ZONE	FOREIGN PORTS
1904								
July	2	2	2	2	2	....	....	....
August	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
September	1	....	....	....	1	....	....	....
October	2	....	....	....	1	1	....	....
November	2	....	1	....	2	....	....	....
December	6	1	2	....	5	1	....	....
1905								
January	19	8	7	1	8	1	1	9
February	14	9	5	3	10	....	2	2
March	11	3	6	....	7	4	....	....
April	9	3	7	3	8	1	....	....
May	33	7	22	3	16	14	3	....
June	62	19	34	6	29	17	13	3
July	42	13	27	10	15	9	8	10
August	27	9	12	1	11	10	5	1
September	7	4	3	3	5	....	1	1
October	5	3	3	2	4	1	....	....
November	3	3	1	1	1	2	....	....
December	1	....	1	....	....	1	....	....
Total	246	84	133	35	125	62	33	26

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

XXXVII

THE news reached Colonel Pendleton late one afternoon while he was sitting on his porch—pipe in mouth and with a forbidden mint julep within easy reach. He had felt the reticence of Gray's letters, he knew that the boy was keeping back some important secret from him as long as he could, and now, in answer to his own kind, frank letter Gray had, without excuse or apology, told the truth, and what he had not told the colonel fathomed with ease. He had hardly made up his mind to go at once to Gray, or send for him, when a negro boy galloped up to the stile and brought him a note from Marjorie's mother to come to her at once—and the colonel scented further trouble in the air.

There had been a turmoil that afternoon at Mrs. Pendleton's. Marjorie had come home a little while before with Jason Hawn and, sitting in the hallway, Mrs. Pendleton had seen Jason on the stile, with his hat in one hand and his bridle reins in the other, and Marjorie halting suddenly on her way to the house and wheeling impetuously back toward him. To the mother's amazement and dismay she saw that they were quarrelling—quarrelling as only lovers can. The girl's face was flushed with anger, and her red lips were winging out low, swift, bitter words. The boy stood straight, white, courteous, and unanswering. He lifted his chin a little when she finished, and unanswering turned to his horse and rode away. The mother saw her daughter's face pale quickly. She saw tears as Marjorie came up the walk, and when she rose in alarm and stood waiting in the doorway the girl fled past her and rushed weeping upstairs.

Mrs. Pendleton was walking up and down the porch when the colonel rode to the stile, and the distress in her face was so plain that far away even, that the colonel hurried up the walk, and there was no greeting between the two:

"It's Marjorie, Robert," she said simply, and the old gentleman, who had seen Jason come out of the yard gate and gallop toward John Burnham's, guessed what the matter was, and he took the slim white hands that were clinched together and patted them gently:

"There—there! Don't worry, don't worry!"

He led her into the house, and at the top of the steps stood Marjorie in white, her hair loose and tears streaming down her face.

"Come here, Marjorie," called Colonel Pendleton, and she obeyed like a child, talking wildly as she came:

"I know what you're going to say, Uncle Bob—I know it all. I'm tired of all this talk about family, Uncle Bob, I'm tired of it."

She had stopped a few steps above, clinging with one trembling hand to the balcony, as though to have her say quite out before she went helplessly into the arms that were stretched out toward her:

"Dead people are dead, Uncle Bob, and only live people really count. People have to be alive to help you and make you happy. I want to be happy, Uncle Bob—I want to be happy. I know all about the Pendletons, Uncle Bob. They were Cavaliers—I know all that—and they used to ride about sticking lances into peasants who couldn't afford a suit of armor, but they can't do anything for me now, and they mustn't interfere with me now. Anyhow the Sudduths were plain people and I'm not a bit ashamed of it, mother. Greatgrandfather Hiram lived in a log cabin. Grandfather Hiram ate with his knife. I've *seen* him do it, and he kept on doing it when he knew better just out of habit or stubbornness, but Jason's people *had* to eat with their knives because they didn't *have* anything but *two*-pronged forks—I heard John Burnham say that. And Jason's family is as good

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as the Sudduths, and maybe as the Pendletons, and he wouldn't know it because his grandfathers were out of the world and were too busy, fighting Indians and killing bears and things for food. They didn't have *time* to keep their family trees trimmed, and they didn't *care* anything about the old trees anyhow, and I don't either. John Burnham has told me——"

"Marjorie!" said the colonel gently, for she was getting hysterical. He held out his arms to her, and with another burst of weeping she went into them.

Half an hour later, when she was calm, the colonel got her to ride over home with him, and what she had not told her mother Marjorie on the way told him—in a halting voice and with her face turned aside.

"There's something funny and deep about him, Uncle Bob, and I never could reach it. It piqued me and made me angry. I knew he cared for me, but I could never make him tell it."

The colonel was shaking his old head wisely and comprehendingly.

"I don't know why, but I flew into a rage with him this afternoon about nothing, and he never answered me a word, but stood there listening—why, Uncle Bob, he stood there like—like a—a gentleman till I got through, and then he turned away—he never did say anything, and I was so sorry and ashamed that I nearly died. I don't know what to do now—and he won't come back, Uncle Bob—I know he won't."

Her voice broke again, and the colonel silenced her by putting one hand comfortingly on her knee and by keeping still himself. His shoulders drooped a little as they walked from the stile toward the house, and Marjorie ran her arm through his:

"Why, you're a little tired, aren't you, Uncle Bob," she said tenderly, and he did not answer except to pat her hand, against which she suddenly felt his heart throb. He almost stumbled going up the steps, and deadly pale he sank with a muffled groan into a chair. With a cry the girl darted for a glass of water, but when she came back terrified, he was smiling:

"I'm all right—don't worry. I thought that sun to-day was going to be too much for me."

But still Marjorie watched him anxiously, and when the color came back to his face she went behind him and wrapped her arms about his neck and put her mouth to his ear:

"I'm just a plain little fool, Uncle Bob, and, as Gray says, I talk through my aigrette. Now, don't you and mother worry—don't worry the least little bit," and she tightened her arms and kissed him several times on his forehead and cheek. "I must go now—and if you don't take better care of yourself I'm going to come over here and take care of you myself."

She was in front of him now and looking down fondly; and a wistfulness that was almost childlike had come into the colonel's face:

"I wish you could, little Marjorie—I wish you would."

He watched her gallop away—turning to wave her whip to him as she went over the slope, her tears gone and once more radiant and gay, and the sadness of the coming twilight slowly overspread the colonel's face. It was the one hope of his life that she would one day come over to take care of him—and Gray. On into the twilight he sat still and thoughtful. It looked serious for her and Gray. Back his mind flashed to that night of the dance in the mountains, when the four were children, and his wonder then as to what might take place if that mountain boy and girl should have the chance in the world that had already come to them. He began to wonder how much of her real feeling Marjorie might have concealed—how much Gray in his letters was keeping back of his. Such a union was preposterous. He realized too late now the danger to youth of simple proximity—he knew the exquisite sensitiveness of Gray in any matter that meant consideration for others and for his own honor, the generous warm-hearted impulsiveness of Marjorie, and the appeal that any romantic element in the situation would make to them both. Perhaps he ought to go to the mountains. There was much he might say to Gray, but what to Jason, or to Marjorie, with that life-absorbing motive of his own—and his affairs at such a crisis? The colonel shook his head helplessly. He was very tired, and wished he could put the matter off till morning, when he

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was rested and his head was clear, but the questions had sunk talons into his heart and brain that would not be unloosed, and the colonel rose wearily and went within.

Marjorie looked serious after she told her mother that night that she feared her uncle was not well, for Mrs. Pendleton became very grave:

"Your Uncle Robert is very far from well. I'm afraid sometimes he is sicker than any of us know."

"Mother!"

"And he is in great trouble, Marjorie."

The girl hesitated:

"Money trouble, mother?" she asked at last; "why, you—we—why don't——"

The mother interrupted with a shake of her head:

"He would go bankrupt first."

"Mother?"

The older woman looked with apprehension, so suddenly charged with an incredible something was the girl's tone:

"Why don't you marry Uncle Robert?"

The mother clutched at her heart with both hands, for an actual spasm caught her there. Every trace of color shot from her face, and with a rush came back—fire. She rose, gave her daughter one look that was almost terror, and quickly left the room.

Marjorie sat aghast. She had caught with careless hand the veil of some mystery—what long-hidden shrine was there behind it, what sacred deeps long still had she stirred?

XXXVIII

Jason Hawn rode rapidly to one of Morton Sanders's great stables, put his horse away himself and, avoiding the chance of meeting John Burnham, slipped down the slope to the creek, crossed on a water-gap, and struck across the sunset fields for home. He had felt no anger at Marjorie's mysterious outbreak—only bewilderment; and only bewilderment he felt now.

But as he strode along with his eyes on the ground things began to clear a little. The fact was that, as he had become more enthralled by the girl's witcheries, the more helpless and stupid he had become. Marjorie's nimble wit had played about his that afternoon like a humming-bird around a sullen sunflower. He hardly knew that every word, every glance, every gesture was a challenge, and when she began stinging into him sharp little arrows of taunt and sarcasm he was helpless as the bull's-hide target at which the two sometimes practised archery. Even now when the poisoned points began to fester he could stir himself to no anger—he only felt dazed and hurt and sore. Nobody was in sight when he reached his mother's home and he sat down on the porch in the twilight wretched and miserable. Around the corner of the house presently he heard his mother and Steve coming, and around there they stopped for some reason for a moment.

"I seed Babe Honeycutt yestiddy," Steve was saying. "He says thar's a lot o' talk goin' on about Mavis an' Gray Pendleton. The Honeycutts air doin' most o' the talkin' an' looks like the ole trouble's comin' up again. Old Jason is tearin' mad an' swears Gray'll have to git out o' them mountains——"

Jason heard them start moving and he rose and went quickly within that they might know he had been listening. After supper he was again on the porch brooding about Mavis and Gray when his mother came out. He knew that she wanted to say something, and he waited.

"Jason," she said finally, "you don't believe Colonel Pendleton cheated Steve—do ye?"

"No," said the lad sharply. "Colonel Pendleton never cheated anybody in his life—except himself."

"That's all I wanted to know," she sighed, but Jason knew that was not all she wanted to say.

"Jason, I heerd two fellers in the lane to-day talkin' about tearin' up Colonel Pendleton's tobacco beds."

The boy was startled, but he did not show it.

"Nothin' but talk, I reckon."

"Well, if I was in his place I'd git some guards."

Marjorie sat at her window a long time that night before she went to sleep. Her mother had come in, had held her tightly to her breast, and had gone out with only a whispered good-night. And while the girl was wondering once more at the

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strange effect of her naïve question, she recalled suddenly the yearning look of her uncle that afternoon when she had mentioned Gray's name. Could there be some thwarted hope in the lives of Gray's father and her mother that both were now trying to realize in the lives of her and Gray? Her mother had never spoken her wish, nor doubtless Gray's father to him—nor was it necessary, for as children they had decided the question themselves, as had Mavis and Jason Hawn, and had talked about it with the same frankness, though with each pair alike the matter had not been mentioned for a long time. Then her mind leaped, and after it leaped her heart—if her Uncle Robert would not let her mother help him, why she too could never help Gray, unless—why, of course, if Gray were in trouble she would marry him and give him everything she had. The thought made her glow, and she began to wish Gray would come home. He had been a long time in those hills, his father was sick and worried—and what was he doing down there anyhow? He had mentioned Mavis often in his first letters, and now he wrote rarely, and he never spoke of her at all. She began to get resentful and indignant, not only at him but at Mavis, and she went to bed wishing more than ever that Gray would come home. And yet playing around in her brain was her last vision of that mountain boy standing before her, white and silent—"like a gentleman"—and that vision would not pass even in her dreams.

Through Colonel Pendleton's bedroom window an hour later two pistol shots rang sharply, and through that window the colonel saw a man leap the fence around his tobacco beds and streak for the woods. From the shadow of a tree at his yard fence another flame leaped, and by its light he saw a crouching figure. He called out sharply, the figure rose and came toward him, and in the moonlight the colonel saw uplifted to him, apologetic and half-shamed, the face of Jason Hawn.

"No harm, colonel," he called. "Somebody was tearing up your tobacco beds and I just scared him off. I didn't try to hit him."

The colonel was dazed, but he spoke at last gently.

"Well, well, I can't let you lose your sleep this way, Jason; I'll get some guards now."

"If you won't let me," said the boy quickly, "you ought to send for Gray."

The old gentleman looked thoughtful.

"Of course, perhaps I ought—why, I will."

"He won't come again to-night," said Jason. "I shot close enough to scare him, I reckon. Good-night, colonel."

"Thank you, my boy—good-night."

XXXIX

It was court day at the county seat. A Honeycutt had shot down a Hawn in the open street, had escaped, and a Hawn posse was after him. The incident was really a far effect of the recent news that Jason Hawn was soon coming back home—and coming back to live. Straightway the professional sneaks and scandal-mongers of both factions got busy to such a purpose that the Honeycutts were ready to believe that the sole purpose of Jason's return was to revive the feud and incidentally square a personal account with little Aaron. Old Jason Hawn had started home that afternoon almost apoplectic with rage, for word had been brought him that little Aaron had openly said that it was high time that Jason Hawn came home to look after his cousin and Gray Pendleton went home to take care of his. It was a double insult, and to the old man's mind subtly charged with a low meaning. Old as he was, he had tried to find little Aaron, but the boy had left town.

Gray and Mavis were seated on the old man's porch when he came in sight of his house, for it was Saturday, and Mavis started the moment she saw her grandfather's face and rose to meet him.

"What's the matter, grandpap?" The old man waved her back. "Git back inter the house," he commanded shortly. "No—stay whar you air. When do you two aim to git married?"

Had a bolt of lightning flashed through the narrow sunlit space between him and them, the pair could not have been more startled, blinded. Mavis flushed angrily, paled, and wheeled into the house. Gray rose in physical response to the physical

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threat in old Jason's tone and fearlessly met the old man's eyes that were glaring furiously at him.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Hawn," he said respectfully. "I——"

"The hell you don't," broke in the old man furiously. "I'll give ye jes two minutes to hit the road and git a license. I'll give ye an hour an' a half to git back. An' if you don't come back I'll make Jason foller you to the mouth o' the pit o' hell an' bring ye back alive or dead." Again the boy tried to speak, but the old man would not listen.

"Git!" he cried, and, as the boy still made no move, old Jason hurried on trembling legs into the house. Gray heard him cursing and searching inside, and at the corner of the house appeared Mavis with both of the old man's pistols and his Winchester.

"Go on, Gray," she said, and her face was still red with shame. "You'll only make him worse, an' he'll kill you sure."

Gray shook his head: "No!"

"Please, Gray," she pleaded; "for God's sake—for my sake."

That the boy could not withstand. He started for the gate with his hat in hand and his head high, and as he slowly passed through the gate and turned, the old man reappeared, glared after him, and sank into a chair sick with rage and trembling. As Mavis walked toward him with his weapons he glared at her, but she passed him by as though she did not see him, and put the Winchester and pistols in their accustomed places. She came out with her bonnet in her hand, and already her calmness and silence had had its effect—old Jason was still trembling, but from his eyes the rage was gone.

"I'm goin' home, Grandpap," she said quietly, "an' if it wasn't for Grandma I wouldn't come back. You've been bullyin' and rough-ridin' over men-folks and women-folks all your life, but you can't do it no more with *me*. An' you're not goin' to meddle in *my* business any more. You know I'm a good girl—why didn't you go after the folks who've been talkin' instead o' pitchin' into Gray? You know he'd die before he'd harm a hair o' my head or allow you or anybody else to say anything against my good name. An' I tell you to your face"—her tone fiercened suddenly—"if you hadn't 'a' been an old man an' my grandfather, he'd 'a' killed you right here. An' I'm goin' to tell you something more. He ain't responsible for this talk—*I* am. He didn't know it was goin' on—*I* did. I'm not goin' to marry him to please you an' the miserable tattletales you've been listenin' to. I reckon *I* ain't good enough—but I *know* my kinfolks ain't fit to be his—even by marriage. My daddy ain't, an' *you* ain't, an' there ain't but one o' the whole o' our tribe who is, an' that's little Jason Hawn. Now you let Gray alone an' you let me alone."

She put her bonnet on, flashed to the gate, and disappeared in the dusk down the road. The old man's shaggy head had dropped forward on his chest, he had shrunk down in his chair bewildered, and he sat there a crumbled, unanswering heap. When the moon rose Mavis was seated on the porch with her chin in both hands. The old circuit-rider and his wife had gone to bed. A whippoorwill was crying with plaintive persistence far up a ravine, and the night was deep and still about her, save for the droning of insect life from the gloomy woods. Straight above her stars glowed thickly, and in a gap of the hills beyond the river, where the sun had gone down, the evening star still hung like a great jewel on the velvety violet curtain of the night, and upon that her eyes were fixed. On the spur above, her keen ears caught the soft thud of a foot against a stone, and her heart answered. She heard a quick leap across the branch, the sound of a familiar stride along the road, and saw the quick coming of a familiar figure along the edge of the moonlight, but she sat where she was and as she was until Gray, with hat in hand, stood before her, and then only did she lift to him eyes that were dark as the night but shining like that sinking star in the little gap. The boy went down on one knee before her, and gently pulled both of her hands away from her face with both his own, and held them tightly.

"Mavis," he said, "I want you to marry me—won't you, Mavis?"

The girl showed no surprise, said nothing—she only disengaged her hands, took his face into them, and looked with unwavering silence deep into his eyes, looked

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until he saw that the truth was known in hers, and then he dropped his face into her lap and she put her hands on his head and bent over him, so that her heart beat with the throbbing at his temples. For a moment she held him as though she were shielding him from every threatening danger, and then she lifted his face again.

"No, Gray—it won't do—hush, now." She paused a moment to get self-control, and then she went on rapidly as though what she had to say had been long prepared and repeated to herself many times:

"I knew you were coming to-night. I know why you were so late. I know why you came. Hush, now—I know all that, too. Why, Gray, ever since I saw you the first time—you remember?—why, it seems to me that ever since then even I've been thinkin' o' this very hour. All the time I was goin' to school when I first went to the blue-grass, when I was walkin' in the fields and workin' around the house and always lookin' to the road to see you passin' by—I was thinkin', thinkin' all the time. It seems to me every night of my life I went to sleep thinkin'—I was alone so much and I was so lonely. It was all mighty puzzlin' to me, but that time you didn't take me to that dance—hush now—I began to understand. I told Jason an' he only got mad. He didn't understand, for he was wilful and he was a man, and men don't somehow seem to see and take things like women—they just want to go ahead and make them the way they want them. But I understood right then. And then when I come here the thinkin' started all over again differently when I was goin' back and forwards from school and walkin' around in the woods and listening to the wood thrushes, and sittin' here in the porch at night alone and lyin' up in the loft there lookin' out of the little window. And when I heard you were comin' here I got to thinkin' differently, because I got to hopin' differently and wonderin' if some miracle mightn't yet happen in this world once more. But I watched you here, and the more I watched you, the more I began to go back and think as I used to think. Your people ain't mine, Gray, nor mine yours, and they won't be—not in our lifetime. I've seen you shrinkin' when you've been with me in the houses of some of my own kin—shrinkin' at the table at Grandpap's and here, at the way folks eat an' live—shrinkin' at oaths and loud voices and rough talk and liquor-drinkin' and all this talk about killin' people, as though they were nothin' but hogs—shrinkin' at everybody but me. If we stayed here, the time would come when you'd be shrinkin' from me—don't now! But you ain't goin' to stay here, Gray. I've heard Uncle Arch say you'd never make a business man. You're too trustin', you've been a farmer and a gentleman for too many generations. You're goin' back home—you've got to—some day—I know that, and then the time would come when you'd be ashamed of me if I went with you. It's the same way with Jason and Marjorie. Jason will have to come back here—how do you suppose Marjorie would feel here, bein' a woman—if you feel the way you do, bein' a man? Why, the time would come when she'd be ashamed o' him—only worse. It won't do, Gray." She turned his face toward the gap in the hills.

"You see that star there? Well, that's your star, Gray. I named it for you, and every night I've been lookin' out at it from my window in the loft. And that's what you've been to me and what Marjorie's been to Jason—just a star—a dream. We're not really real to each other—you an' me—and Marjorie and Jason ain't. Only Jason and I are *real* to each other and only you and Marjorie. Jason and I have been worshippin' stars, and they've looked down mighty kindly on us, so that they came mighty nigh foolin' us and themselves. I read a book the other day that said ideals were stars and were good to point the way, but that people needed lamps to follow that way. It won't do, Gray. You are goin' back home to carry a lamp for Marjorie, and maybe some day Jason'll come back to these hills to carry a lantern for me."

Throughout the long speech the boy's eyes had never wavered from hers. After one or two efforts to protest he had listened intensely, marvelling at the startling revelation of such depths of mind and heart—the startling penetration to the truth, for he knew it was the truth. And when she rose he stayed where he was, clinging to her hand, and kissing it reverently. He was speechless even when, obeying the

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impulse of her hand, he rose in front of her and she smiled gently.

"You don't have to say one word, Gray—I understand, bless your dear, dear heart, I understand. Good-by, now." She stretched out her hand, but his trembling lips and the wounded helplessness in his eyes were too much for her, and she put her arms around him, drew his head to her breast, and a tear followed her kiss to his forehead. At the door she paused a moment.

"And until he comes," she half-whispered, "I reckon I'll keep my lamp burning." Then she was gone.

Slowly the boy climbed back to the little house on the spur, and to the porch, on which he sank wearily. While he and Marjorie and Jason were blundering into a hopeless snarl of all their lives, this mountain girl, alone with the hills and the night and the stars, had alone found the truth—and she had pointed the way. The camp lights twinkled below. The moon swam in majestic splendor above. The evening star still hung above the little western gap in the hills. It was his star; it was sinking fast: and she would keep her lamp burning. When he climbed to his room, the cry of the whippoorwill in the ravine came to him through his window—futile, persistent, like a human wail for happiness. The boy went to his knees at his bedside that night, and the prayer that went on high from the depths of his heart was that God would bring the wish of her heart to Mavis Hawn.

XL

Gray Pendleton was coming home. Like Jason, he, too, waited at the little junction for dawn, and swept along the red edge of it, over the yellow Kentucky River and through the blue-grass fields. Drawn up at the station was his father's carriage and in it sat Marjorie, with a radiant smile of welcome which gave way to sudden tears when they clasped hands—tears that she did not try to conceal. Uncle Robert was in bed, she said, and Gray did not perceive any significance in the tone with which she added that her mother hardly ever left him. She did not know what the matter was, but he was very pale, and he seemed to be growing weaker. The doctor was cheery and hopeful, but her mother, she emphasized, was most alarmed, and again Gray did not notice the girl's peculiar tone. Nor did the colonel seem to be worried by the threats of the night-riders. It was Jason Hawn who was worried and had persuaded the colonel to send for Gray. The girl halted when she spoke Jason's name, and the boy looked up to find her face scarlet and her eyes swerve suddenly from his to the passing fields. But as quickly they swerved back to find Gray's face aflame with the thought of Mavis. For a moment both looked straight ahead in silence, and in that silence Marjorie became aware that Gray had not asked about Jason, and Gray that Marjorie had not mentioned Mavis's name. But now both made the omission good—and Gray spoke first.

Mavis was well. She was still teaching school. She had lived a life of pathetic loneliness, but she had developed in an amazing way through that very fact, and she had grown very beautiful. She had startled him by her insight into—he halted—into everything—and how was Jason getting along? The girl had been listening, covertly watching, and had grown quite calm. Jason, too, was well, but he looked worried and overworked. His examinations were going on now. He had written his graduating speech but had not shown it to her, though he had said he would. Her mother and Uncle Robert had grown very fond of him and admired him greatly, but lately she had not seen him, he was so busy. Again there was a long silence between them, but when they reached the hill whence both their homes were visible Marjorie began as though she must get out something that was on her mind before they reached Colonel Pendleton's gate.

"Gray," she said hesitantly and so seriously that the boy turned to her, "did it ever cross your mind that there was ever any secret between Uncle Robert and mother?"

The boy's startled look was answer enough and she went on telling him of the question she had asked her mother.

"Sometimes," she finished, "I think that your father and my mother must have loved each other first and that some-

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thing kept them from marrying. I know that they must have talked it over lately, for there seems to be a curious understanding between them now, and the sweetest peace has come to both of them."

She paused, and Gray, paralyzed with wonder, still made no answer. They had passed through the gate now and in a moment more would be at Gray's home. Around each barn Gray saw an armed guard; there was another at the yard-gate, and there were two more on the steps of the big portico.

"Maybe," the girl went on naïvely, almost as though she were talking to herself, "that's why they've both always been so anxious to have us—" Again she stopped—scarlet.

Behind them, at that hour, Jason Hawn was busy with his last examination. At noon he stepped into the first June sunlight and drew it into his lungs with deep relief. Looking upward from the pavement below, the old president saw his confident face.

"It seems you are not at all uneasy," he said, and his keen old eyes smiled humorously.

Jason reddened a little.

"No, sir—I'm not."

"Nor am I," said the old gentleman, "nor will you forget that this little end is only the big beginning."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are going back home? You will be needed there."

"Yes, sir."

"Good!"

It was the longest talk Jason had ever had with the man he all but worshipped, and while it was going on the old scholar was painfully climbing the steps—so that the last word was flung back with the sharp, soldier-like quality of a command given by an officer who turned his back with perfect trust that it would be obeyed, and in answer to that trust the boy's body straightened and his very soul leaped. He went to his room in the seniors' hall that was called "Heaven" by the lower classmen and dropped into a chair by the open window. He looked around at his books, and he already felt the pang of parting from them as from old friends. But, after all, it was a little end and the big beginning was at that moment at hand—a beginning that the old president did not suspect. Gray Pendleton had come home to trouble, and while his friend is in trouble the mountaineer's trouble does not end. Jason sprang from his chair, went to his boarding-house for a hasty lunch, and started for the court-house. There he had himself sworn in as a deputy sheriff, and busy with thoughts of the threats of the night-riders that had reached him through his mother he saw from the court-house steps a crowd gathering down the street on each side of the main street, and soon down it came a militia company with a Gatling gun in its midst. The tobacco warehouses of the town were threatened and the county judge was waking up. On he hurried to his mother's home—his every speculation busy with Steve Hawn. Steve was not the man who had tried to destroy Colonel Pendleton's tobacco beds, for that night his mother had assured him that her husband was at home and asleep. He began to wonder if his mother were protecting Steve and at the same time trying to prevent all the mischief she could, for lately Steve had been quiet and secretive, and had talked much about changing his ways, that he no longer had any resentment against Colonel Pendleton and wanted now to live a better life. His talk might have fooled Jason but for the fact that he shrewdly noted the little effect it all had on his mother. Entering the mouth of the lane, Jason saw Steve going from the yard-gate to the house, and his brows wrinkled angrily—Steve was staggering. He came to the door and glared at Jason.

"Whut you doin' out hyeh?"

"I'm goin' to see Gray through his troubles," said Jason quietly.

"I kind o' thought you had troubles enough o' yo' own," sneered the man.

Jason did not answer. His mother was seated within with her back to the door, and when she turned Jason saw that she had been weeping, and, catching sight of a red welt on her temple, he walked over to her.

"How'd that happen, mammy?"

She hesitated and Jason whirled with such fury that his mother caught him with both arms, and Steve lost no time reaching for his gun.

"I jammed it agin the kitchen door, Jasie."

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He looked at her, knew that she was lying, and when he turned to go, halted at the door.

"If you ever *touch* my mother again," he said with terrifying quiet, "I'll kill you as sure as there is a God in heaven to forgive me."

Across the summer fields Jason went swiftly. On his right, half of a magnificent woodland was being laid low—on his left, another was all gone—and with Colonel Pendleton both, he knew, had been heartbreaking deeds of necessity, for his first duty, that gentleman claimed, was to his family and to his creditors, and nobody could rob him of his right to do what he pleased, much less what he ought, with his own land. And so the colonel still stood out against friend and neighbor, and open and secret foes. His tobacco beds had been raided, one of his barns had been burned, his cattle had been poisoned, and, sick as he was, threats were yet coming in that the night-riders would burn his house and take his life. Across the turnpike were the fields and untouched woodlands of Marjorie, and it looked as though the hand of Providence had blessed one side of the road and withered the other with a curse. On top of the orchard fence, to the western side of the house, Jason sat a while. The curse was descending on Gray's innocent head and he himself had had the weakness and the folly to lift his eyes to the blessing across the way. But now, Mavis had pointed out the way to Gray, so Marjorie, without knowing it, had pointed the way for him. When long ago he had been helpless before her by the snow-fringed willows at the edge of the pond in the old college yard, she had been frightened and had shrunk away. When he gained his self-control, she had lost hers, and in her loneliness had come trailing toward him almost like a broken-winged young bird looking for mother help—and he had not misunderstood, though his heart ached for her suffering as it ached for her. And Marjorie had been quite right—he had never come back after that one quarrel, and he would never come. The old colonel had gone to him, but he had hardly more than opened his lips when he had both hands on the boy's shoulders with broken words of sympathy and then had turned away—so quickly had he seen that Jason fully understood the situation and had disposed of it firmly, proudly, and finally—for himself. The mountains were for Jason—there were his duty and the work of his life. Now, under June apples turning golden, and amid the buzzing of bees, the boy went across the orchard, and at the fence on the other side he paused again. Marjorie and her mother were coming out of the house with Gray, and Jason watched them walk to the stile. Gray was tanned, and even his blonde head had been turned copper by the mountain sun, while the girl looked like a great golden-hearted lily. But it was Gray's face as he looked at her that caught the boy's eyes and held them fast, for the face was tense, eager, and worshipping.

He saw Marjorie and her mother drive away, saw Gray wave to them, and then he was so shocked at the quick change to haggard worry that draped his friend like a cloak from head to foot as he turned back to the house, that he could hardly call to him. And so Jason waited till Gray had passed within, and then he leaped the fence and made for the portico. Gray himself answered his ring and with a flashing smile hurried forward when he saw Jason in the doorway. The two clasped hands and for one swift instant searched each other's eyes with questions too deep and delicate to be put into words—each wondering how much the other might know, each silent if the other did not know. For Gray had learned from his father about Steve Hawn, and Jason's suspicions of Steve he had kept to himself.

"My father would like to have you as our guest, Jason, while I am here," Gray said with some embarrassment, "but he doesn't feel like letting you take the risk."

Jason threw back the lapel of his coat that covered his badge as deputy.

"That's what I'm here for," he said with a smile, "but I think I'd better stay at home. I'll be on hand when the trouble comes."

Gray, too, smiled.

"You don't have to tell me that."

"How is the colonel?"

"He's pretty bad. He wants to see you." Jason lowered his voice when they entered the hallway.

"The soldiers have reached town to-

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day. If there's anything going to be done out here, it will probably be done to-night."

"I know."

"We won't tell the colonel."

"No."

Then Gray led the way to the sick-room and softly opened the door. In a great canopied bed lay Colonel Pendleton with his face turned toward the window, through which came the sun and air, the odors and bird-songs of spring-time, and when that face turned, Jason was shocked by its waste and whiteness and by the thinness of the hand that was weakly thrust out to him. But the fire of the brilliant eyes burned as ever, there was with him, prone in bed, still the same demeanor of stately courtesy, and Jason felt his heart melt and then fill as always with admiration for the man, the gentleman, who unconsciously had played such a part in the moulding of his own life, and as always with the recognition of the unbridgable chasm between them—between even him and Gray. The bitter resentment he had first felt against this chasm was gone now, for now he understood and accepted. As men the three were equal, but father and son had three generations the start of him. He could see in them what he lacked himself, and what they were without thought he could only consciously try to be—and he would keep on trying. The sick man turned his face again to the window and the morning air. When he turned again he was smiling faintly and his voice was friendly and affectionate:

"Jason, I know why you are here. I'm not going to thank you, but I—Gray," he paused ever so little, and Jason sadly knew what it meant—"will never forget it. I want you two boys to be friends as long as you live. I'm sorry, but it looks as though you would both have to give up yourselves to business—particularly sorry about Gray, for that is my fault. For the good of our State I wish you both were going to sit side by side at the Capital, in Congress, and the Senate, and fight it out"—he smiled whimsically—"some day for the nomination for the Presidency. The poor old commonwealth is in a bad way, and it needs just such boys as you two are. The war started us downhill, but we might have done better—I know I might. The earth was too rich here—it made life too easy. The horse, the bottle of whiskey, and the plug of tobacco were all too easily the best—and the pistol always too ready. We've been cartooned through the world with a fearsome, half-contemptuous slap on the back. Our living has been made out of luxuries. Agriculturally, socially, politically, we have gone wrong, and but for the American sense of humor the State would be in a just, nation-wide contempt. The Ku-Klux, the burning of toll-gates, the Goebel trouble, and the night-riders are all links in the same chain of lawlessness, and but for the first the others might not have been. But we are, in spite of all this, a law-abiding people, and the old manhood of the State is still here. Don't forget that—*the old manhood is here.*"

Jason had sat eager-eyed and listening hard. Bewildered, Gray felt his tears welling, for never in all his life had he heard his father talk this way. Again Colonel Pendleton turned his face to the window and went on as though to the world outside.

"I wouldn't let anybody out there say this about us, nor would you, and maybe if I thought I was going to live many years longer I might not be saying it now, for some Kentuckian might yet make me eat my words."

At this the eyes of the two boys crossed and both smiled faintly, for the sick man had been a generous liver, but both knew his palate had never known the taste of one of his own words.

"I don't know—but our ambition is either dying or sinking to a lower plane, and what a pity, for the capacity is still here to keep the old giants still alive if the young men could only see, feel and try. And if I were as young as one of you two boys, I'd try to find and make the *appeal.*"

He turned his brilliant eyes to Jason and looked for a moment silently:

"The death-knell of me and mine has been sounded unless boys like Gray here keep us alive after death, but your hills are only dawning. It's a case of the least shall be first, for your pauper counties are going to be the richest in the State. The Easterners are buying up our farms as they would buy a yacht or a motor-car, the tobacco tenants are getting their

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mites of land here and there, and even you mountaineers, when you sell your coal lands, are taking up blue-grass acres. Don't let the Easterner swallow you, too. Go home, and, while you are getting rich, enrich your citizenship, and you and Gray help land-locked, primitive old Kentucky take her place among the modern sisterhood that is making the nation. To use a phrase of your own—get busy, boys, get busy after I am gone."

And then Colonel Pendleton laughed.

"I am hardly the one to say all this, or rather I am just the one because I am a —failure."

"Father!"

The word came like a sob from Gray.

"Oh, yes, I am—but I have never lied except for others, and I have not been afraid."

Again his face went toward the window.

"Even now," he added, in a solemn whisper that was all to himself, "I believe, and am not afraid."

Presently he lifted himself on one elbow and with Gray's assistance got to a sitting posture. Then he pulled a paper from beneath his pillow.

"I want to tell you something, Jason. That was all true, every word you said the first time Gray and I saw you at your grandfather's house, and I want you to know now that your land was bought over my protest and without my knowledge. My own interest in the general purchase was in the form of stock, and here it is."

Jason's heart began to beat violently.

"Whatever happens to me, this farm will have to be sold, but there will be something left for Gray. This stock is in Gray's name, and it is worth now just about what would have been a fair price for your land five years after it was bought. It is Gray's, and I am going to give it to him." He handed the paper to bewildered Gray, who looked at it dazedly, went with it to the window, and stood there looking out—his father watching him closely.

"You might win in a suit, Jason, I know, but I also know that you could never collect even damages."

At these words Gray wheeled.

"Then this belongs to you, Jason."

The father smiled and nodded approval and assent.

That night there was a fusillade of shots, and Jason and Gray rushed out with a Winchester in hand to see one barn in flames and a tall figure with a firebrand sneaking toward the other. Both fired and the figure dropped, rose to his feet, limped back to the edge of the woods, and they let him disappear. But all the night fighting the fire, and on guard against another attack, Jason was possessed with apprehension and fear—that limping figure looked like Steve Hawn. So at the first streak of dawn he started for his mother's home, and when that early he saw her from afar standing on the porch and apparently looking for him, he went toward her on a run. She looked wild-eyed, white, and sleepless, but she showed no signs of tears.

"Where's Steve, mammy?" called Jason in a panting whisper, and when she nodded back through the open door his throat eased and he gulped his relief:

"Is he all right?"

She looked at him queerly, tried to speak and began to tremble so violently that he stepped quickly past her and stopped on the threshold—shuddering. A human shape lay hidden under a brilliantly colored quilt on his mother's bed, and the rigidity of death had moulded its every outline.

"I reckon you've done it at last, Jasie," said a dead, mechanical voice behind him.

"Good God, mammy—it must have been Gray or me."

"One of you, shore. He said he saw both of ye shoot at the same time, and only one of you hit him. I hope hit was you."

Jason turned—horrified, but she was calm and steady now.

"Hit was fitten fer you to be the one. Babe never killed yo' daddy, Jasie—hit was Steve."

(To be concluded.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"In Their Season."

THERE is a scene in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus" in which the great doctor, wishing to show his power, asks a duchess what dainty she most desires. It being then mid-winter, she considerately chooses "a dish of ripe grapes." Nothing daunted, Faustus produces the grapes, and the duke exclaims, "Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me to wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes," while the delighted duchess chimes in, "Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before."

The passage often comes to my mind as I glance at the show windows of some "high-class" grocery, and realize that if the play were rewritten strictly up to date Faustus would have to produce something much more spectacular than grapes in January in order to rouse even a passing comment.

I wish it were not so. Not that I begrudge the duchess her grapes, or Faustus his chance to show off. They meant no harm. But against the tendency that they represent I protest. "That they should bring forth their fruits in due season." This embodies an older idea, and to my mind a better one. I am not prepared to defend everything in the original plan of the world—many things have been and many things can be improved. But this part of the arrangement always seemed to me, in its main outlines, very good.

"In their season." That, to my mind, means strawberries in June and blueberries in July and huckleberries in August. And when I encounter strawberries in January, blueberries in March, and raspberries in December I feel deeply irritated. I do not want all my seasons jogging my elbow at once. It makes me think of a certain sort of boarding-house table, under "liberal" management, where every day one is given six different vegetables, and mostly the same six. Far better one each day for six days, and a chance between to forget it.

I like my spring mud in March, my roses in June, my apples in September, my sleet and snow in January—all things in their own place. The time for winter seems to me to be the winter-time, and spring-time, I am profoundly convinced, is the time for spring. For one of the most joyous things about spring is that it comes after winter. Cayenne on the tongue, it is said, gives zest to champagne. Reversing the temperatures, winter gives zest to spring. What can it mean, I wonder, to countries who do not have to tussle through a New England winter? And, conversely, should we enjoy the cosiness and intimacy of winter if we had not had the great, wide summer to play in first?

Children understand these matters. Look how they take their sports! When the winds of March bluster round our house-corners, it is the time for kites—kites they must have. The cloud-swept skies are full of them—green diamond kites, red and yellow Japanese kites, big modern box kites, old-fashioned brown paper kites with long waggling tails, sensitively responsive to every stimulus. For a brief season they live overhead, riding still and calm, or performing wild antics, according to the wind or their own inherent nature. Then their time is past, leaving its traces only in the sorry remnants that nest in the tree-tops or dangle forlornly from the telegraph wires. And after them comes marbles—or is it jack-stones? and then tops, and then roller-skates, and then—? but this is no child's almanac; I may have the series all wrong, but I have digested the principle, and I should never expect to find a well-regulated child using jack-stones in the top season, or spinning tops in kite time.

It is not so with us older people. And I have been as bad as any. There was a time when I thought it a rather clever thing to take spring by violence. I brought out pussy-willows in December—it is a common enough offence. And when they had gone through all their stages, from silver kitten-paws to pink kitten-noses, then to fluffy yellow or green caterpillars, and finally had shed all these and sent out long pale shoots and masses of white roots, I was embarrassed to know what to do with them. I

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could not throw live green things like that out in January snow-drifts. I could not plant them, I did not want to keep them in a jar until April. Finally I threw them in the fire and left the room quickly.

I tried again with dogwood. I picked it in January, and by the end of February it was in blossom. It was beautiful, of course, and I was rather proud—I don't know whether my enjoyment of the results came more from love of beauty or from pride. But after the blossoms had shrivelled, there were still March and April. Whenever I passed a dogwood tree, I felt, somehow, uncomfortable. I had had my dogwood. These little dabs at spring simply took the edge off, like a nap just before bedtime.

This, I fancy, is almost always true. There is no greater pleasure than that of watching the seasons—any season, whether of vegetables or of people—observe their own times and develop their own qualities. Moreover, in the opposite habit, the habit that Faustus exemplified and most of our modern institutions encourage, there lurks a real danger. It is the danger that things will be valued, not in proportion to their real goodness or charm, but in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them. Faustus's grapes had a certain natural value as grapes, but they had also an artificial value as grapes in January. In his case this meant, the Devil. In our more modern situation, it means a hot-house or a cold-storage plant, and the establishment that goes with it; or it means the equivalent of this in money—which we may or may not call the Devil, according to the way we happen to look at such matters.

Faustus was proud of his Devil, and we are proud of our hot-houses or their equivalent, and in the meantime the goodness of grapes as grapes is apt to become a secondary matter—not, perhaps, to the duchess, who merely ate the grapes, but to Faustus. He was not above showing off, neither was the Devil, neither are any of us, though we are usually above seeming to show off, having lost the naïveté of the old doctor and his Mephisto; and this desire blurs our appreciation of grapes as grapes, and of other things. It may, indeed, carry us so far that we shall find ourselves cherishing and exhibiting ugliness, because it is hard to get, and growing indifferent to any beauty that is not rare.

It is not only the fruits and vegetables that are getting mixed up. The seasons in people's lives seem to be losing some of their individual character, so that we never know just what we are going to get. In some ways this is a gain. For example, the definite putting away of childish things was not an unalloyed good. The complete shutting off of the child from the confidence of the adult, the complete alienation of the adult from the interests of the youth, these are not habits to cling to. And yet it is a fact that life ought to bring us its various experiences with a certain regard to their seasonableness, and when we see little children going to "problem-plays," and grown-ups spending their mornings over cards and their evenings over picture-puzzles, one is tempted to think that something is wrong. Jaques would have to revise his summary of the seven ages of man, and still more of woman, rather thoroughly to make it pass muster now. There seems to be very little spring-time in the lives of to-day; it is mostly summer and Indian summer, while winter—quiet, hospitable, intimate, stay-at-home winter—is getting left out entirely.

If we don't look out, we shall infect Nature. She is a sensitive creature, highly "suggestible," as the psychologists put it. Some one has maintained that it was purely at the suggestion of the impressionists that she perpetrated London fogs and purple cabbages. She may do other things. There is no telling what she may not do. In imagination I look out upon a world where babes in tailor-made suits play bridge through snow-bound July evenings, where old ladies in pinafores skip about picking daisies in December; but let us not too wildly anticipate! Let us bring ourselves up sharply before it is too late. Let us consider whether we do not, after all, get the most out of things, whether they be grapes or kites or snow-storms or enthusiasm, by taking them in their season.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE CITY IN PAINTING AND ETCHING

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And . . .
art was given for that."

—BROWNING.

ONE of the most propitious signs of our artistic awakening may be recognized in our new acknowledgment of elements pictorial and even poetic in the modern city. It is difficult for us to relinquish a notion that the world of industry and commerce is an ugly and prosaic one. Now we are called upon to see in this same ugliness something positively beautiful. And we do begin to see it. We begin to see that the city reveals the character of an epoch, and that the spirit of our modernity is, at least, the most appropriate thing for us to express. Art is mere artifice unless it is the response of a genuine impulse, a genuine need that has compelled its creation. And architecture is merely the name we give to the task of planning how best in the construction of our buildings we may make beauty serve utility in accord with the eternal fitness of things. The skyscraper rose higher and higher on our streets, not aspiring to be beautiful but to be useful; to solve the problem of how to raise a huge edifice on a small plot of valuable land. This imperious invasion of upper air for the purposes of extending business seems to us now from our present vantage-point something titanic and typical of our time. Yet from ten to twenty years ago we never looked at the skyscraper to admire it, nor conceived the thought that under sun-flushed morning mist, or the slant sunset light, it might be, in a rare and stirring way, a thing of beauty. Now we are all ready to stand sponsor for this new American architecture that is so sincere and original, and we are all willing to acknowledge in its appearance not only something inherently picturesque, but unconsciously symbolical. And so more in America perhaps than in any other country the townscape has become a very formidable rival of the landscape in painting and in other pictorial arts.

Now that the city is such a favorite subject for representation in pictures, it would be interesting to trace the beginnings of the painter's responsiveness to the æsthetic possibilities of streets and buildings. If space permitted we could speculate upon the influence that prompted Ambrogio Lorenzetti to fresco an upper room in the beautiful town-hall of Siena with his delectable view of a mediæval city prospering under good government. Giotto had supplied the realistic impetus. But here the life, not of Christ, but of the average man within the grim brick battlements, was apprehended as material for pictures. Later we could speak of that gay romancer, Carpaccio. There is a fascination about the pageants he portrayed, and their setting, the shimmering lagoons, the semi-oriental towers and domes. Something of the fabulous glory of Venice in her day of pomp and power may be imagined. In the later period of her diminished importance she retained her proud beauty, but it is the more subtle appeal of faded splendor that Canaletto and Guardi immortalized in the eighteenth century. Very exquisitely did they paint for us the essential Venetian charms; delicate and yet sprightly colors; stately waterways traversed by ghostly gondolas; marble bridges and stairways; graceful balconies and loggias; all beneath that faint, long-lingering sunshine that in gracious melancholy is so like our Venice that remains.

These two painters responded to different phases of Venetian beauty. Canale, for instance, sought a clear and golden light, the general sense of radiant well-being that envelops such deep architectural perspectives as the Grand Canal curving down to the Rialto. Guardi, on the other hand, loved the pearly and mist-laden air and was sensitive to such passing impressions as impending rain, voyaging clouds, shadows falling across the house-tops of the Piazza, little animated figures catching the high lights of the sun. Canale's style was a lucid and substantial prose, Guardi's a subtle and fragile poetry. But the earlier master, too, could extol his city in lyric fashion. In London's National Gallery there is a superb example of this emotional realism. The evening shadows

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are gradually darkening the green waters of a small canal, where gondolas lie black and motionless. The recesses, too, of a stately church on the farther shore are already immersed, only the soaring bell-tower still glowing against the rich blue sky. The foreground is in a glory of golden light that seems to pour through the frame of the picture. It is a homely scene, this foreground. Stone carvers are cheerily finishing their work in and around a wooden shanty. Doubtless it is the wife of one of them who plays with her babies while from an upper window a servant chats with her. The house on the extreme right has walls of peeling rose-red plaster—well imitated by thick pigment over cracked canvas. These walls, together with the arched balcony, the flowers and curtains of the windows, gleam transfigured in the radiant light. This is a vision of the long day's happiest hour.

In Holland, painters had earlier learned to look about them for subjects, and many are the Dutch townscapes. Pieter De Hoogh, with his doors and windows opening on canals and court-yards, the sunlight streaming in, creates just the genial, shut-in sentiment of city life. His homes are delightful, but the mind only needs his suggestions of brick walls and ampler air outside to go a-wandering into the winding ways of seventeenth-century Amsterdam. Vermeer painted two city pictures and they are visions of entrancing loveliness. In his celebrated "View of Delft," the very textures of the roofs and walls and steeples are imitated with grainy pigment, and the illusion of mellow evening sunshine is truly miraculous. But in all this triumphant naturalism there is nothing literal. As also in the little street scene of the Six Collection the foliage of the trees is of a most delicious blue. And through all the singing color-harmony there is a pervading sentiment of dreamful quiet resting upon the little town and its pale canal; the peace and joy of all the golden evenings that ever were. Never since Vermeer painted this enchanting canvas has the evanescent effect of glowing sunlight and lengthening shadows over walls of solid masonry produced a result so lyrical.

From the Dutch streets and canals of Vermeer and Van der Heyden to similar subjects in a radically different style by G. H. Breitner is a long leap, but in the intermediate two hundred years there are no noteworthy examples of successful townscape painting. Breitner is one of the stenographic impressionists bent on rapidly recording instantaneous effects. He either paints scenes of violent activity on the Rotterdam and Amsterdam docks, or the brown and white, peak-gabled houses bordering the quiet canals of residential districts. His brush-work is extremely vigorous and he has a realist's sure instinct for strength of color and of atmospheric illusion. I remember one particularly incisive transcript of a winter evening in a Dutch town. The foreground is a snow-covered bridge in the all but complete darkness of early nightfall. One may dimly distinguish a few belated pedestrians hurrying through the chill gloom. The observer is at once inside of the picture, seeking the lighted shop-windows of the middle distance. But his attention is diverted by the incident of a sullen glow of reddish light persisting in the western sky. Such work as this is a digression from the Dutch pictorial tradition which has always laid more emphasis on surface beauty than strength, and which has, in the nineteenth-century revival, tempered truth with sentiment. It is from Paris that Breitner's inspiration comes. There a school of specialists arose about 1860—specialists in light and air, transient effects guaranteed, prosaic subjects selected by preference. The Paris of the theatres, the boulevard cafés, the public parks and bridges, offered them abundant opportunity for exciting experiments with conflicts and complexities of light. Manet, the *chef d'école*, depicted the bar at the Folies Bergères and an open-air concert in the Tuileries Gardens, both daring studies of the animation of crowds and of the reflections and refractions of color. Monet painted the Gare Saint Lazare just at the moment when a locomotive has rushed under the glazed dome. The smoke from the engine rises blue in the enclosed foreground and drifts away pink in the open sunlight beyond. Many years later, in London, this great painter did the best work of his career with such scenes as Waterloo Bridge in the blue of morning fog. The struggling sunlight tints with purest violet the murky sky and the ascending columns of smoke from factory chimneys, and violet reflections shimmer across the waters of the Thames. To-day Paris is best portrayed by Raffaelli in paint-

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ings, etchings, and lithographs. He emphasizes the vivacious pallor of the Champs Élysées, his sunshine there seeming ever faint and weary. He points with pride to the majesty of the Place de la Concorde, and comments on the contrast of faces to be seen any summer's day on the Boulevard des Italiens. Each picture is a moment fraught with significance and eloquent with unspoken suggestion. Raffaelli knows his Paris.

It is the perennial answer of the artist when a critic complains that a picture is not thus and so—"I paint what I see." Exactly. But what an amazing variety there is to our human vision. For us who walk and drive about a city catching enjoyable impressions that at the time are almost entirely optical and untroubled by any preconceptions of our own, the city means a series of more or less vivid sensations, of color, atmosphere, architecture, and abundant light and life, all blurred by the incessant movement and the constantly altered perspective. It was thus, representing the average man on the average street, that Manet, Monet, Degas, and Renoir purposed to paint their Paris. But while this coterie of clever naturalists were rapidly recording the kaleidoscopic city scene with purely objective absorption in facts, a half-starved, half-crazed genius was etching all the terror and the torment of his soul in once seen, never-to-be-forgotten visions of old Paris; visions that affect the observer with a sense of something abnormal and yet familiar, sinister and yet bewilderingly beautiful. In one of Méryon's famous plates the sun shines with pitiless glare upon the old morgue and a haggard row of tall, white tenements huddled back of it. In the foreground a corpse is being carried up from the river, the scene sharply silhouetted against the white light on the gleaming stone parapet. But we do not need this touch of melodrama to accentuate the "macabre" impression. The old buildings of the background, drawn with the consummate art that conceals its wizardry, oppress the eye and the mind with mysterious glamour. Thus might we behold beauty in a feverish dream or in some hour of intolerable depression. Marvellous, too, is Méryon's vision of Le Stryge, the horned and winged demon, that with tongue outthrust, from the northwest tower of Notre Dame, broods in lascivious thought and luxurious satisfaction over Paris. To the depiction of this monster of mediæval fantasy Méryon brought his own haunted imagination. Birds of prey swoop under the towers, and in the black shadows of the streets below evil secrets are in the air; crime might well be lurking around any corner. Joseph Pennell relates that once when he was sketching up among these eerie gargoyles he was surprised by the arrival of Whistler. The great painter had not however toiled up the painful stairway merely to enjoy the view. In fact, he soon became nervous and restless among the strange demons, and was obviously unhappy until they were completely out of his sight and mind.

This incident throws an important light on Whistler's real taste and temperament. He hated the grotesque and acutely resented the abnormal and the sensational. The city was to him a perpetual inspiration, and the poetry of nature, which most painters go seeking in woods and fields, he could find in London. But only when it is dusk or night, when there is a flush in the gloaming, or when the lamps are lit across the river and the blue mysterious world glimmers far and near with sparks of gold. That he preferred the gentle illusions of an enchanted darkness to the staring obviousness of the day is not surprising, but what may be at first disconcerting is that he carried this preference for intangible and inexplicable qualities to his choice of subjects. Although his dreams were expressed in simple terms of unmistakable reality—the atmosphere of his "Nocturnes" being truth itself—yet he never emphasized his observation. Just to show that the less there is to see the more there is to feel, his carefully colored wood-panels and absorbent canvases were often undisturbed by any but the most tentative suggestions of form. And he invariably selected for depiction, both in painting and etching, not the far-famed sights of cities but curiously casual bits that revealed his own discrimination; Venetian doorways and London fruit-stalls and suburban warehouses—remarkably unremarkable subjects about which he alone could say beautiful things and by the delicacy of his sight and touch convert the substance of prose into the essence of poetry. True individualists, then, can easily make their townscapes expressive of themselves—of the shape and color of their own minds, the key and tone of their own moods.

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Before etchings of cities by Méryon, Whistler, and Brangwyn we do not think of the cities depicted but of the artists themselves, the appeal of their individual style, and of their original personalities. Before etchings of cities by Joseph Pennell, however, we instinctively exclaim as we glance hurriedly through a portfolio or around the walls of an exhibition—that is Paris, Chartres, Canterbury, London, New York, Pittsburgh. Each print is a portrait of the place it represents and a portrait full of the racial and the national as well as the local character of the subject. Pennell's Spanish cities are as unmistakably Spanish as his American cities are American. It is as easy for him to render the essential Castilian quality of Toledo on the Tagus as it would be for him to state all that is true of Ohio, and at the same time picturesque in Toledo, the American town. His pictures of New York skyscrapers are perhaps the summit of his achievement. They have genuinely thrilled him—these Towers of Babel, these incredible dream castles that are as real as their steel and stone construction, and as symbolical of our national character as anything that a poet's imagination could have devised. In some of Pennell's views of the sky-line from the river the tall buildings stand all spectral and fantastic in the misty morning light. In others we feel the height and bulk and clamor of the business districts during rush hours with a sense of overwhelming actualities.

Childe Hassam is another artist of objective vision who can record with exceptional skill the pictorial inspiration of our mighty cities. He has painted down-town New York with a virile and a facile brush, painted the spire of old Trinity dwarfed by the encircling hosts of steel-ribbed giants, painted Wall Street seen from above in whose bottom-most depths we may note the frenzied ground-whirl of humanity. The wondrous, jagged silhouette of gaunt buildings on the water-front he has portrayed under many conditions of atmosphere, and alike in the crystalline transparency of an autumn morning and the golden haze of a summer evening, the charm is irresistible. Then, too, he has rendered with Monet's spots and splashes the momentary impressions of rainy nights in the theatre districts. The blurred lights, the hurrying crowds under wet umbrellas, the glistening pavements, we see them all, not in detail but in that swift, all-pervasive sense when the hurried glance rests upon nothing in particular but takes in everything in general. In others of his city scenes he will present the proud pageant of Fifth Avenue on Sunday mornings or perhaps some side street in the grip of a midwinter's evening. The snow lies deep and soggy in drifts and furrows, reflecting on the pavements the dim illumination from the lamp-posts, while the more genial light from within the houses only accelerates the outer chill and gloom. Cornoyer's realism is more subjective than Hassam's. There is a tang of melancholy about it. Or is it ennui? He expresses by preference the quiet mood that may be fostered even amid the unrest and the uproar by such a sight as Madison Square on a damp, dark afternoon, trees and streets slick with soft moisture, and the outlines of tall buildings in the distance lost in the gloom of low-lying clouds. Then there is the mood of excitement so true to the dweller in cities. Glackens, Myers, Shinn, Luks, Hoffbauer, and many others have essayed it: the excitement of little children of the east-side tenements dancing around a grind-organ, or of fire-engines hurtling through the dark, or of cigarettes after dinner on a down-town roof-garden in the summer starlight, with search-lights playing from the harbor, and deep below the twinkling illumination of the streets. Such scenes are as yet too real to yield us illusions. But the sense of their romance will grow. And what seems fascinating to us even now in views of sky-scrapers and steel mills and harbor commerce and street traffic, with what new glamour shall they be invested when the eyes of future ages behold in them the true likeness of great American cities in the glorious days of the Republic! And not merely the show and the substance of them shall be known but also their significance. And the measure of historical importance that shall dignify these pictorial representations of cities shall in the end be identical with the measure of their importance as art. For only in so far as they can convey to the beholder the sense of visual impressions, not merely seen but felt, of moments vividly experienced and then, by the ordered magic of mind and hand, transferred to canvas and paper, can they make what are but realistic observations for us romantic visions for our children's children.

DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, JR.

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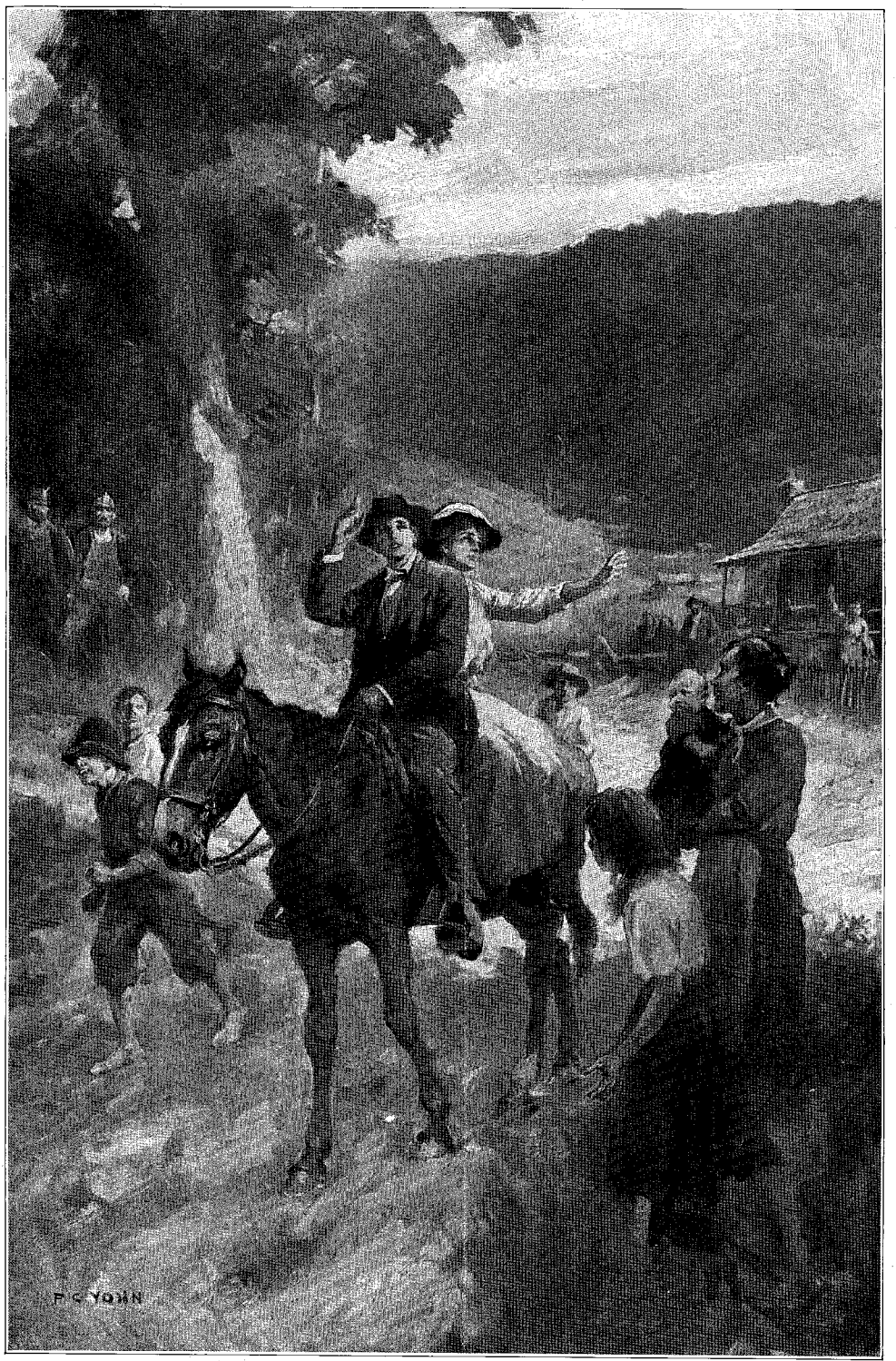

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

MAVIS ON A PILLION BEHIND IN LAUGHING ACCEPTANCE OF THE OLD PIONEER CUSTOM.

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 332.

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